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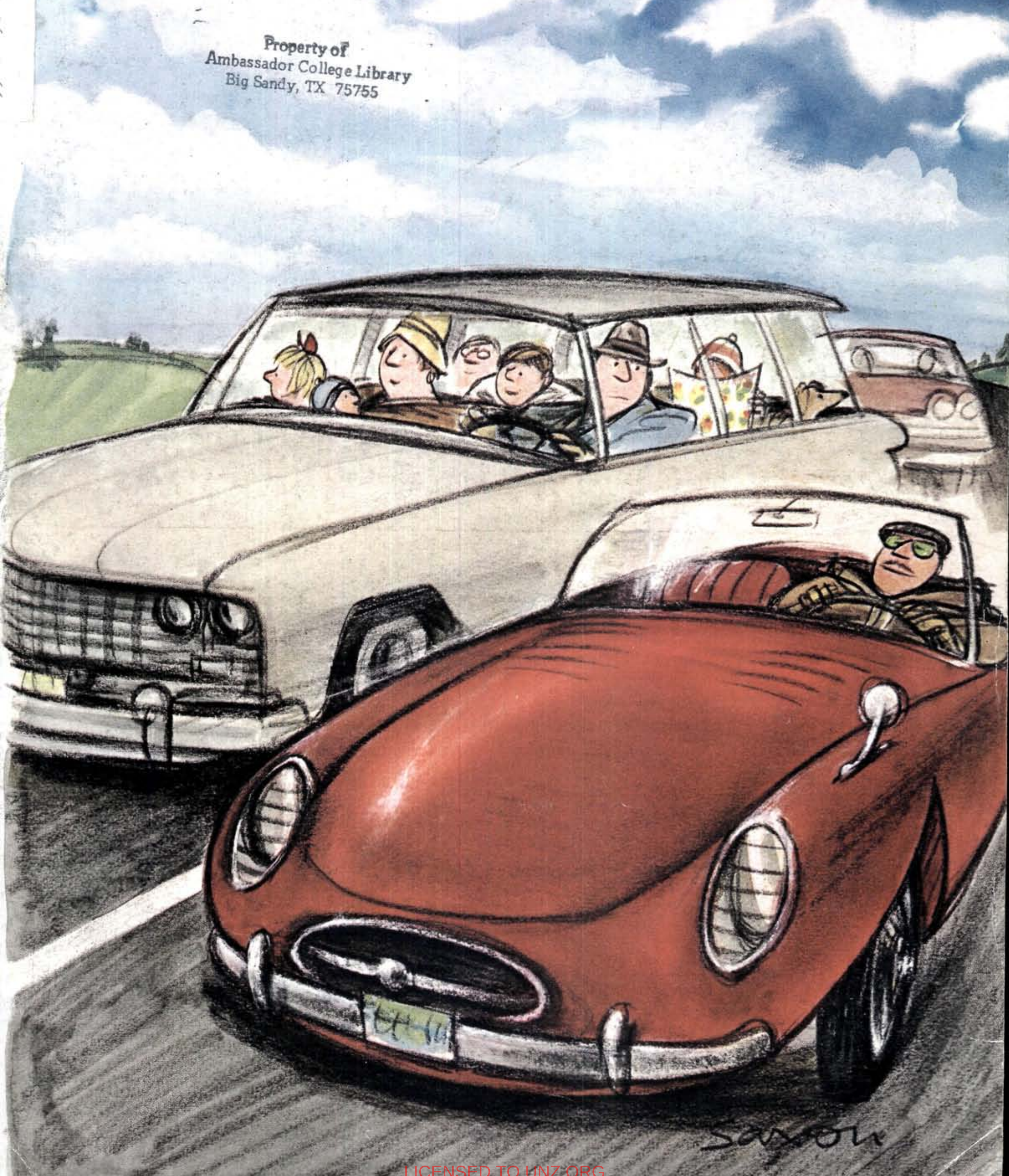

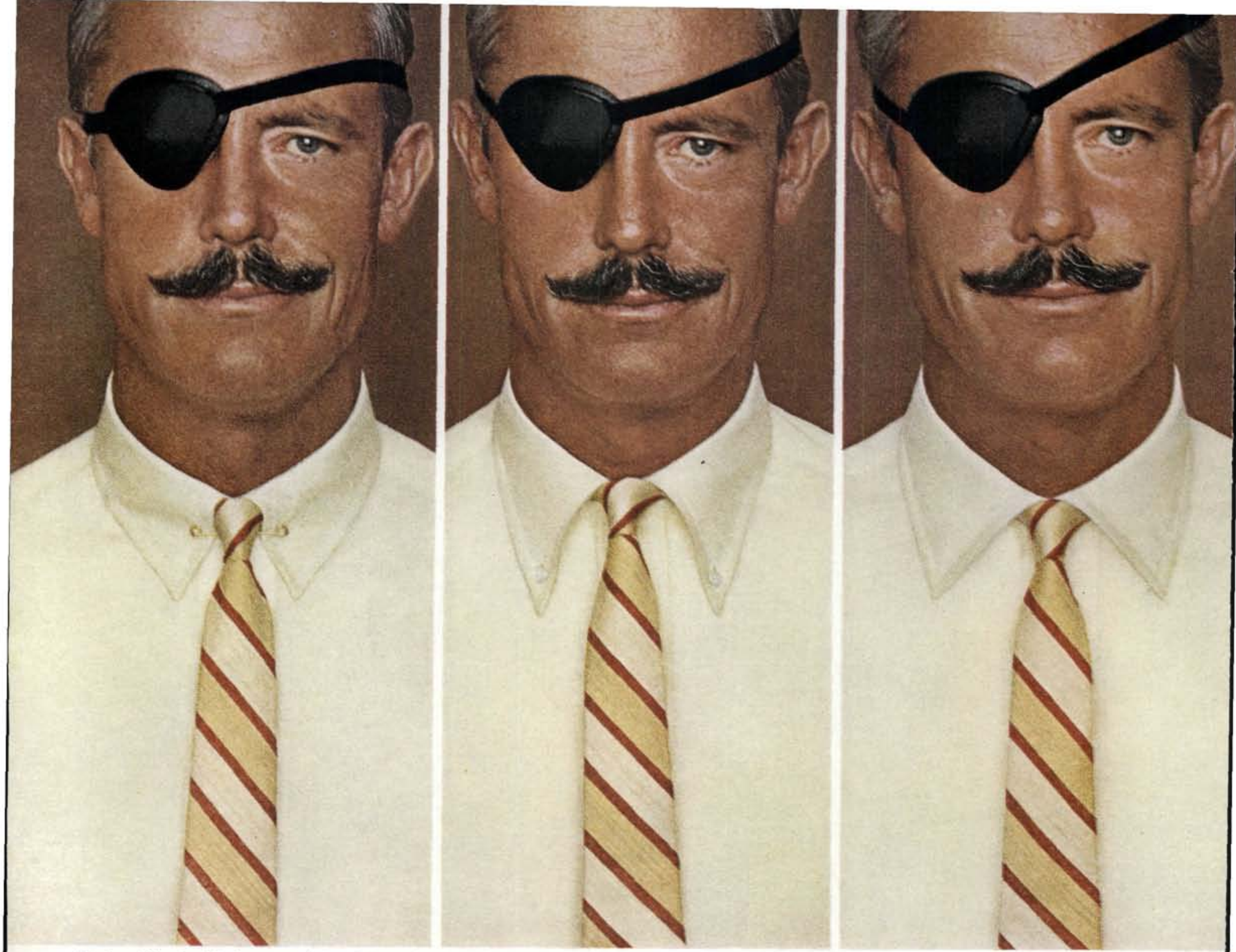

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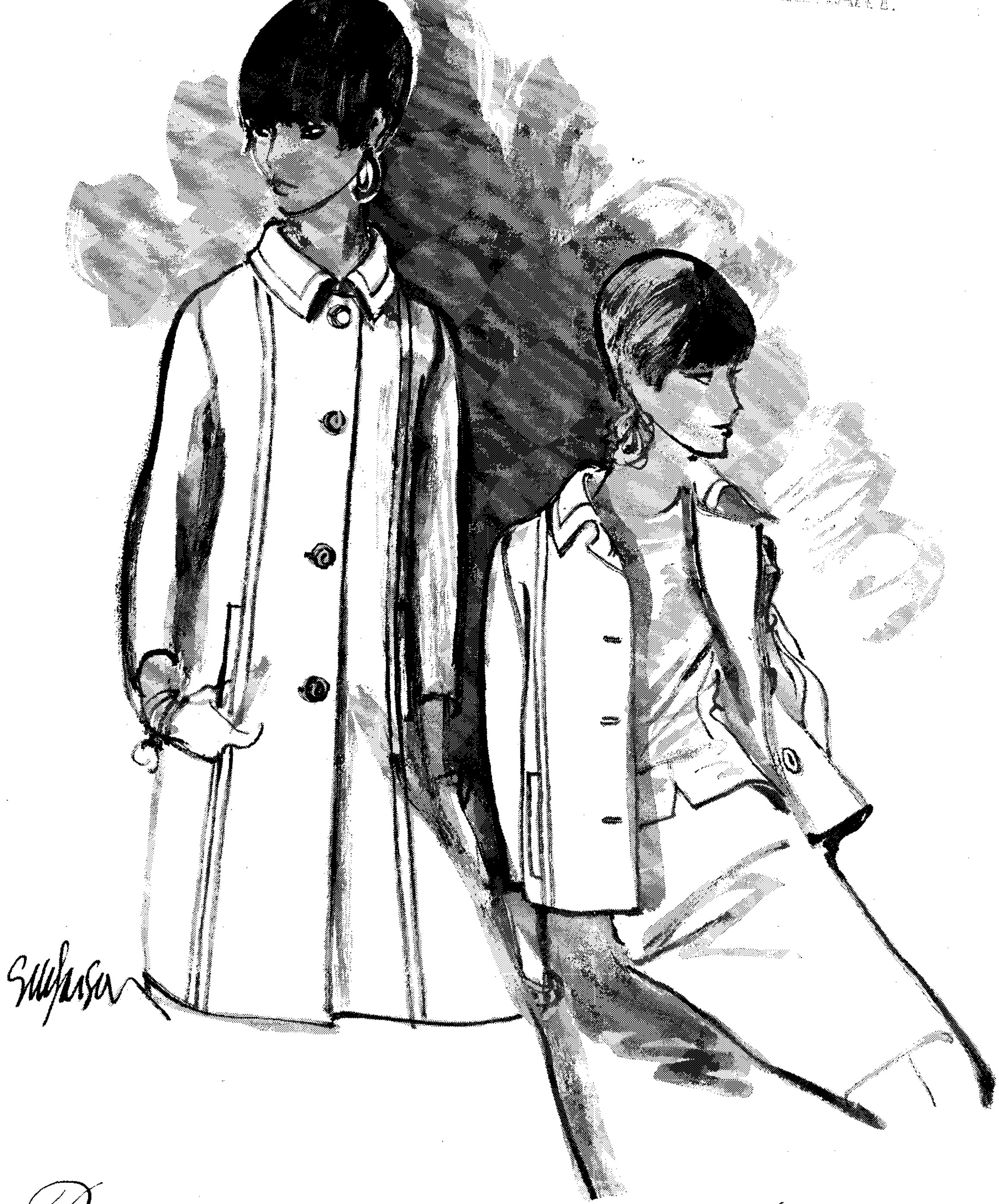

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore, among others, gambolling about in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. Mr. Burrows has doubled in brass as the director of his play. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Generation—The performance of Henry Fonda as a civilized man trying to cope with the mores of a beatnik son-in-law is one of the good things in this play by William Goodhart. There aren't many others. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hostile Witness—There are altogether too many dramatic recesses in this courtroom drama by Jack Roffey, but Geoffrey Lumsden, Michael Allinson, Melville Cooper, Angela Thornton, and Norman Barrs give the proceedings a lift every now and then. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

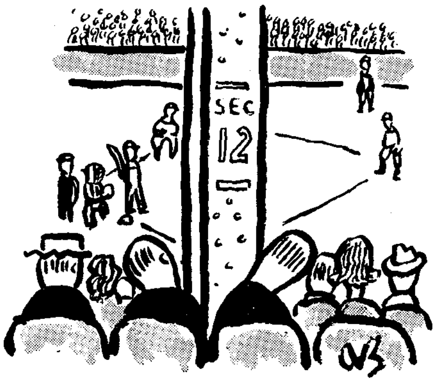
The Impossible Years—A standard-brand sort of comedy, in which Alan King appears as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. The play is by Bob Fisher and Arthur Marx, who have written a lot for television. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Inadmissible Evidence—A marathon monologue makes up the bulk of this drama by John Osborne, which describes the disintegration of a solicitor who has no respect for his law or for himself. Hard going, but occasionally relieved by the performances of Nicol Williamson, as the lawyer, and Madeleine Sherwood and Ted van Griethuysen, who portray assorted other characters. Jon Harkins substitutes for Mr. Williamson at the matinées. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Weeknights at 8:40, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, April 20, at 2. Closes Saturday, April 23.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's fitfully amusing fictional creation of the private life of Henry II at a time when the king was trying to determine who would be his successor. Robert Preston plays the king, and Rosemary Harris his queen, and they are both estimable, as are the others in the drama. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Marat/Sade—The Royal Shakespeare Company representing the inmates of an early-nineteenth-century insane asylum, which is, as depicted here, a nightmarish place indeed. Peter Brook, who directed the depressing drama, plainly aims to shock, and from time to time he succeeds. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 30.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—A play by Brian Friel, laden with rue and laughter, that describes the last night in his home town of an Irish lad about to set off for America. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are excellent as they project two aspects of the hero, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others who participate are all first-rate. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



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A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

The Royal Hunt of the Sun—Peter Shaffer's colorful and dramatic account of Pizarro's conquest of Peru, in which David Carradine leads a first-rate cast. John Dexter directed the play, and Michael Annals created the costumes. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Wait Until Dark—A limp thriller about the efforts of a blind girl to frustrate the plots of a trio of villains anxious to lay hands upon a doll that happens to be stuffed with heroin. Lee Remick has the principal role in Frederick Knott's play. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 17.)

You Can't Take It with You—The APA Repertory Company's expert revival of the thirty-year-old comedy by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman. Ellis Rabb is the director, and he has made it seem as fresh and funny as it was in the first place. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Zulu and the Zayda—Menasha Skulnik having a fine time in South Africa as a Jewish grandfather who likes to go adventuring with a native pal (Louis Gossett) in Johannesburg and its environs. An insubstantial bit of business, put together by Howard Da Silva and Felix Leon. The piece is enlivened by Harold Rome's incidental music. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, April 16.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Sandra Smith and George Gaynes in a play by Muriel Resnik about a girl being kept by an industrial big shot. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LUV:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Barbara Bel Geddes, Larry Blyden, and Gabriel Dell. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken head up the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** About a clutch of middle-class Irish-Americans in the Bronx who spend most of their time bickering. With Maureen O'Sullivan, Chester Morris, and Walter McGinn. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman—The book of this rehash of a comic strip of a couple of decades ago is short on ingenuity, but its music, by Charles Strouse, and its lyrics, by Lee Adams, are not without merit. The cast—Jack Cassidy, Michael O'Sullivan, Bob Holiday, Patricia Marand, Linda Lavin, and Don Chastain are among those most prominent—is a fetching group. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, April 14, at 2.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever—Alan Jay Lerner has invented a rather clumsy book for this musical, which is concerned with extrasensory perception and reincarnation. However, Barbara Harris, as a reincarnated lass, is high-spirited and funny, and the music, by Burton Lane, is soothing. Handsome sets by Oliver Smith, and elegant costumes by Freddy Wittop. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Skyscraper—Julie Harris is appealing as a young lady trying to save a Manhattan brownstone from some high-rise builders bent on destroying it, but this musical hasn't much else to recommend it. Adapted from Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl" by Peter Stone, the play has music and lyrics by James Van Heusen and Sammy Cahn. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. The book, by Neil Simon, is rather a bore, but the choreography, by Bob Fosse, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are lively. Miss Verdon is, as always, full of beans, and so is the cast that supports her. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly,

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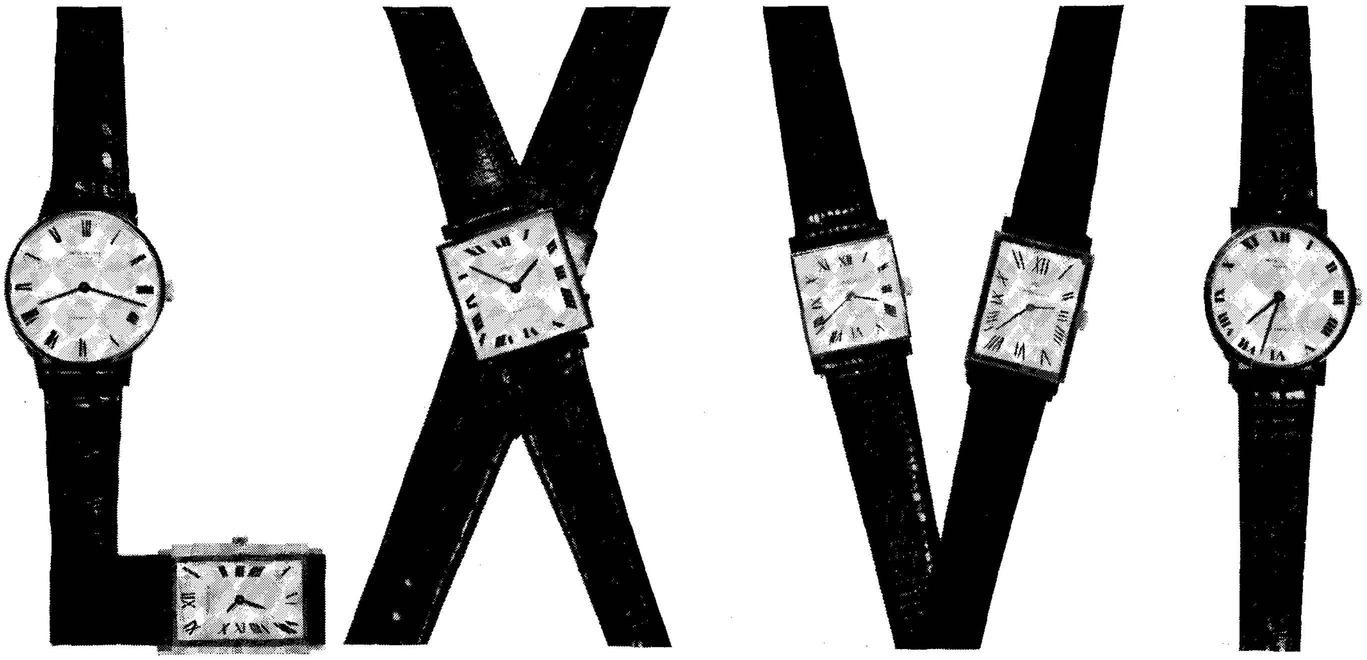

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except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A jolly musical miscellany from South Africa, in which an octet of lively youngsters go about brightly interpreting native songs and dances, playing assorted strange instruments, and relaxing now and then with familiar folk songs from England, Ireland, and Scotland. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HALF A SIXPENCE:** Tony Tanner in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Molly Bloom. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**BAVARIAN STATE THEATRE:** Final performances (in German) of Gerhart Hauptmann's **DIE RATTEN** will close out the engagement. Thursday and Friday, April 14-15, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, April 16-17, at 2:30 and 8:30. A limited number of simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance.... **CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY:** A revival of **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**, with Billy De Wolfe, Len Gochman, Lee Goodman, and Sheila Sullivan, is the first in a series of four Frank Loesser musicals to be presented by the company. Preview Tuesday, April 19, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 20, and will run through Sunday, May 8. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—The company's final offering of the season is Bertolt Brecht's **THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE**, adapted by Eric Bentley. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **LA TRAVIATA.** (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

The Deadly Game—A revival of James Yaffe's adaptation of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's melodrama with philosophic overtones. The overtones get pretty annoying, but the melodrama—about what only appears to be a mock trial for murder in an Alpine villa—has its absorbing moments. The cast, which includes Rudolf Weiss, Roger De Koven, and Chet London, is quite good. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman, and the music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Monopoly—A program of four one-acters by a new dramatist named Jerome Kass. The characters are local and suburban types, most of them familiar Jewish, and all of them recent arrivals in the middle class. Three of the plays are mere sketches; the fourth, "Young Marrieds Play Monopoly," has more substance and is quite promising. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 17.)

Phèdre—Racine's tragedy translated into flat but insistent rhymed couplets by William Packard and, under Paul-Emile Deiber's direction, performed more or less in the French manner. The result is a production that is pleasant to look at—the movements are graceful, the set and costumes are decorative—but awfully wispy, since the acting is only so-so. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Serjeant Musgrave's Dance—A preachy melodrama done in the Victorian manner and set in Victorian England. John Colicos is effective as the fanatical leader of some deserters from the Queen's Army who come to a northern coal town in order to expose the horrors and cruelty of war. The play, by John Arden, seems cluttered and synthetic, but The Establishment has given it a good production, under Stuart Burge's direction. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

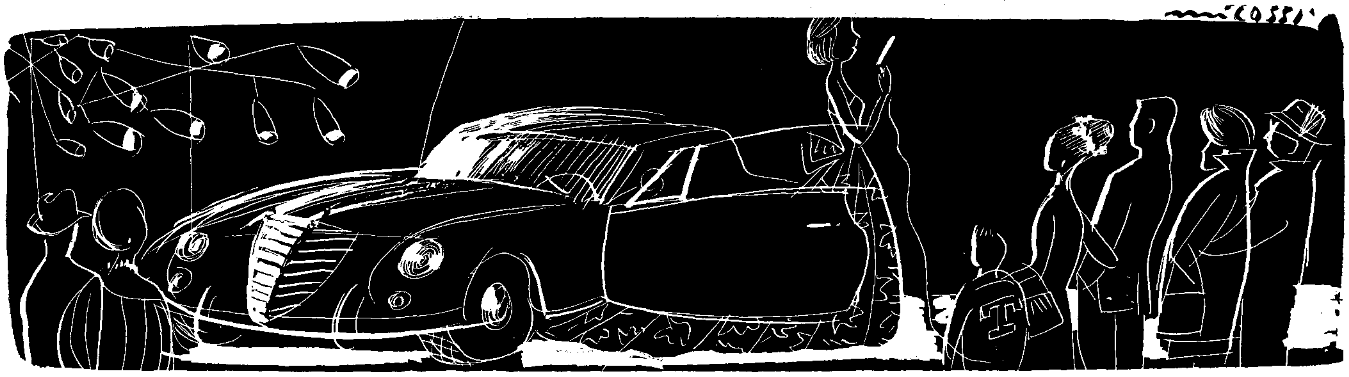
Six from La Mama—Two alternating bills made up of six plays. Program I (plays by William Hoffman, Lanford Wilson, and Leonard Melfi) will be shown through Sunday, April 17.... ¶ Program II (plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie, Paul Foster, and Sam Shepard) will be shown the second week, from Tuesday through Sunday, April 19-24. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The White Devil—John Webster's seventeenth-century melodrama, directed by Jack Landau. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 17.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, April 14, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Summerspace" (première), and "Donizetti Variations."... ¶ Friday, April 15, at 8:15: "Donizetti Variations," "Summerspace," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse."... ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 2:15: "Bugaku," "Pas de Deux and Divertissement," "Allegro Brillante," and "Swan Lake."... ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Summerspace," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Sunday, April 17, at 1:15: "Con Amore," "Swan Lake," and "Firebird."... ¶ Sunday, April 17, at 7:15: "Swan Lake," "Meditation," "Allegro Brillante," and "Serenade."... ¶ Tuesday, April 19, at 9: "Variations," an unnamed Balanchine ballet (preview), "Summerspace," and "La Guirlande de Campra" (première). A benefit performance; for tickets, call JU 6-7399.... ¶ Wednesday, April 20, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Irish Fantasy," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Thursday, April 21, at 8:15: "Ebony Concerto," the unnamed Balanchine ballet (première), and "La Sonnambula."... ¶ Friday April 22, at 8:15: "Con Amore," "Tarantella," "The Cage," and "Ballet Imperial."... ¶ Saturday, April 23, at 2:15: "Firebird," "La Sonnambula," and "Swan Lake."... ¶ Saturday, April 23, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Agon," and the



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Estée Lauder

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

unnamed Balanchine ballet. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, May 22.)

Bolshoi Ballet—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 8—"Swan Lake": Tuesday, April 19, at 7:30, and Friday, April 22, at 8. . . . ¶ "Don Quixote": Wednesday, April 20, at 8 (American première); Thursday, April 21, at 8:30; and Saturday, April 23, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Metropolitan Opera House.)

Merce Cunningham—With his dance company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 23, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Mark Twain Tonight!—A return engagement (new program) of Hal Holbrook's impersonation of the Missouri humorist at seventy. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. CI 6-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Circus—A sort of latter-day Noah's Ark, with spacemen. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday and Friday, April 14-15, at 10:30 and 3, and Saturday, April 16, at 10:30, 3, and 8:30. Thereafter Tuesdays through Thursdays at 2 and 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 15. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Magic Show—The 1966 edition of "Magic, Mirth, and Mystery," presented by the Society of American Magicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 16, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Marguerite Piazza, who did not attain eminence with just ten easy lessons, is singing at dinner and supper in the Royal Box, and Louis Nye is being verbal. The orchestra of Lee Evans spends the evening sampling its ample collection of grace notes. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The nights have grown longer since the dance band of Horace Diaz moved in among the dinner tables of the new wing, which, candy-striped from head to foot, looks exactly like the late Little Club—and such it actually is, complete in every detail, including Billy Reed, prop. The tunes begin at nine during the week and cease at two; they begin at ten on Fridays and Saturdays, when three is closing time. Sundays, another band is on duty from nine until two.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Well-schooled dancing is par for this *concours,* where George Anaya's small group of musicians parades the restaurant from eight until nine, then breaks into prance tunes. No music Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The password in this fashionable watering place is Rule Britannia. Dance music is dispensed in the main hall by Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Charles Bubeck's orchestra; in the Champagne Room, though, only a violin and a piano confer, and in whispers. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, Ben Cutler's boys from Boola Boola U. stick to the real New York beat every night of the week for whoever both dances and dines. Franco Pagani, a perky Roman, sings out every night but Sunday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—A new Vic Damone is on display during the dinner and supper hours in the Persian Room—a cooler, more collected Vic Damone, whose repertory now pays less attention to the banalities of Broadway balladry and much more to the handiwork of such composers as the brilliant new Brazilians. Plenty of dance music is decanted in the course of the evening, the best of it by Mark Monte's light-as-a-feather revellers. Closed Sundays.

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. . . ¶ Piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and "Merry Widow" music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. . . . ¶ On the stroke of eight, the Palm Court becomes a tale of two cities—Vienna and whatever the capital of Ruritania is—with the assistance of Gunnar Hansen's gallant violin and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte,* water ices, and spirits. The dream ends at one. Sunday nights are stilly.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Room with a view. If the vista and the vittles do not use up enough time, there is always a dance floor, ministered to by the quartet of Jonah Jones, whose fettle is of the finest. The music goes on from eight-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Ring out the new, ring in the old (and all its splendid, ornate naval architecture) with Urbie Green's urgent trombone and big band, which tells us not in mournful numbers. The music lets go from seven-thirty to one-thirty during the week, from eight to two Fridays and Saturdays. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The new blossom in the Sheraton daisy chain, and the handsomest. In the Maisonette, Quintero's Latin band is the urban and urbane host from dinnertime until curfew, which arrives at two. Another band fills in when this crew is at rest. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a next-door neighbor, offers a peace and quiet broken only by Jani Sarkozi's Danubian violin, which sees action between seven and twelve-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)— Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano—which happens from cocktail time until eight or nine during the week (except Mondays), and from five to eleven on Sundays—is right up Peacock's Alley. The little dance band that bowls in the Alley from nine to one takes Sundays off.

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—New York's only astrodome, which houses a playing field that is all hardwood and a mile wide. All sports but the Twist and its offspring are permissible. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Public life made easy by customers who have been in the business for years and have loved every moment of it. Through this merry crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **L'Intrigue,** 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Downstairs, where Murray Grand's piano recalls the best years of our lives, Jimmie Daniels sings about the best nights of our lives. Mary Small contributes her soprano, and (whenever it enters her mind) Nancy Steele, the patroness, slithers through her Texas Guinan cantatas. None of these characters are early arrivals. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in what was the dining room of the old Wanamaker town house, Bobby Short is the night-watchman for those who stay awake long, long after the dinner hour. Their reward is the blithe spirits of, respectively, his songs, his piano, and his sidemen—Dick Sheridan and Beverly Peer. All is shut tight Sundays. . . . **In Boboli,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): *Domestic life in Firenze.* The family retainers who are not required in the kitchen now and again display their knowledge of Italian, operatic and otherwise, to the diners. They are not unaware of American arias, either. Thursdays through Saturdays, there is also at-your-leisure dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **Mike Malkan's,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-3000): The Kingdom of Lilliput in a garrulous mood, full of young'uns on their best behavior. While they gabble, Mr. Malkan, *padrone,* plays rumbling piano. Seven until almost daybreak is the scheme. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Scenes of a happy Budapest childhood. The background music, which never stands still, is zimbalon, violin, tenor, soprano, and (for dancing in the streets) Béla Babai's band. The tenor is grand old Tibor Rakossy. Closed Mondays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after ten years at one piano, has unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A bright and breezy jazz trio (Cecil Young's) performs during the week; Sundays, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, another gang works out. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The salon of Rita Dimitri, she of the saucer eyes, the flaunting eyelashes, and the soubrette hairdo. She chirrups from or on the piano, at nine-thirty through the week, and also at midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A dance trio reports for duty at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The employees are forever on the brink of a soliloquy: to be or not to be waiters, to be or not to be Metropolitan tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **Charlie Bates,** 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): Neighborhood bars may have been like this sixty years ago, but even if they were not, this effort at total recall delights the young people. The music—Bob Emma's period piano and song, and the choral work of the Ned Odum Boys—sets to at seven; Sundays, in their place, the Smith Street Jazz Society Band bleats from four until one. The menu is plain but hearty. . . . **Bell's,** 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): The comforts of home, and the happy congregating of young and old for a mannerly Old Home Week. George Taylor's trio, which is always on the verge of sing-along, chortles from nine until three. It stays home Sundays.

Note—The discothèque, a moth that has not yet danced too near the flame, will be best represented during its span of life by these establishments: **Shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation of dancers, too, from leaping to sometimes awkward conclusions. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. Some of the music, which begins at seven-thirty, comes out of pressure cookers, and some of it is woven on the spot. Killer Joe Piro, leader of the lost generation born in the shadow of the Peppermint Lounge, does a special shivaree—assisted by half a dozen acolytes—at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty. Taps sounds at three or four. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little children, often in what amounts to *bal-masqué* costumery, can be seen but not heard, so prodigious is the music of the electronic age. Ten until four Tuesdays through Thursdays and nine-thirty to four Fridays through Sundays is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is recited from memory by a machine, the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the table fare is tenuous, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who floats with the greatest of ease. The garb runs from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings (the resounding Chambers Brothers, whose final notes occur on Sunday, April 17) and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion whose guests are mostly angelic Mods and Rockers. The house dancers spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. There is a menu, to an extent.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano operates from six to one. Sundays, Forrest Perrin, his expert lieutenant, gets to use the keyboard instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Quaint conceit is the essence of this children's-hour castle keep. His Majesty's revels are accompanied by the dream-sequence violin of Norbert Faconi, a ruler himself among the circumnavigating fiddlers. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): The new face of Spain, but even so the architecture makes the twentieth century a great deal less stark. The current musicians, Inaki & Carlos, are Basque—which puts them under the heading of Rarity. They are both strolling players. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar discusses, in the subtlest of language, everything Spanish from nights in the gardens of Granada to the habits of the gypsy wanderers, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Doing as the Romans do (and doing it superbly), with the same viands, libations, and scenery. Among the citizenry is a round of dulcet minstrels (mandolin, violin, and accordion) who operate from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Busy, busy nights on the Via Veneto. Some of the traffic jam is itinerant musicians plying their fiddles with great determination. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON-EAST**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the august Café Ambassador, there is piano from seven to one every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Le Palais, which deals only in dinner, from seven to ten, is an excellent way of keeping in touch with Vienna, and so is Hans Hansberg's zither. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The scenery of this landed estate makes us all sorry that we ever moved out of the American past. In the bar, there's piano from six to one, except for Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on, but that does not prevent Rack Godwin's piano from indulging itself in occasional subtle bouts of byplay. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Enzio Lembo vocally accompanies his guitar from nine-thirty until one every night but Sunday. . . . **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): Dreams of Empire, all right, but of the one that once lay along the Neva and the Volga. Marina Fedorovskaya, the doyenne and chanteuse of this enterprise, who has a very Rus-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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sian chef under her arm and thumb, can sound both hearty and heartfelt; she is spelled by a pair of musicians, likewise very Russian. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The social significance is tremendous, the music (George Feyer's piano, from eight-thirty until two) is Venetian-glass. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): This portion of the Hotel Westbury is given over to dining and to the casual piano of Conrad Monjoy, who is on duty from nine-thirty until one every evening but Monday. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): From six-thirty until midnight every night but Sunday in the Casino-on-the-Park, that dispenser of peace on earth, Steven Weltner (pausing for the season on his way around the world) plays piano to really listen to. . . . **NEW YORK HILTON,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): In the Seven Hills, whose René Bouché murals do a reprise of Rome at sundown, Mario Peralta wields with ease an absolutely unwieldy and age-old bandonion, whose seven-until-nine music is all balm. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERATON GLADSTONE,** 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): In the Bivouac Room, which is a bar first and foremost, there is voice and pianoforte by Delos Rios, a recently imported *Chileno,* from five-thirty to twelve-thirty. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The meadowlarking, sometimes intense, comes from Leslie Uggams, a little thing forever younger than springtime. The humor is by Billy Baxter. Dancing, too, by both the guests and the Copa ballerinas, all of them striving for their learners' permits. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten until who knows when, there is boom and zoom on the bandstand. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): "French Dressing," a Never-Never Land in which girls outnumber boys six to one and (in a special sense) outstrip them, too, is a leisurely parade that lasts nearly two hours. The pride of the paraders is Betty Jo Alvies, a Class A puma. Pinky Lee, once a bearer of airwave tales for the extremely young, is the humorist; the attendant Hungarian ballet is a rumble left over from "West Side Story." On Wednesday, April 20, Teresa Brewer, whose lyrics are full of Dr. Pepper and Southern comfort, succeeds Mr. Lee and the Hungarians. Dancing. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): At last, at last, at last—on Tuesday, April 19—comes Dionne Warwick, the sweet-singing champion of American folklore, American mythology. Speaking of mythology, Cab Calloway and band (absent long enough to be legendary) arrive the same night. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

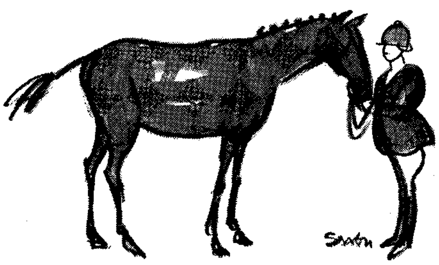
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Pick a Number XV," Julius Monk's annual report on the state of the nation, not to mention you and me, is—as ever—in revue form and rare form. The ladies of the house—Elizabeth Wilson, Liz Sheridan, and Lee Beery—are all noblewomen; Bill Hinnant is their sly shepherd. The pianos of Robert Colston, Frederick Silver, and Otis Clements act as orchestra. Curtains at nine and eleven-thirty. No frolics on Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): It doesn't matter who has the floor in the back room, for the will to win is always there. For the record, though, the occupants are the ballet troupe of Joaquin Robles (the ride of the Valkyrie translated into Spanish, and losing nothing on the way) and Juan Lejido, a carefree but worldly troubadour. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. On Sundays, another time card: tea dancing in the afternoon (Tito Puente's band is the catalyst) and just one show, at ten. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Mario Escudero's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Just for Openers," the pocket-edition revue here, is a slow starter, but it soon picks up an amiable momentum. R. G. Brown, Fannie Flagg, and Richard Blair are the leaders of the pack. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers, a girl with a tremendous gift of gab (stream, and scream, of unconsciousness) is using this small temple as a trial run. Steve Perry, who is British and tenor, uses it as a recital hall, and so does Sam Hamilton, the presence at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): Nina Simone, who lives and sings in another world, will remove herself, her piano, and her trio on Saturday, April 16. On Tuesday, April 19, a new revue, "Return of Second City," is scheduled to begin previewing itself.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The trio of Mose Allison, whose piano is experimental and exploratory, gets ample assistance—Friday through Sunday, April 15-17, Gary McFarland's quartet, and then, from Tuesday, April 19, onward, Coleman Hawkins' quartet. Mondays, the Mel Lewis-Thad Jones Jazz Band has the place to itself, and there are Sunday matinées from five to nine. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): This emporium, a two-layer cake, combines a street-level restaurant with a belowstairs cave. Up top, the Dave Pike trio ruminates late every evening but Monday, and Cousin Joe, a pianist just shipped out of New Orleans, takes solo flights; Sunday afternoons (five to nine) there are offertories by other jazz men. . . . ¶ In the grotto, Teri Thornton's throbbing carolling and the rampaging of Cannonball Adderley's quintet come to a halt on Saturday, April 16. On the last two days of their stay, Dick Gregory, garbed in his usual fighting trim, will do the talking, and he will do a reprise on Friday and Saturday, April 22-23. On Mondays, down under is occupied by clumps of Latin musicians, to say nothing of Symphony Sid, a commentator on the jazz scene for whom time has stood still. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The little old Village smithy and hero-sandwich forge. The quintet of the honorable Art Farmer will be replaced, on Tuesday, April 19, by the five-some of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn. Friday through Sunday, April 22-24, Jimmy Rushing's Hall of Fame tenor will be available as well. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The land of the coffee bean and usually of the folk song, which at the moment is represented only by Jake Holmes, a man not apt to take the genre seriously, for the Geezinslaw Brothers and Howie Storm, who fill out the cast, are jesters. The regulars, as is the custom here, lay off each Tuesday. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The stage is occupied by Abbey Lincoln, that lyric Lorelei, and the strong-arm quintet of Max Roach. On Mondays, visiting jazz bands stand in. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): A fine cottage industry—handmade music of the old-fashioned kind. It is good to listen to, good to dance to. The craftsmen are Mr. Condon, Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, and Morey Feld. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the bar is the threesome of Billy Taylor. Its mood jazz is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually comprising Red Allen, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is lying in wait here. Sundays, Don Frye plays piano all by his lonesome. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The dust on the floor of this ancient sawmill is fresh every day, for it is made on the spot by a collection of banjoists who are enthralled by the turn of the century. They plunk down their notes from nine to three every night, and each Tuesday-through-Thursday a bagpiper waxes eerie. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Another at-ease brewery, another set of junior citizens, another aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). Sundays offer, at four-thirty in the afternoon, a few stanzas by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): In the center of one of the new play areas for the come-as-you-are small ones. Sawdust, beer, and intent listening go along with the music, which is currently being put together by McCoy Tyner's quartet. On Tuesday, April 19, Randy Weston's quintet inherits the job. The regulars take time out every Monday, when some other cohort occupies the stand.



ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

LEONARD BASKIN—Drawings and a few sculptures; through Saturday, April 16. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

HAROLD BAUMBACH—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, April 16. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

ROBERT BEAUCHAMP—Figurative paintings; through Saturday, April 23. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIETRO CONSAGRA—Abstract bronze sculptures and drawings; through Saturday, April 23. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

VIRGINIA CUTHBERT—Landscapes; through Friday, April 22. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

ROBERT DASH—Nudes, interiors, landscapes, and still-lifes; through April 29. (Osborne, 26 E. 63rd St.)

NIKI DE SAINT-PHALLE—Nanas, which are colorful, blimplike dolls representing women; through Saturday, April 23. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARY FAULCONER—Flowers and Portugal; through April 30. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

FREDERICK FRIESEKE (1874-1939)—Impressionist paintings; through May 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAURICE GLICKMAN—Small bronzes; through April 30. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

STEPHEN GREENE—Abstractions; through Saturday, April 23. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXIS GRITCHENKO—"Constantinople and Greece 1919-23," an exhibition of paintings and drawings by this Ukrainian artist, who now lives in Vence; through April 30. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St.)

WASSILY KANDINSKY—An exhibition of paintings from the Bauhaus years, marking the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through May 7. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

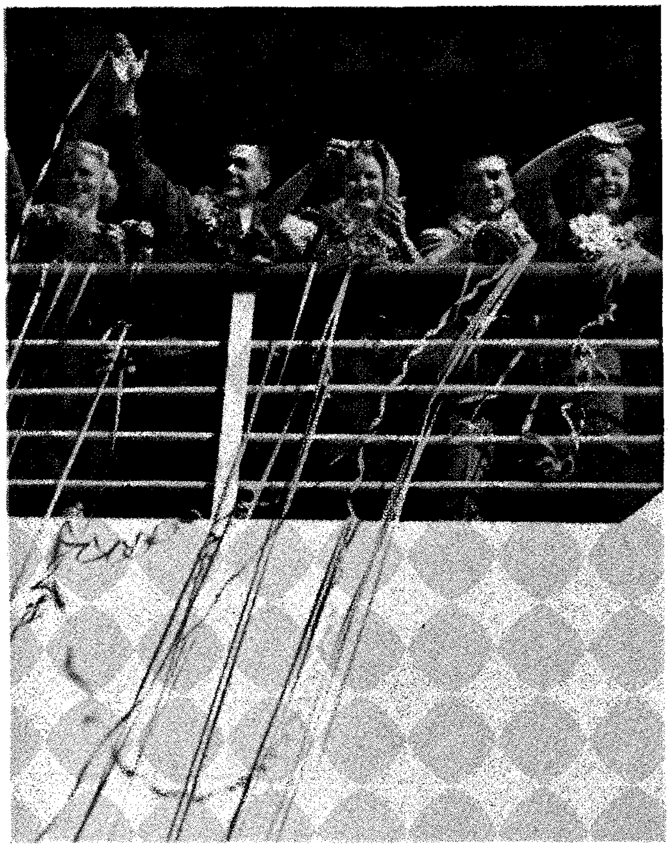
GYORGY KEPES—Abstract oil-and-sand paintings (1965); through Saturday, April 23. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

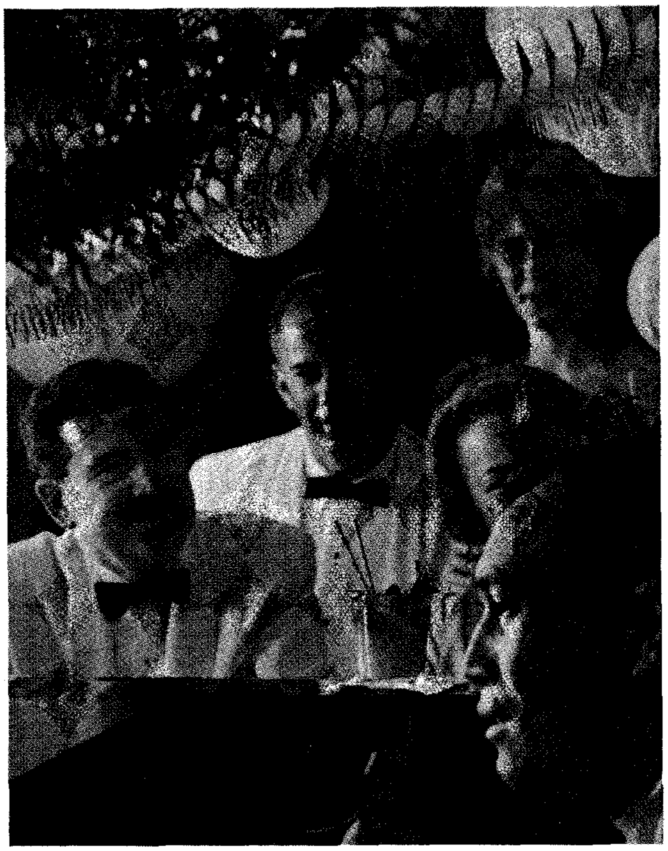
PHILLIP KING—Polychrome sculptures by a British artist. First one-man show in New York; through April 30. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

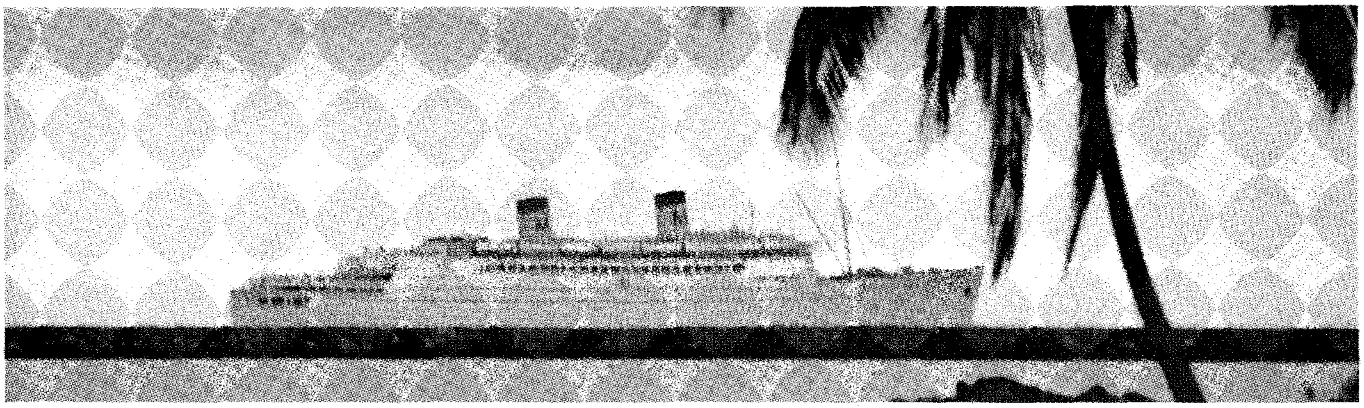
GARY KUEHN—Abstract sculptures; through May 7. (Bianchini, 50 W. 57th St.)

JENNETT LAM—Beach-chair paintings; through May 7. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

LOREN MACIVER—Landscape, figure, and still-







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life paintings and drawings; through Saturday, April 16. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Heinz Mack—Aluminum and stainless-steel constructions by a German artist. First one-man show in New York; through April 30. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marisol—Life-size figures; through May 7. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Gabriele Münter (1877-1962)—Fifty years of her paintings (1906-56); through April 30. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Abbott Pattison—Sculptures in bronze and silver; through Saturday, April 23. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Philip Pearlstein—Paintings and drawings of nudes; through Saturday, April 23. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Dan Rice—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, April 23. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis Schanker—Wood sculptures; through April 30. (Dorsky, 888 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Seliger—Abstract oils; through Saturday, April 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Clara Skinner—Optical paintings; through Saturday, April 23. (Castellane, 764 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Simeon Solomon (1840-1905)—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, April 23. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Raphael Soyer—Portrait and figure paintings; through Friday, April 22. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sahl Swarz—Abstract sculptures, mostly in iron and concrete; through April 30. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Wayne Thiebaud—Figures; through April 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Thon—Oils and watercolors of Maine and Italy; through April 30. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Allen Tucker (1866-1939)—Landscapes, marines, street scenes, and interiors with figures; through Saturday, April 16. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

Andy Warhol—Wallpaper and clouds; through April 27. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harvey Weiss—Welded-brass and cast-bronze sculptures; through Saturday, April 23. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Arline Wingate—Sculptures, mainly of plant life, in bronze, brass, stainless steel, and marble; through Saturday, April 23. (Funt, 16 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Romantics and Realists in French Painting (1820-70)—A benefit loan exhibition of works by Chasseriau, Corot, Courbet, Daumier, Delacroix, Gericault, Millet, and Theodore Rousseau; through May 7. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

National Sculpture Society—The thirty-third annual of sculptures, bas-reliefs, and medals; through May 1. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The American Sculptor 1900-30—Pieces by artists ranging from Frederick MacMonnies to Alexander Calder; through April 30. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

American Watercolor Society—The ninety-ninth annual of watercolors, gouaches, and pastels by artists from all parts of the United States; through April 24. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Americans; Group Show—"Protest Paintings—U.S.A. 1930-45," an exhibition including works by Ben Shahn, Reginald Marsh, and George Grosz; through Saturday, April 23. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At **cordier & ekstrom**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Man Ray, Isamu Noguchi, and Jean Dubuffet are three of the artists represented in an exhibition of objects, collages, and paintings; through Saturday, April 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by such artists as Chagall, Giacometti, and Pollock; through Saturday, April 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Braque, Modigliani, and Calder (to mention a few); through Saturday, April 23. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: "Fantastic Realism, the Vienna School," a show of paintings by Brauer, Fuchs, Hausner, Hutter, and Lehmden; through Saturday, April 16.... **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings and prints (by Rembrandt, Monet, Cassatt, and others) from the collection of the Electra Havemeyer Webb Fund, which will subsequently be housed in the Shelburne Museum, in Vermont; through Saturday, April 23.

Latin-Americans; Group Show—Five Chilean painters and one sculptor, Sergio Castillo; through Saturday, April 16. (Zegrí, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

Japanese; Group Show—Five artists from Kyoto—Tadashi Motomura, Shoji Matsumoto, Taisuke Hamada, Miyako Sekikawa, and Koen Okada; through Saturday, April 16. (Daché, 78 E. 56th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Recently acquired European and American prints and drawings by a spectrum of artists ranging from Rembrandt, Peter Paul Rubens, and Claude Lorrain to Jack Levine. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils and watercolors by Joseph Mallord William Turner, most of them lent by the Tate Gallery, the National Gallery, and the British Museum; through May 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and collages (1941-55) by Nicolas de Staël, together with European drawings by such artists as Gianfranco Baruchello, Eduardo Paolozzi, and Antoni Tàpies; through Sunday, April 17. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Works by contemporary American sculptors (for instance, Roger Bolomey, David von Schlegell, and John Chamberlain), assembled by the Lipman Foundation and the Whitney Museum; through May 15.... ¶ Geometric abstract paintings and sculptures from the Museum's permanent collection, by, among others, Frank Stella, Wilfrid Zogbaum, and Ilya Bolotowsky; through Sunday, April 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of oils, watercolors, and drawings by the nineteenth-century marine painter James Hamilton; through May 22. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)... ¶ The fifteenth national print biennial, comprising a hundred and eighty works by artists (among them Will Barnett, Robert Motherwell, and Louise Nevelson) from every section of the country; through May 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings, drawings, and prints by George Bellows (1882-1925); through May 1.... ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through May 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Sculptures and recent paintings by Max Ernst; through Sunday, April 17. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—"Designing for the Theatre by Jo Mielziner," a showing of scene paintings (1928-65) for "The Little Show," "Guys and Dolls," "Death of a Salesman," "Winterset," and many more; through May 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated manuscript leaves; through Saturday, April 23.... ¶ A selection of children's books and manuscripts; through July 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—Primitive oils, watercolors, and carvings from the collection of the New

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

York State Historical Association in Cooperstown; through June 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of the season—Thursday, April 14, at 8: "Aïda," with Birgit Nilsson, Elena Cernei, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, Justino Díaz, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Friday, April 15, at 8: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Anita Valkki, Pekka Nuotio, Ernst Wiemann, Thomas Stewart, and Arturo Sergi. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 2: "La Bohème," with Gabriella Tucci, Heidi Krall, Richard Tucker, Mario Sereni, Clifford Harvuot, Jerome Hines, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 8: A benefit concert of operatic excerpts marking the company's final performance in the old opera house. With whole regiments of singers and conductors of the very first stripe. Nostalgia and, no doubt, tears will abound.

BROOKLYN OPERA COMPANY—"La Bohème," (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 16, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Lukas Foss conducting—Thursday, April 14, *at 8:30; Friday, April 15, at 2:15; Saturday,* April 16, at 8:30; and Monday, April 18, at 7:30 (all with Leon Kirchner, piano); and Thursday, April 21, at 8:30; Friday, April *22, at 2:15;* Saturday, April 23, at 8:30; and Monday, April 25, at 7:30 (all with Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the final performances of the season here. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, April 14, at 8:30, *an all-Brahms program, with Abbey Simon,* piano. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 15, at 8:30, a varied program, with Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 16, at 8:30, an all-Brahms program, with Mr. Simon.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting the final performance of the season, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR *9-5512. Friday, April 15, at 8:30.* All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

LATE LATE CONCERT PLAYERS—Allan Miller conducting a chamber orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, April 16, at 11:30.)

FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Thomas Dunn conducting a benefit concert, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 17, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 18, at 8:40.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Siegfried Landau conducting the final concert of the season, with Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano; William Masselos, piano; the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society; and the Midwood High School Choral Society. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 20, at 8:30.)

GLEE CLUB OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK—*George Mead directing. (Town Hall. Friday,* April 15, at 8:30.)

HELVETIA MAENNERCHOR—A Swiss male chorus, in a benefit concert, directed by Walter Stamm. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 16, at 8:30.)

WESTMINSTER CHOIR—George Lynn directing. (Town Hall. Tuesday, April 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

VALENTINA LEVKO—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 14, at 8:30.)

MUSICAL ARTS TRIO—John Wummer, flute; Joseph Wolman, piano; and David Sackson, vi-

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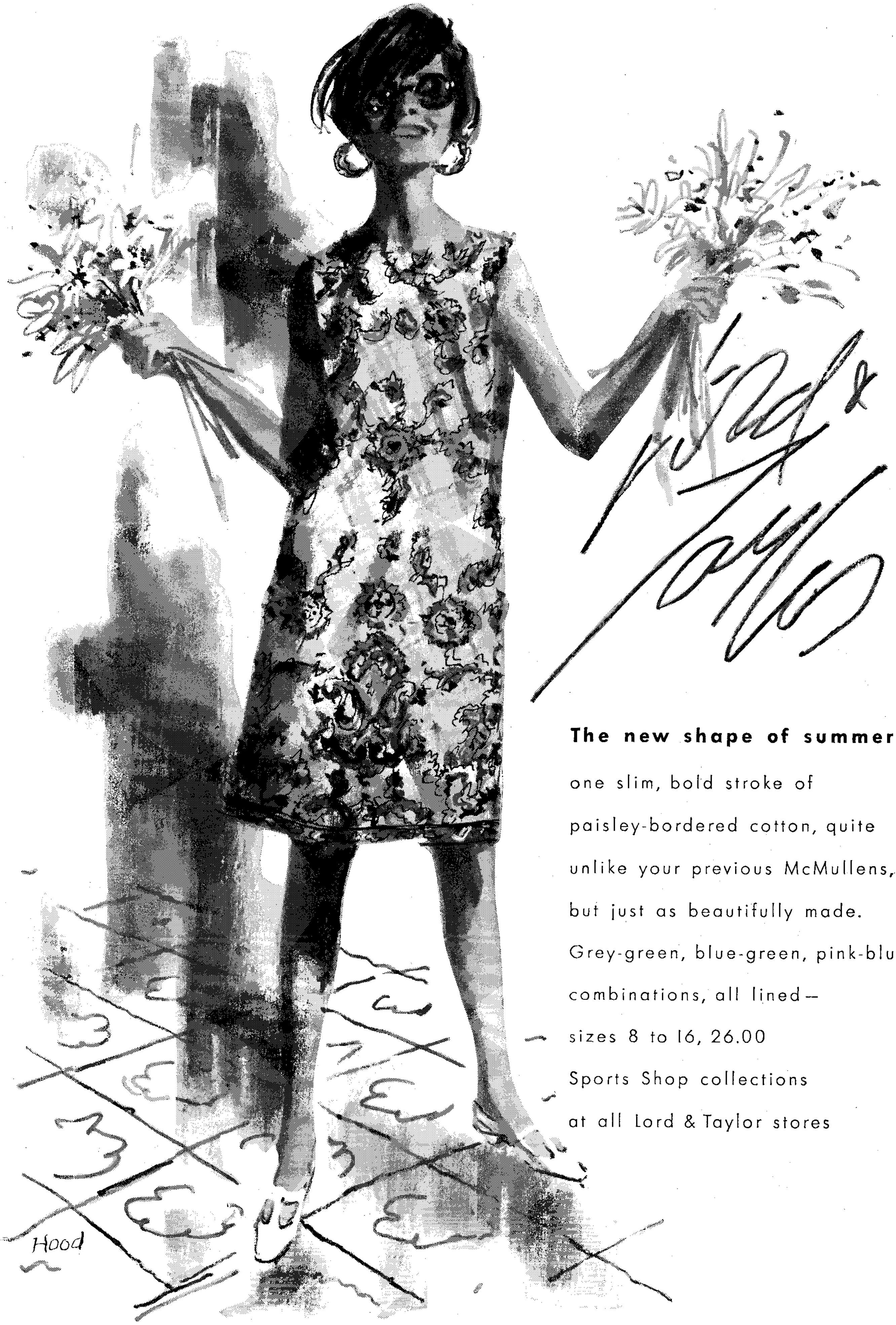

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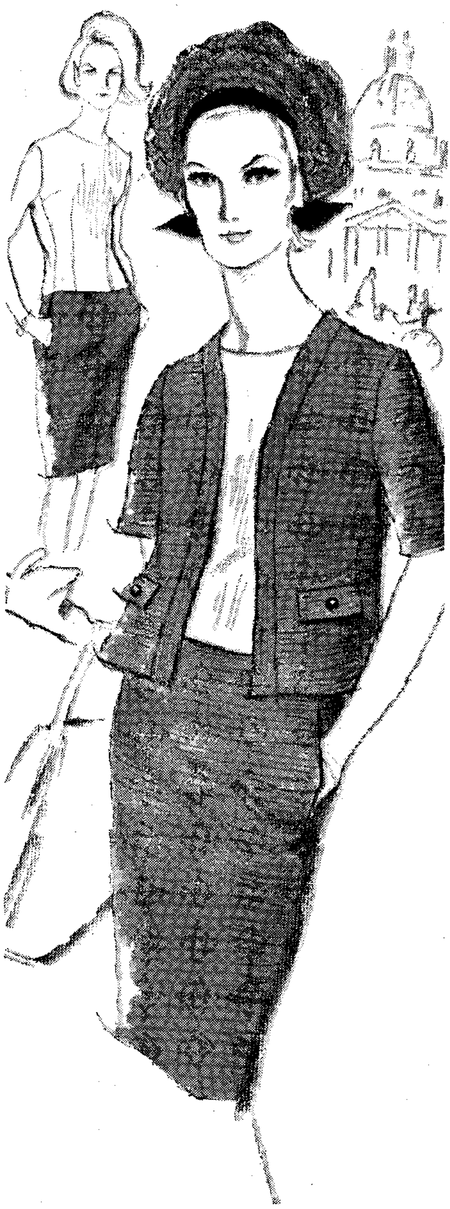

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

olin-viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 15, at 8.)

Van Cliburn—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 16, at 8:30.)

Shirley Verrett—Mezzo-soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 17, at 3.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 17, at 3:30.)

Theodore Bikel—Folk singer. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, April 17, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Karol Rathaus and Alan Hovhaness, performed by John Wummer, flute; Valarie Lamorée, soprano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, April 17, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 21, at 8:30.)

Richard Goode and Marvin Morgenstern—Piano and violin, in a sonata recital. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 21, at 8:30.)

Vivian Rivkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 22, at 8:30.)

Gilbert Bécaud—Pop singer. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 22, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday, April 14, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Baltimore, Saturday, April 23, at 2:15. . . . SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday, April 15, at 2; Saturday, April 16, at 2:15; and Sunday, April 17, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Tuesday and Wednesday, April 19-20, at 2.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 23.)

Horse Show—Boulder Brook Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 23-24.)

Hunt Racing—My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 16.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 16, and Saturday, April 23.). . . ¶ Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. Saturday, April 23.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Gotham, Saturday, April 16, and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 23. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays (and Monday, May 30) at 1:45, from Saturday, April 16, through Monday, May 30. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, April 30. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, April 16, and the Governor's Gold Cup, Saturday, April 23.

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, April 23, at 10.

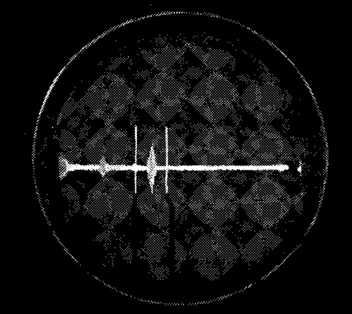
Track—Boston Marathon, starting in Hopkinton, Mass. (Tuesday, April 19.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, May 24.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—Operas-in-Brief, presented by the Amato Opera Company. Friday, April 15, at 11:30 and 2:30: "Hansel and Gretel.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 11:30: "The Pied Piper.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 16, at 2:30: "The Mikado." (Amato Opera Showcase Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200.)

Stage Shows—At the BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC: "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." (30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, April 15, at 2:30.) . . . GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "The Wizard of Oz." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Thursday through Sunday, April 14-17, at 12:30, 2, and 3:30.). . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Ching Ling and the Magic Peach," Thursday through Sunday, April 14-17, at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Thursday through Sunday, April 14-17, at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.). . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "My Horse Is Waiting." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box



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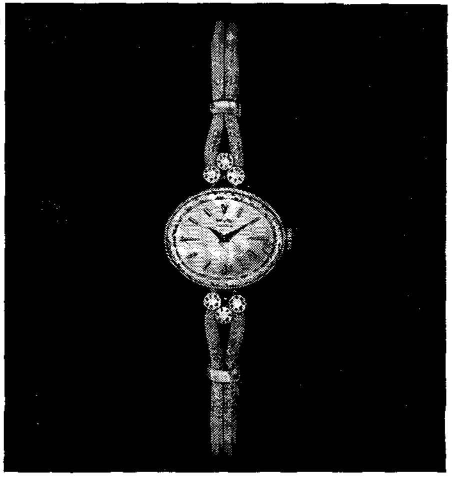

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office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Thursday through Saturday, April 14-16, at 1 and 2:30, and Sunday, April 17, at 1.)... **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Thursday through Saturday, April 14-16, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... **STORYLAND THEATRE:** "Heidi." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Thursday and Friday, April 14-15, at 1:30 and 3:30; Saturday, April 16, at 3:30; and Sunday, April 17, at 1:30 and 3:30.)... **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Rapunzel and the Wicked Wizard," Thursday and Friday, April 14-15, at 1 and 2:30.... ¶ "Mother Goose Magic Show," Saturday and Sunday, April 16-17, at 1:30 and 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show, "The Meaning of Spring," describes the motions of the earth and the causes of the seasons, and compares our seasons with those of other planets. (Thursday and Friday, April 14-15, at 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 7:30. Thereafter Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include mice, kids, monkeys, deer, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)... ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** In this miniature menagerie, the youngsters will find a new crop of bunnies, lambs, piglets, kittens, and the like, which can be petted as well as admired. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

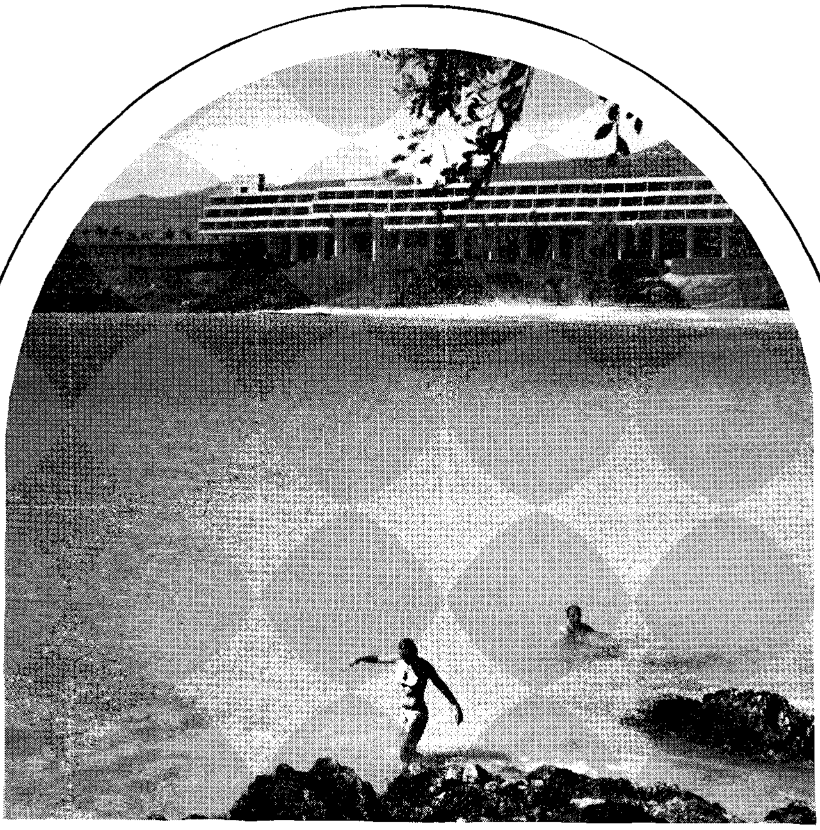
MOVIES—"The Red Pony," with Robert Mitchum and Myrna Loy, and "Donald in Math Magic Land," a Walt Disney cartoon. A benefit performance. (Art Theatre, 36 E. 8th St. Saturday, April 16, at 10. For tickets, call TR 7-9050.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

INTERNATIONAL AUTOMOBILE SHOW—A lavish display of new cars, representing manufacturers from Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, Sweden, and the United States. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday through Saturday, April 14-16, from 11 to 11, and Sunday, April 17, from 1 to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—The first sales of a seven-day auction of property of the late Helena Rubinstein—Wednesday, April 20, at 5:30: Part I of a collection of modern paintings and sculptures by such artists as Degas, Monet, Brancusi, and Utrillo, together with tapestries designed by Picasso and Rouault. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300.... ¶ Thursday, April 21, at 8:30: Part I of a collection of African and Oceanic art. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300.... ¶ Friday, April 22, at 10:30 and 1:45, and Saturday, April 23, at 1:45: French and other furniture; Venetian and other glass; Mexican and other silver; Egyptian and Roman antiquities; primitive nineteenth-century Mexican paintings; Russian and other bibelots and icons; and French and Oriental rugs.



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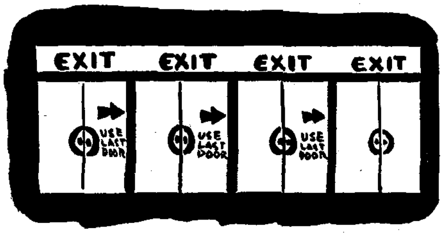

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Darling—The English director John Schlesinger leads an expert cast—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey, and others—through a crisp, brilliantly photographed morality tale about a pretty girl on the make. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 19.)

Dear John—Explicit in word and deed, this picture tells of a couple who find it much harder to love than to make love. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. Directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Doctor Zhivago—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday through Sunday, April 14-17, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Great Race—Jack Lemmon, Tony Curtis, Keenan Wynn, and Peter Falk in a preposterous automobile race around the world. Funny and then not so funny. Blake Edwards directed. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through April 19.)

The Group—The recent best-seller by Mary McCarthy about college girls in the dim thirties has been made into a big, splashy, but not very satisfactory costume drama. Directed by Sidney Lumet and starring, among others, Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Larry Hagman, James Broderick, and Hal Holbrook. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through April 19.)

Help!—The Beatles are shown, travelling roughly as fast as sound, on skis, in tropical waters, in a London wine cellar, and, at irregular intervals, on stages and in studios, belting out songs. A joyous mess, directed by Richard Lester. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through April 19.)

Juliet of the Spirits—A Roman housewife, played by Giulietta Masina, seeks to save herself from the horror of being middle-aged and unloved, and such is the genius of Federico Fellini that the picture is comic and beautiful and almost never sad. In Italian. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through April 19.)

John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums—A documentary about the late President, originally intended only for showing abroad. It is imperfect, even as propaganda, but is, of course, worth seeing. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. . . . ¶ Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; starting April 20.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 15-18.)

The Leather Boys—An immaculately executed study of a pair of post-adolescent newlyweds. Shot in and about London and starring Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton. Sidney J. Furie was the director. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 16.)

The Loved One—An overstuffed nightmare, expanding and almost wrecking the Waugh work, but with a few funny scenes. The heroes of the occasion are John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Rod Steiger, Milton Berle, and Margaret Leighton. Tony Richardson directed. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Moment of Truth—There are several different truths to be found in this extraordinary film by Francesco Rosi; one is that bullfighting is an abominable activity and another is that it's very beautiful. The hero is played by an authentic matador, Miguel Mateo Miguelin. In Italian. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 15-18.)

Morgan!—A troubled young man tears London apart in an attempt to make people love one another as much as he thinks great apes love other great apes. A very strange comedy indeed, marvellously acted by David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave, under the direction of Karel Reisz. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, naturally, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Thursday through Saturday, April 14-16, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, April 17, at 2:30 and 8; Monday and Tuesday, April 18-19, at 8:30; and Wednesday, April 20, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Our Man Flint—James Coburn has great fun playing a Bond-like paragon of international sleuthing. He is aided and hindered by lots of pretty girls. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through April 19. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting April 20.)

Shakespeare Wallah—A bittersweet tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory and with an excellent cast of English and Indian actors. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Ship of Fools—Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin—a fantastic cast in a romantic melodrama, well directed by Stanley Kramer. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting April 20.)

The Shop on Main Street—A Czechoslovakian picture that is both tragic and comic and is wonderfully acted by Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—Somebody is bent on murdering all six occupants of a certain train compartment, but why? Simone Signoret is one of the murderees and Yves Montand is the detective who tries to stop the massacre. In French. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold—An entirely successful adaptation of the famous best-seller. With Richard Burton, Oskar Werner, and Claire Bloom. The director is Martin Ritt. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through April 19.)

The 10th Victim—Marcello Mastroianni and Ursula Andress are the stars of this witty extravaganza about licensed sudden death in the twenty-first century. Ably directed by Elio Petri. (In English at the R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900. . . . ¶ In Italian at the Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600. . . . ¶ In Italian at the Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 19.)

A Thousand Clowns—A funny Broadway show has been turned into an even funnier movie. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through April 19. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through April 19, tentative.)

To Die in Madrid—A documentary account, taken mostly from newsreels, of the Spanish Civil War. Heartbreaking and unforgettable. With an English narration. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

REVIVALS

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through April 16.)

Cat Ballou—A Western, which makes sport of Westerns, with Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting April 20.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 19-20.)

Desire (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; April 14.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A François Truffaut film that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 19.)

It's a Gift (1934)—W. C. Fields as a family man with many problems. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 16-18, last showing April 18 at 2:16.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting April 20.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Mary, and Dick Van Dyke is her colleague. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; starting April 19.)

Night and Fog (1962)—The classic documentary short about Nazi concentration camps, directed by Alain Resnais. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 14.)

The Third Man (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Alida Valli. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through April 17.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn (1962)—A picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 19.)

The Trial (1963)—Orson Welles' version of the Kafka novel. The hero is played by Anthony Perkins. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; April 14.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1965)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 19-20.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—Through April 16: "The Wild Seed" (1965), with Michael Parks. . . . ¶ April 17: "Chapayev" (1935), in Russian. . . . ¶ April 18-19: "The Cloak" (1926) and "By the Law" (1926), both Russian films. . . . ¶ April 20: "Around the World in 80 Minutes with Douglas Fairbanks" (1931). (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "The Art of Charlie Chaplin." April 14: "Twenty Minutes of Love" (1914), "Caught in a Cabaret" (1914), "Work" (1915), and "Behind the Screen" (1916). . . . ¶ April 15-17: "Laughing Gas" (1914), "Mabel's Busy Day" (1914), "The Woman" (1915), and "The Vagabond" (1916). . . . ¶ Starting April 19: "Those Love Pangs" (1914), "Dough and Dynamite" (1914), "The Bank" (1915), and "The Count" (1916). (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **Note**: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE GROUP.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger. (Thursday through Saturday, April 14-16, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, April 17, at 2, 5, and 8; Monday and Tuesday, April 18-19, at 8:30; and Wednesday, April 20, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Singing Nun," Debbie Reynolds, Ricardo Montalban.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Flame and the Fire," a French documentary film, with an English narration.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday through Sunday, April 14-17, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through April 18: "The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.
From April 19: **MARY POPPINS**, revival.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama's Russian Adventure," narrated by Bing Crosby. (Thursday through Sunday, April 14-17, at 2, 5, and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, April 18-19, at 8:30; and Wednesday, April 20, at 2 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
JULIET OF THE SPIRITS (in Italian).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
THE LOVED ONE; and **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian).

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 19: **THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian); and **DARLING.**
From April 20: To be announced.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 19: **THE GREAT RACE**; and **HELP!**
From April 20: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **CAT BALLOU**, revival.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through April 19: **THE GROUP.**
From April 20: "The Agony and the Ecstasy," Charlton Heston, Rex Harrison.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
MORGAN!

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE GROUP.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
To be announced.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
SHAKESPEARE WALLAH.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER (in French).

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through April 19: "The Greatest Story Ever Told," Max von Sydow.
From April 20: **JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.**

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through April 17: **THE THIRD MAN**, revival; and "Blithe Spirit," revival, Constance Cummings, Rex Harrison.
April 18-19: To be announced.
From April 20: **JULES AND JIM** (in French), revival; and "Crooks Anonymous," revival, Wilfrid Hyde White.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Trouble with Angels," Rosalind Russell, Hayley Mills.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through April 19: **OUR MAN FLINT.**
From April 20: To be announced.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 19: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**; and "Ten Little Indians," Hugh O'Brian, Shirley Eaton.
From April 20: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **CAT BALLOU**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 19: **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD.**
From April 20: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
THE 10TH VICTIM; and **DARLING.**

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Silencers," Dean Martin.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
April 14: **THE TRIAL**, revival; **NIGHT AND FOG**, revival; and "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada.
April 15-18: **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian); and "Red Desert" (in Italian), revival, Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.
From April 19: "Scorpio Rising;" and "The Brig."

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through April 16: "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.
From April 17: To be announced.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 16: **THE LEATHER BOYS**; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.
April 17-19: "The Chase," Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda; and "Mickey One," Warren Beatty.
From April 20: **OUR MAN FLINT.**

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"A Patch of Blue," Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through April 19 (tentative): **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From April 20: To be announced.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through April 19: "The Ugly Dachshund," Dean Jones, Suzanne Pleshette.
From April 20: **SHIP OF FOOLS**; and **CAT BALLOU**, revival.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through April 19: **THE 10TH VICTIM** (in Italian); and **DARLING.**
From April 20: "Eva," revival, Jeanne Moreau, Stanley Baker; and "Red Lanterns" (in Greek), revival, Jenny Karezi.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Ugly Dachshund," Dean Jones, Suzanne Pleshette.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Tryst" (with Mandarin dialogue); and "The Love Eterne" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
April 14: **DESIRE**, revival.
April 15-16: "Cabin in the Cotton," revival, Bette Davis, Richard Barthelmess.
April 17-18: "The King Steps Out," revival, Grace Moore, Franchot Tone.
April 19: "The Road to Yesterday" (silent).
April 20: "Outward Bound," revival, Leslie Howard, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"The Girl Getters," Oliver Reed.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
TO DIE IN MADRID.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
JOHN F. KENNEDY: YEARS OF LIGHTNING, DAY OF DRUMS.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through April 17: "La Fuga" (in Italian), Giovanna Ralli, Anouk Aimée.
From April 18: "Cloportes" (in French), Charles Aznavour.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 15: "Arise, My Love," revival, Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland; and "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?," revival, Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall.
April 16-18 (last showing April 18 at 2:16): **IT'S A GIFT**, revival; and "Till the Clouds Roll By," revival, Robert Walker, Judy Garland.
April 18 at 6:30, 8:15, and 10: "Sons of the Desert," revival, Laurel and Hardy; and a short with Charlie Chaplin.
April 19-20: **CHILDREN OF PARADISE** and **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (both in French and both revivals).

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
THE 10TH VICTIM (in Italian); and **DARLING.**

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 14: "Chapayev" and "The Inspector General" (both in Russian and both revivals).
April 15-18: **THE KNACK**; and "Contempt" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance.
From April 19: **THE 400 BLOWS** and **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (both in French and both revivals).

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 19: **JULIET OF THE SPIRITS** (in Italian).
From April 20: "Eva," revival, Jeanne Moreau, Stanley Baker; and "Red Lanterns" (in Greek), revival, Jenny Karezi.

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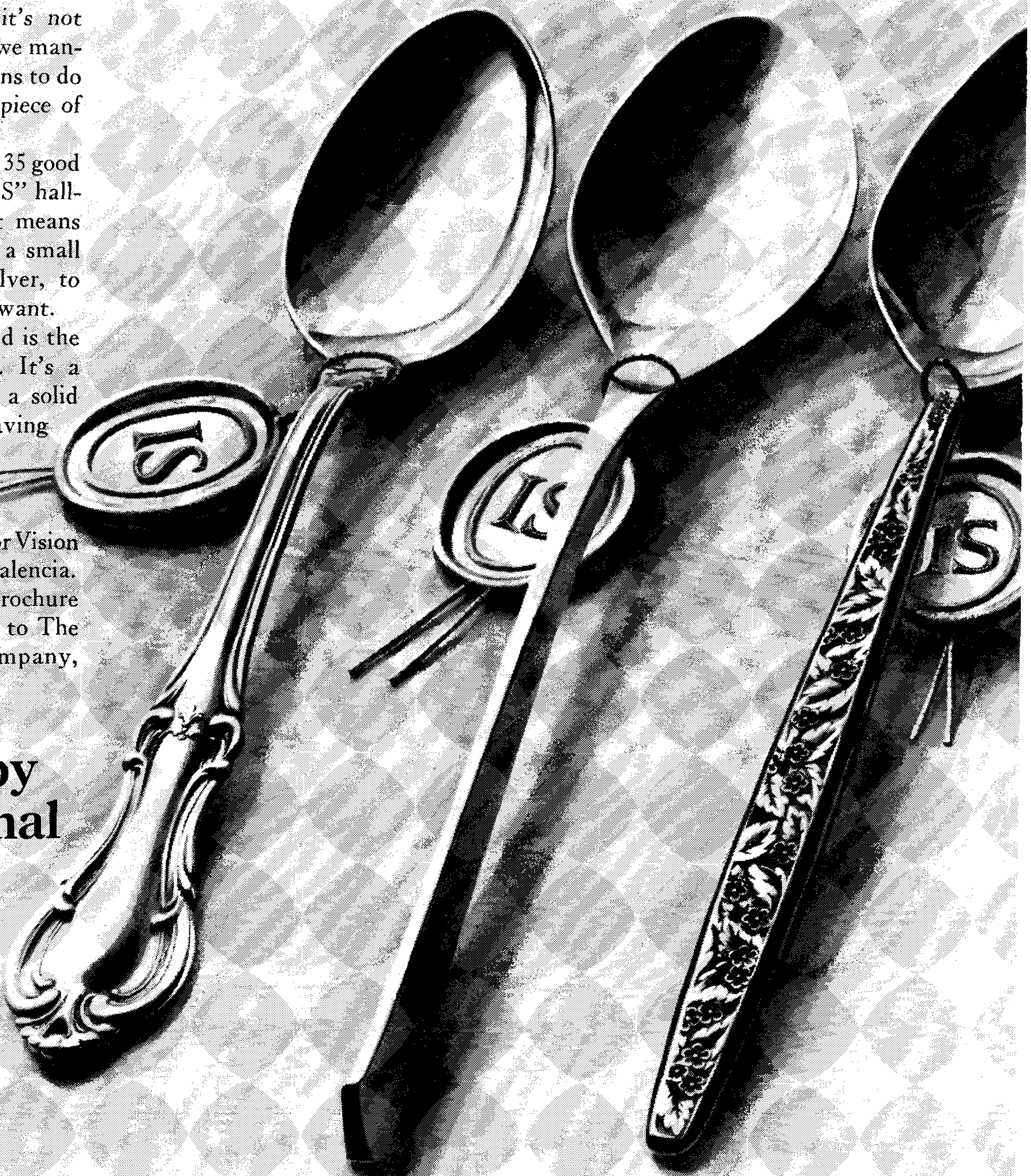

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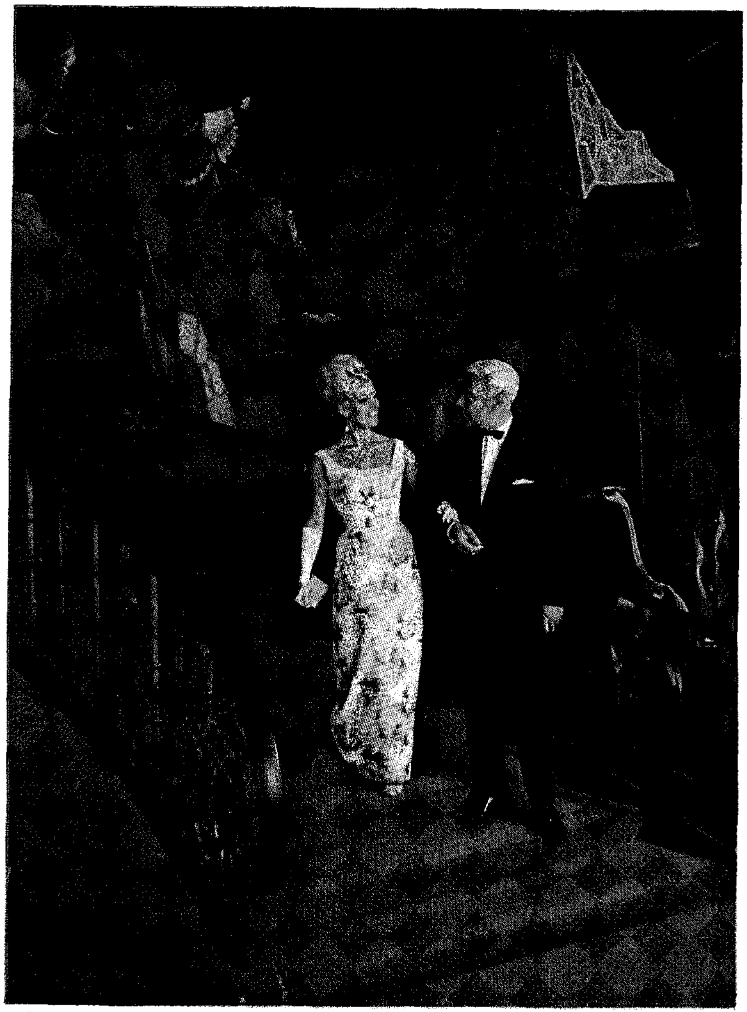

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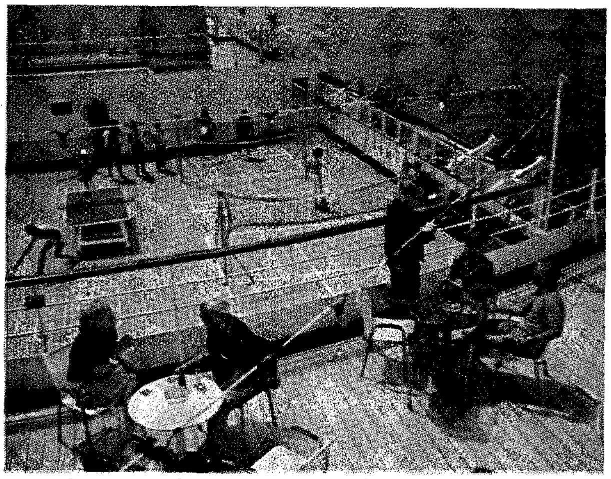
Top Right: *One of the s.s. Rotterdam's spacious First Class lounges.*



Below Right: *Overlooking the s.s. Rotterdam's First Class Sports Deck.*

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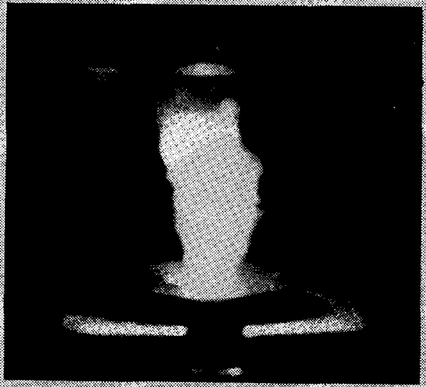

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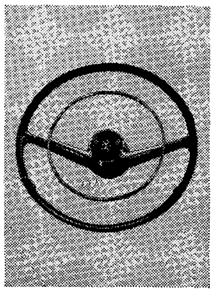
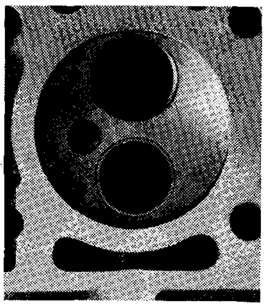
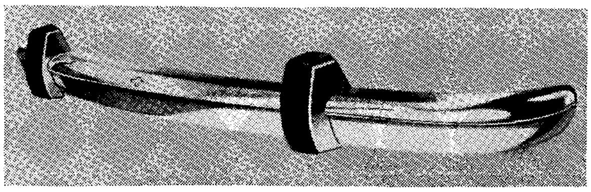


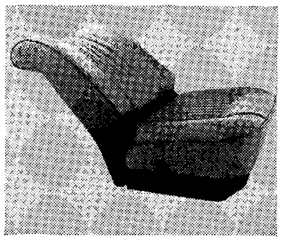
Rack-and-pinion steering, extra safe because it eliminates "play" and gives you a feel of the road.

Hemispherical combustion chambers, a Peugeot development that increases engine efficiency. Because the fuel-air mixture is burned more completely, you get greater power and greater gas economy.





Stainless steel bumpers and trim that never rust or corrode.



Reclining seats that adjust to more than 100 different positions for maximum driving comfort—convert to luxurious beds in seconds.

That's only the beginning. Peugeots are constructed of heavier steel than ordinary cars—.9 mm. thick. Every Peugeot is inspected to within an inch of its long life and each and every one is road-tested. Peugeot also gives you four-speed synchromesh transmission, door-to-door carpeting, power brakes, child-proof door locks, windshield washers and Michelin X tires that can last 70,000 miles and more.

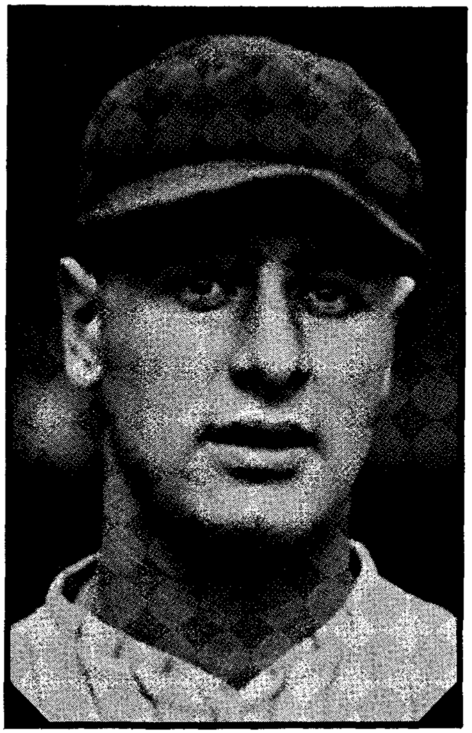
In fact, you get twenty-two "extras" that add safety and enjoyment to your ride without adding to your cost.

Find out why Peugeot is considered one of the best made cars in the world by taking a test drive. How about today?

For brochure or overseas delivery, write Peugeot, Inc., Dept. NY-21, 97-45 Queens Boulevard, Rego Park, New York, or see your local dealer.

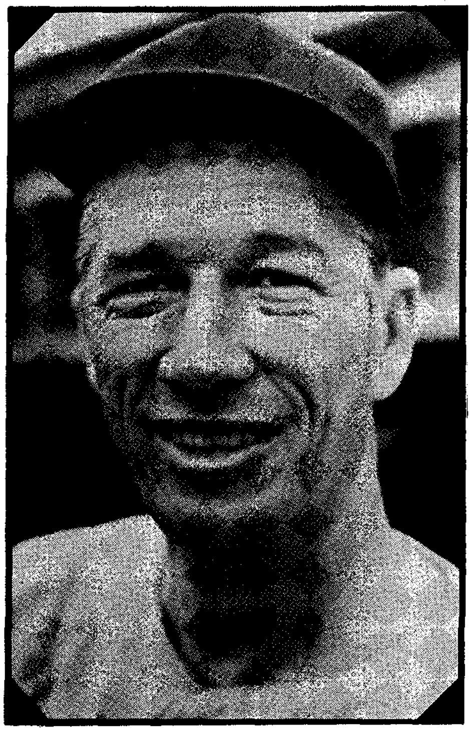
That's what Peugeots are made of!

PEUGEOT
Over 75 Years of Quality

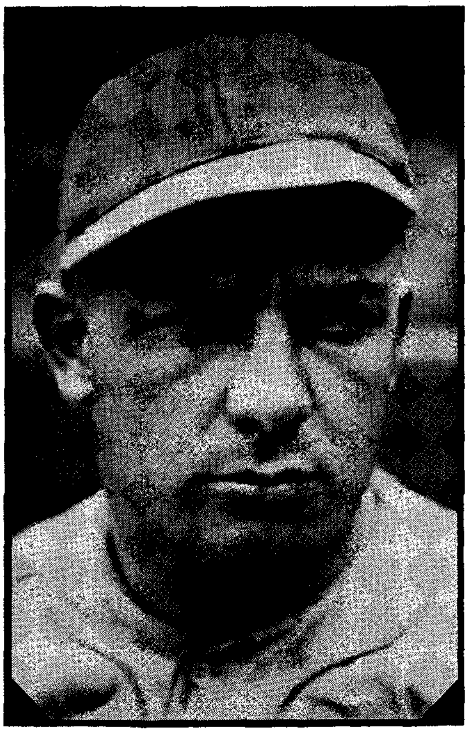


Lou Gehrig, All-Star, Yankees

Babe Ruth, All-Star, Yankees

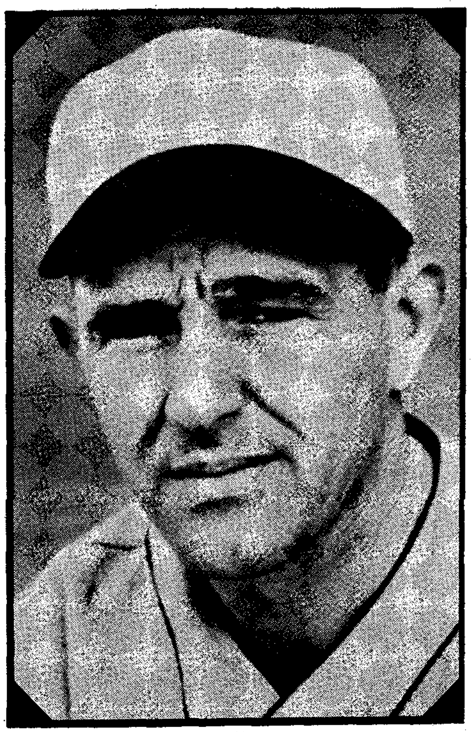


Lefty Grove, All-Star, Athletics



Jimmy Dykes, All-Star, White Sox

Wes Ferrell, All-Star, Red Sox



Al Crowder, All-Star, Senators

What if you could do the same thing with the world's greatest Scotches?

Take the star whisky from each and combine them into one?

It took us a generation to find out.

We had to sift and sort through 530 distillations to get the whiskies we wanted.

We tried peaty-tasting Scotches from the misty Isle of Islay; Scotches from Inverness as fragile as myrtle bloom.

In one case we even had to buy a distillery to get a whisky we wanted.

It took us more than 20 years, but our "crazy idea" is now being bottled in Scotland.

As you might expect, a Scotch like this doesn't exactly come cheap.

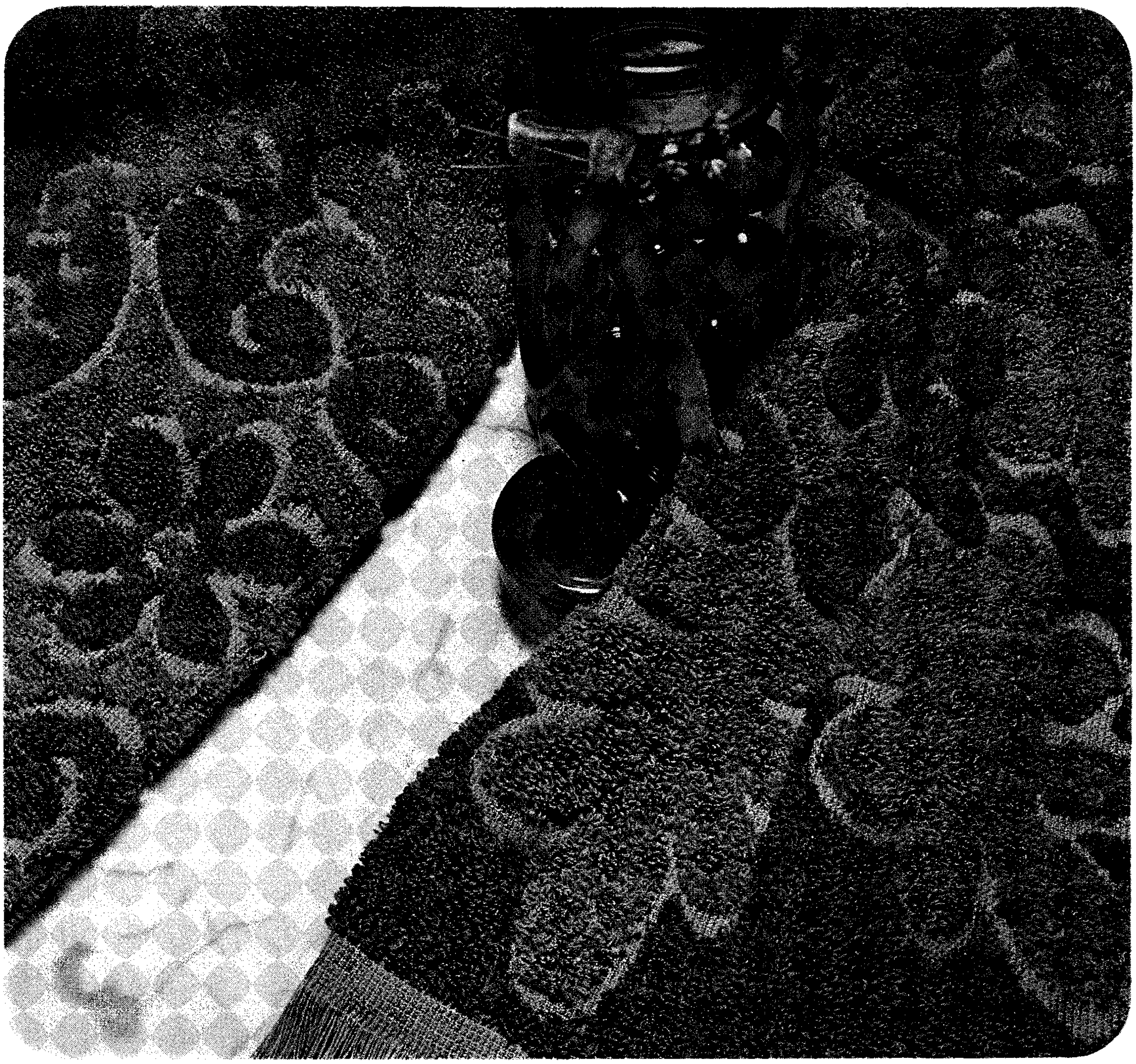
But what we ended up with is one of the smoothest combinations of all time:

From Keith to Glenlivet to Balmenach.

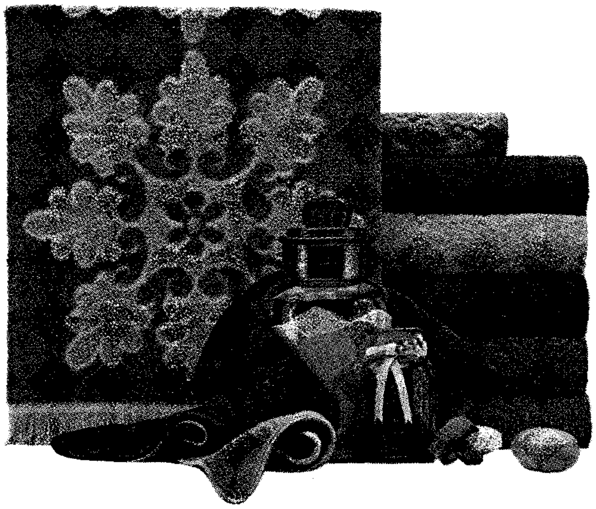
EVERY DROP BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • SELECTED AND IMPORTED BY SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF.

The 1933 All-Star team gave us a crazy idea for a Scotch.

100 PIPERS
SEAGRAM
100 PIPERS
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100 Pipers
Scotch by Seagram

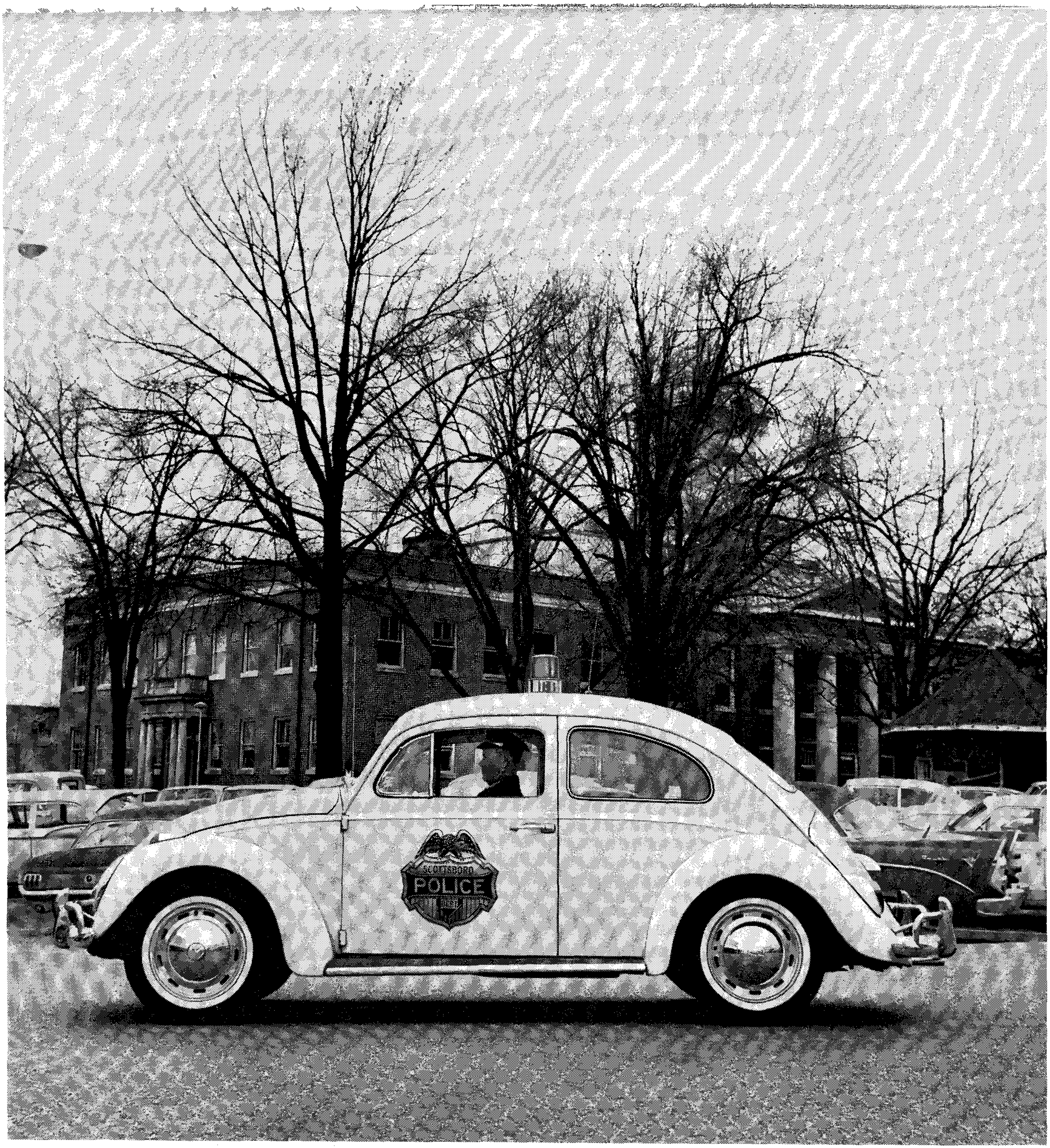


Come close...touch the luxury of Cannon



The total look of elegance. Perhaps the greatest sculptured towel ever designed—Cannon's Crystal Palace. In a range of fashionable colors from pale to cool to wow, fringed and carved to a fare-thee-well. And, remarkably, about $2.25. Like all Cannon towels, permanently Pucker-Free™ ®. At fine department stores. Look for Royal Family sheets and bedspreads too. Cannon Mills, Inc., N. Y. 10020

CANNON® *Royal Family of Home Fashions*



©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

Don't laugh.

A Volkswagen police car may seem like a funny idea to you, but it makes a lot of sense to the city of Scottsboro, Alabama.

They wanted a car for Police Officer H. L. Wilkerson that could patrol parking meters all day, 6 days a week, in stop-and-go traffic. Without breaking down. And without breaking the taxpayers.

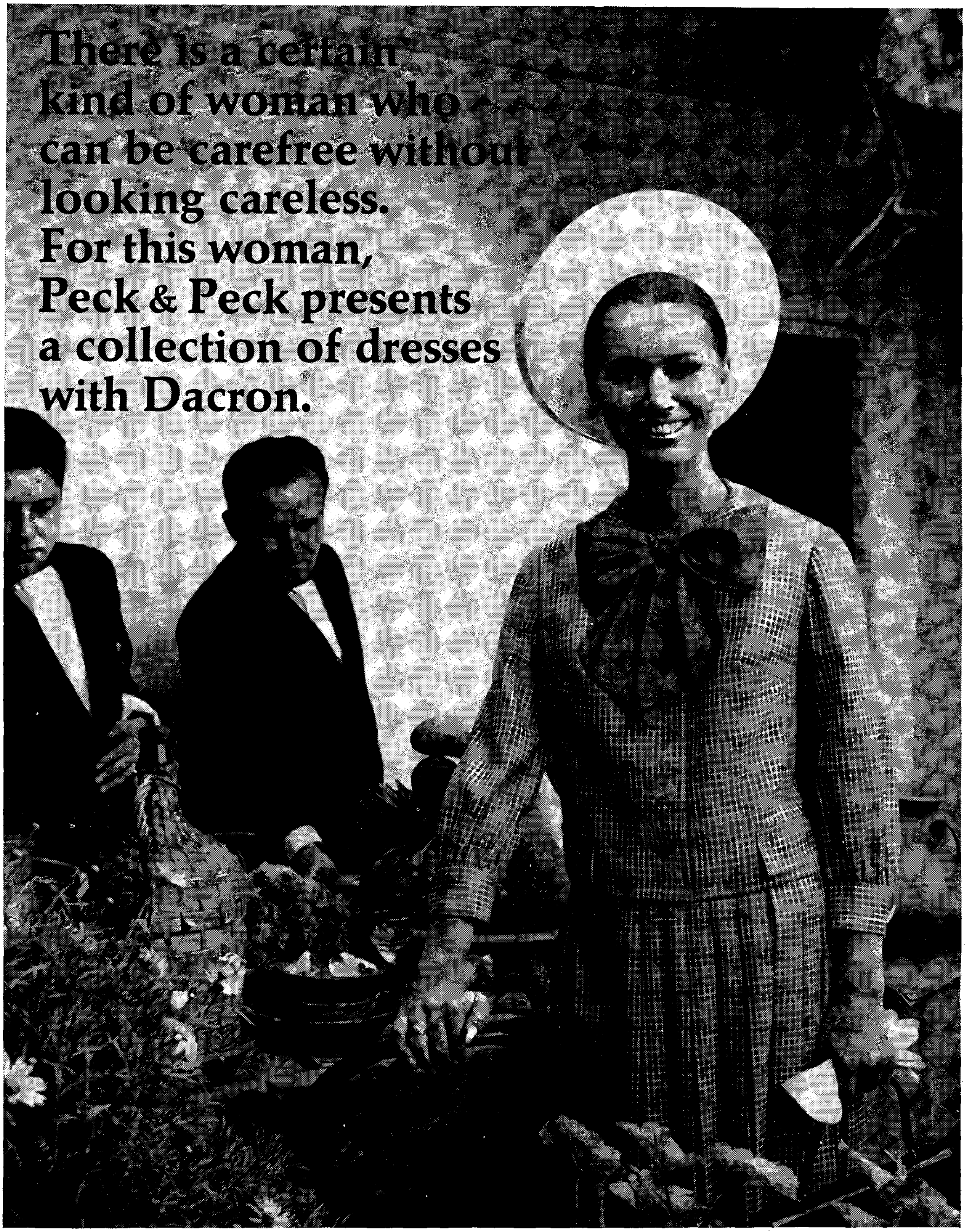
So, in 1964, they bought Car S-5: a VW with a dome light, siren, and 2-way radio.

That was the year of Scottsboro's only 12-inch snowfall. The other police cars were in trouble up to their hubcaps. But Car S-5 was a credit to the Force. It went uphill. And downhill. And Officer Wilkerson didn't even bother to put the chains on.

Officer Wilkerson isn't supposed to go after speeders. But one day (in 1965) he chased one. And caught him. It's hard to say who was more surprised.

Car S-5 still averages 29 miles per gallon. It still doesn't use any oil between changes. And it's never had a breakdown.

After a year and a half of continuous use, it had its clutch replaced, and its valves adjusted. That is all.


There is a certain
kind of woman who
can be carefree without
looking careless.
For this woman,
Peck & Peck presents
a collection of dresses
with Dacron.®

Full shirt sleeves, windowpane checks and a big, soft, pussycat bow
give a delightful little girl look to this dress and jacket.
The dress is sleeveless. Easy-care Dacron® polyester /rayon.
Grey or willow green with white. 8 to 16, 40.00

Photographed at Casa Vieja, Bogotá, Colombia (one of the Difficult Countries)

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK/CHICAGO/BOSTON/PHILADELPHIA/PITTSBURGH/ROCHESTER/BALTIMORE/DETROIT/AKRON/CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS/TWIN CITIES/INDIANAPOLIS/WASHINGTON, D. C./ATLANTA/KANSAS CITY/HARTFORD/BUFFALO/PROVIDENCE

The Watch-a-ma-call-it.

The real name for this palm-sized beauty is the Movado Ermetophon.

Er-mĕ′-tŏ-fon.

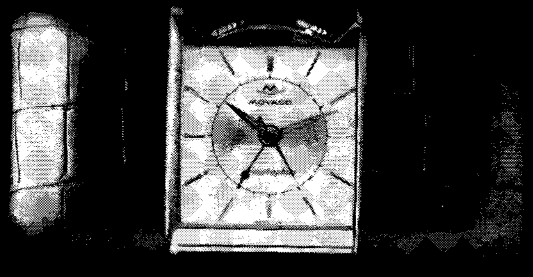
Ermeto is Movado's word for a desk-table-pocket watch built into a neat little leather case which opens when you pull it open. (Pulling the watch open also winds it, but never overwinds it.)

The phon part comes from the Greek word for sound and it stands for the Ermetophon's alarm. Nothing to jolt you out of bed, mind you, just a nice genteel buzz to remind you it's time to get up.

And when you pull out its slim easel and use the Ermetophon as a desk clock, you can use the alarm to remind you of appointments and things.

In fact, the Ermetophon keeps track of time so well that it has won all sorts of international awards for its Swiss-made accuracy.

Now, if people could only keep track of the thingamajig's name.

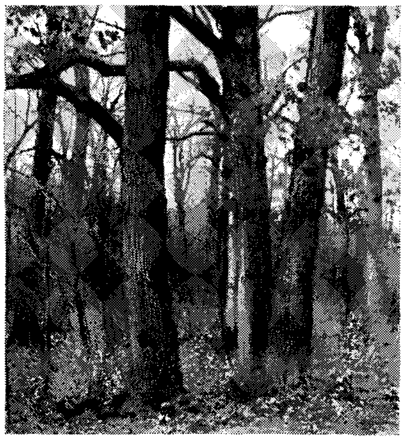


The Movado Ermetophon in leather case is $175. Without alarm, $150. Other men's and ladies' watches begin at $75. For brochure of our complete collection, write Movado, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

MOVADO

The Strata-Bloc power secret

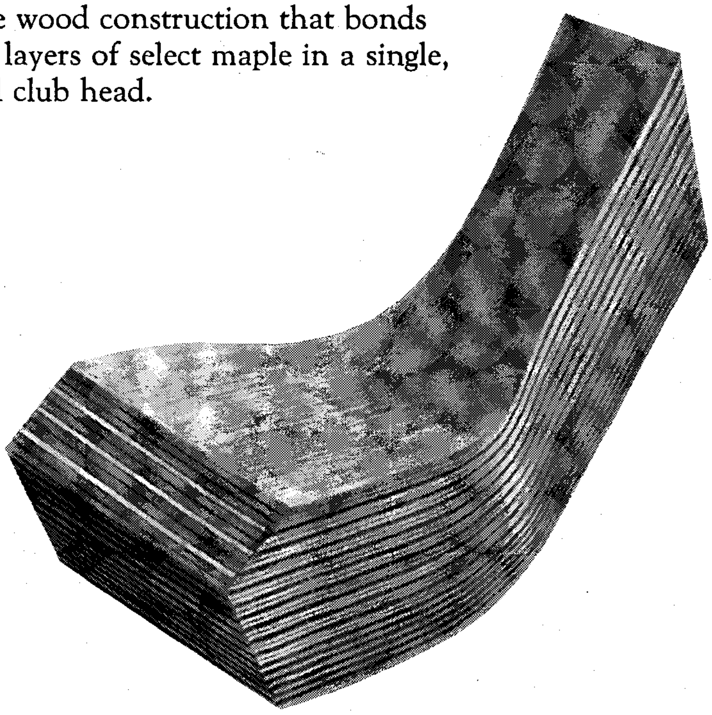
(Or: How Wilson Staff woods put more distance in your drives)



A chunk out of the trunk of a tree has always been a pretty untrustworthy thing to put on the business end of a golf club.

That slab of "natural" wood may contain any number of hidden "natural" flaws to weaken it and reduce its hitting power.

Happily, Wilson solved this problem years ago by introducing Strata-Bloc®, the exclusive wood construction that bonds together layers of select maple in a single, powerful club head.



Strata-Bloc actually improves on nature: It is as lively and resilient as natural wood—and it is stronger. It is absolutely uniform in balance, density and "feel". It won't warp, swell or split under normal conditions.

And it directs the tough end-grains of wood against the ball for the booming, fairway-shrinking distance today's game demands.

Strata-Bloc is 25 years old this year. It is still the only real improvement in wood head construction since the game began.

Maybe that explains why, year after year, more golfers buy Strata-Bloc than any other woods.

Wilson Staff

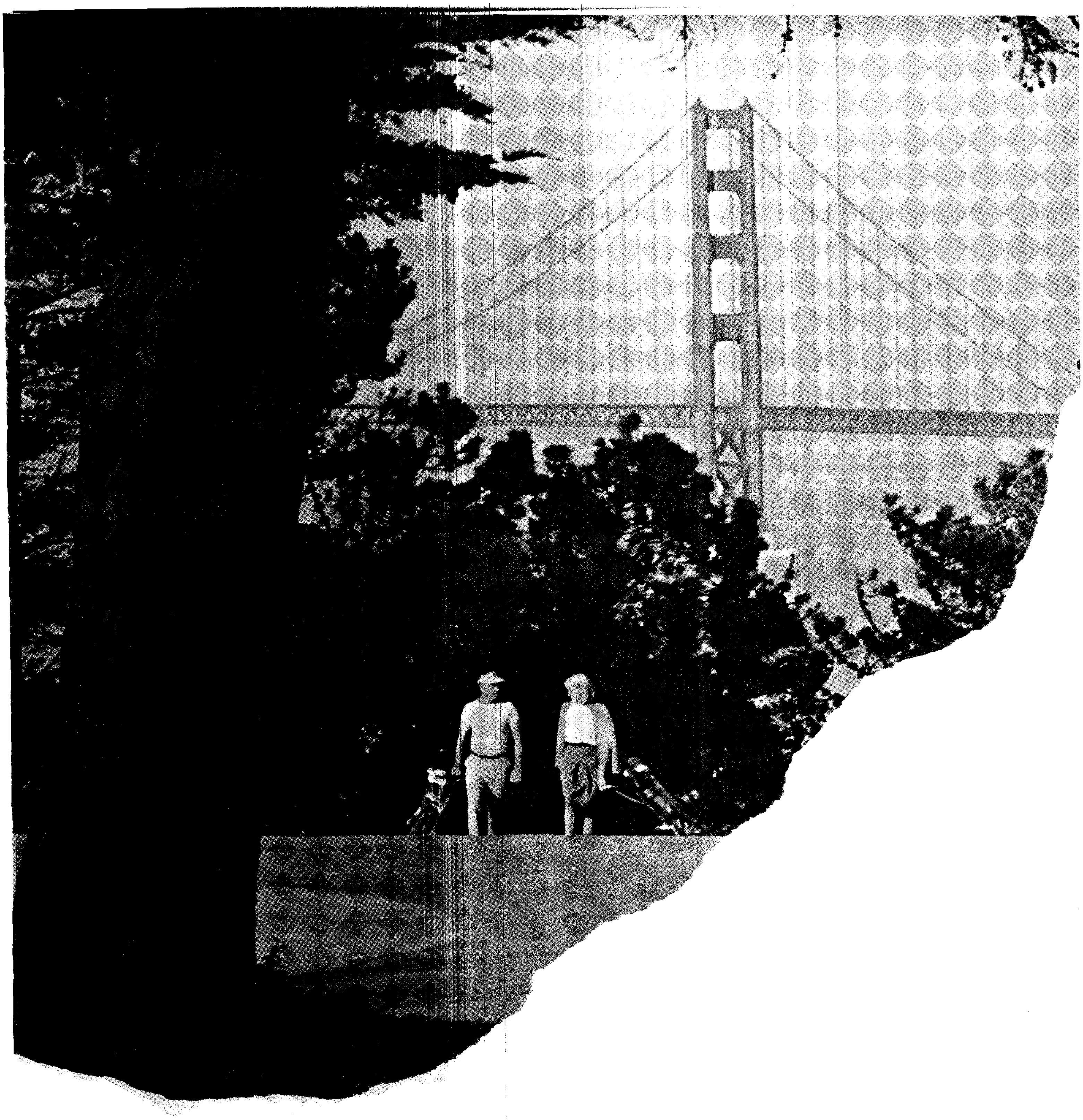
Isn't it time you joined the swing to Strata-Bloc?

You're not really getting good wood on the ball until you play Wilson Staff Strata-Bloc woods.

PLAY TO WIN WITH
Wilson

Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)

Available only through golf professional shops.



You can't get the whole picture in just a day or two.

THIS is one of the toughest courses in the country. Because you can't keep your eye on the ball. You look North and you see the Golden Gate Bridge. Look East and you'll see another bridge—seven miles long. Look behind you and you see the city itself.

What's so special about the city?

Have you ever celebrated New Year's Eve on January 21st? Seen a storekeeper work an abacus faster than an adding machine? Shopped for dried sea horses? You can in Chinatown—the largest Chinese community outside the Orient.

Have you ever played bocce ball? Heard banjoes, Bizet and the blues all in one block? Tasted *Zuppa Inglese?* (It's a dessert, not a soup; and it's English, not Italian.) You can in the restaurant and nightclub district of North Beach—San Francisco's Latin Quarter.

These are just a few of the special things about San Francisco. So whether you plan to come on vacation—or to see the U.S. Open in June—may we make a suggestion? Plan to spend a week.

SAN FRANCISCO
CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU

For a free illustrated folder write to: San Francisco Convention & Visitors Bureau, 1375 Market Street, Department NY-7, San Francisco, California 94103

Planning a major expansion? Get the View from One Wall Street

One Wall Street is headquarters for Irving Trust and home of our National Division. We see most of the U.S.A. from here. And what we see is put to work for our corporate customers and hundreds of correspondent banks across the country—much of it far removed from the routine of everyday banking.

Take the case of a major airline. We recently arranged a $70,000,000 loan for them. That's a service you might expect from any large commercial bank.

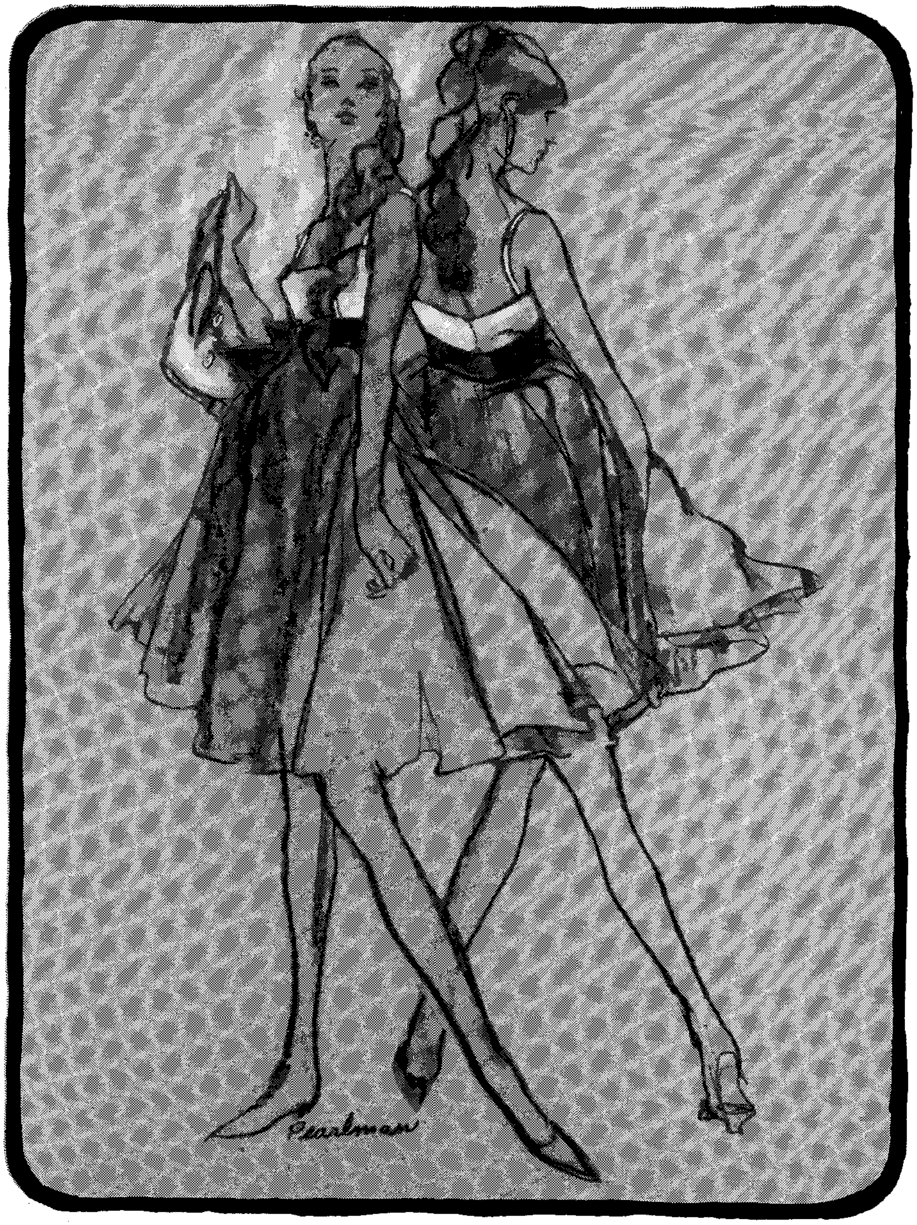
What you would not ordinarily expect are the many additional services we supplied such as detailed studies on dividend policy, counsel on stock splits, advice on long-term financing and short-term investments.

Our correspondent banks, too, like the corporations we serve, find Irving's professional approach to finance an invaluable asset.

Whether we're working with a bank or a corporation, here's the point. You're sure to find a new perspective in the View from One Wall Street. And when you are looking for more than the "expected" in financial services, we'd like to share that view with you.

IRVING TRUST COMPANY

ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK
MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION



Isn't it romantic?
Kasper's wondrous whirlabout for Joan Leslie. In Swiss voile.
By the ethereal yard. By Stoffel of Switzerland.
Nowhere, nowhere, voile this fine, this precious.
From gossamer threads of pure Egyptian cotton it is created.
By sensitive Swiss hands, woven. Voile.
By the ethereal yard. By Stoffel of Switzerland.
Isn't it romantic?

Galey & Lord

A Division of Burlington Industries • Sole Distributor of Stoffel Fabrics in the U. S. A.

How to turn $20,000 into a pittance in your spare time.

The secret is to be impatient and greedy and to invest all your money in one highly speculative stock on a tip. It's alarming how fast it can disappear sometimes. The spare-time investor can turn needed cash into a handful of worthless securities in practically no time by taking offhand, unprofessional advice—or by plunging ahead without adequate research into "sure things." So much for that.

How to Use Research for Growth

A more sophisticated way to invest is to get the advice of a good broker and, with his guidance, spread your $20,000 among companies that have been thoroughly researched and have strong fundamental values. We believe a portfolio selected this way has the best chance of outperforming the averages.

The Shearson Way

Last year, Shearson research analysts traveled some 300,000 miles and held more than 5,400 interviews with company executives to dig out the facts. This is the kind of research virtually no individual investor can do. It all comes to Shearson customers in the form of timely, unhedged recommendations, printed in a series of research booklets.

Try a Free Sample

Decide for yourself about the quality of Shearson research. For a free sample of our latest opinions, visit one of the 51 Shearson offices across the country and ask an Investment Executive for our latest booklet. No obligation. Just the facts.

SHEARSON, HAMMILL & CO. INC. 14 Wall Street, New York, N.Y. 10005 / Members New York Stock Exchange / Founded 1902

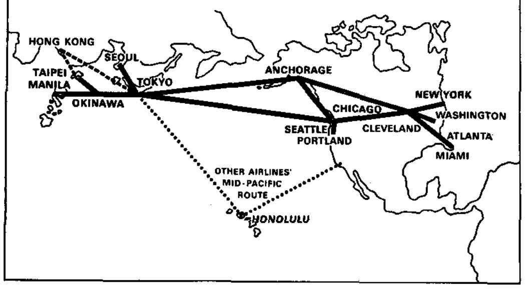
Our guest has time for three extra meals in Tokyo—by flying Northwest round trip.

PHOTO BY CARROLL SEGHERS, II

The man who came to dinner flew Northwest to Tokyo.

And saved himself nearly 2,000 miles.

Northwest's routes to the Orient —shortest, fastest there are!


HONG KONG
SEOUL
TAIPEI
MANILA
TOKYO
OKINAWA
ANCHORAGE
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
WASHINGTON
SEATTLE
PORTLAND
CLEVELAND
ATLANTA
MIAMI
OTHER AIRLINES' MID-PACIFIC ROUTE
HONOLULU

The story is, there are two ways to fly to Tokyo. The long way and short way.

Northwest's way is short.

So short, in fact, we save you 1,500 to 2,000 miles (and 5 to 8 hours) compared to flights which cross the mid-Pacific.

That's why businessmen like to fly with us. To save time.

To save bother, too. On Northwest, you don't have to change planes on the way. You can board our 320 Fan-Jets in New York (or 5 other U.S. cities) and fly direct to Tokyo.

One plane straight through!

To make a long story short, fly Northwest to Tokyo.

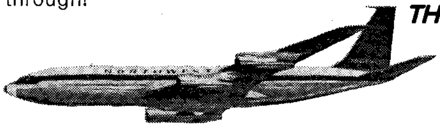
Like the man who came to dinner.

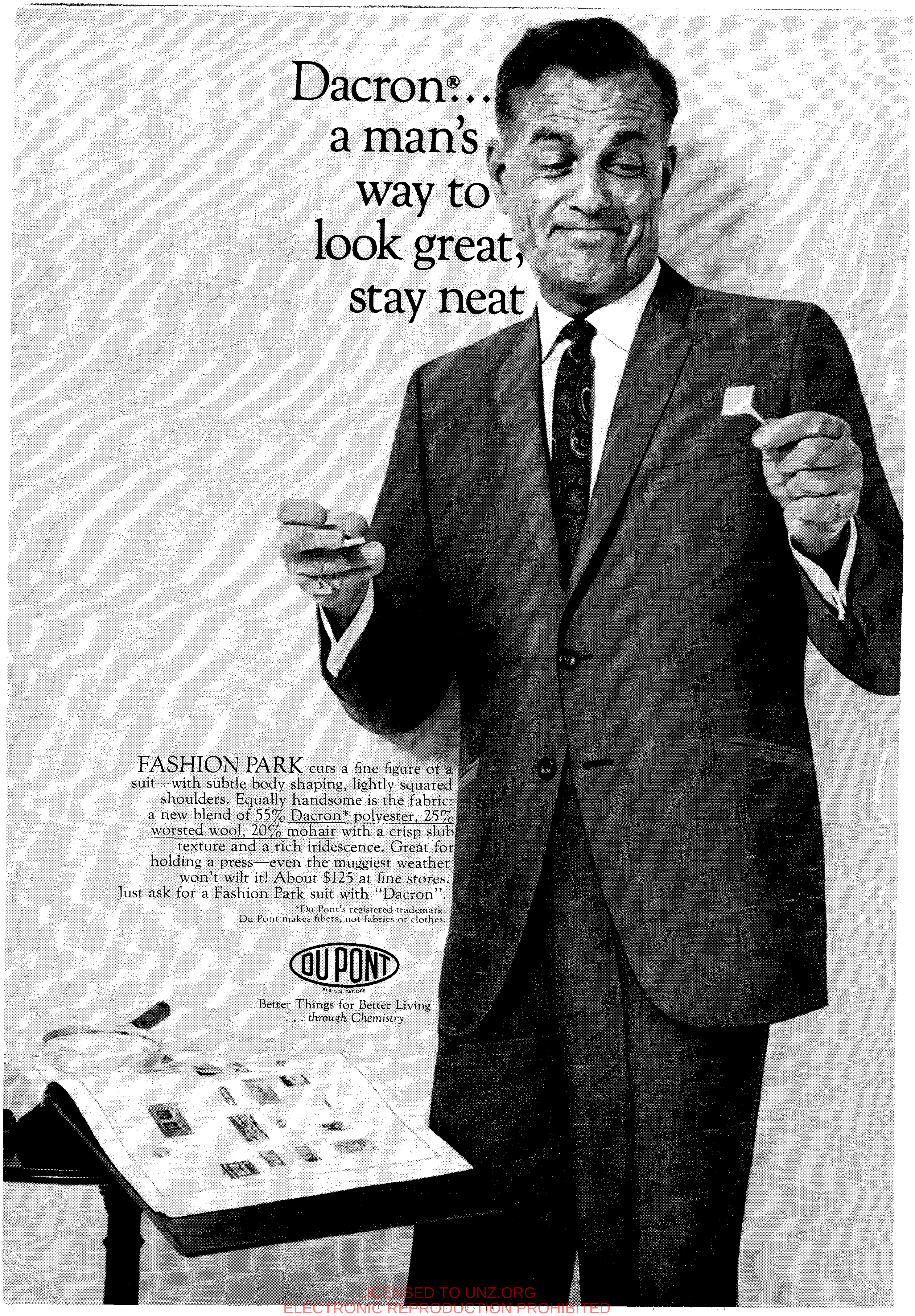
For reservations to Tokyo—or anywhere in the Orient—call your travel agent or Northwest Orient Airlines.

We have the most flights from New York to Tokyo —14 a week. Also, the only direct flights from Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, Seattle, Anchorage. A total of 17 weekly flights, in all.

NORTHWEST ORIENT

THE FAN-JET AIRLINE



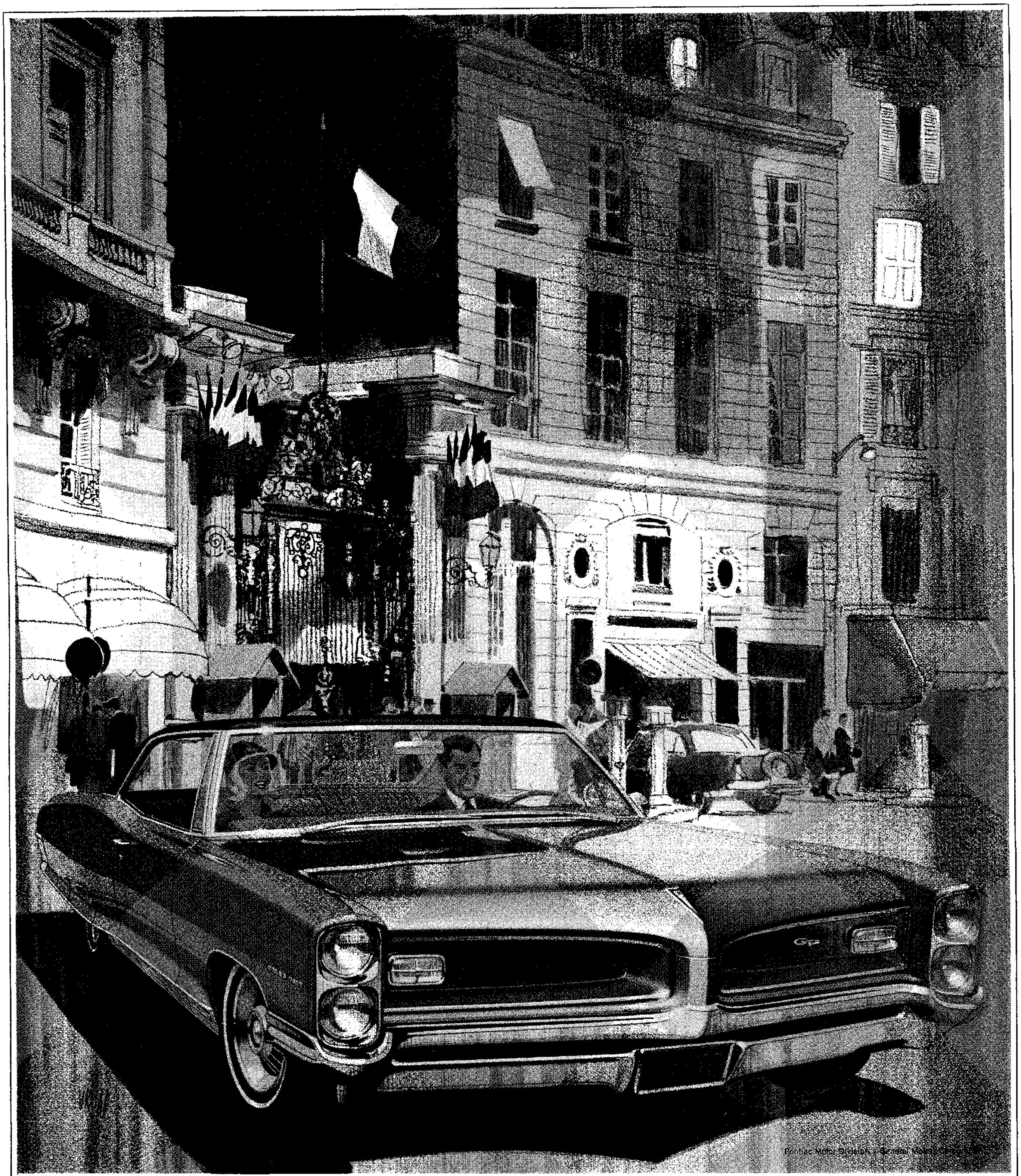

Dacron®... a man's way to look great, stay neat

FASHION PARK cuts a fine figure of a suit—with subtle body shaping, lightly squared shoulders. Equally handsome is the fabric: a new blend of 55% Dacron* polyester, 25% worsted wool, 20% mohair with a crisp slub texture and a rich iridescence. Great for holding a press—even the muggiest weather won't wilt it! About $125 at fine stores. Just ask for a Fashion Park suit with "Dacron".

*Du Pont's registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

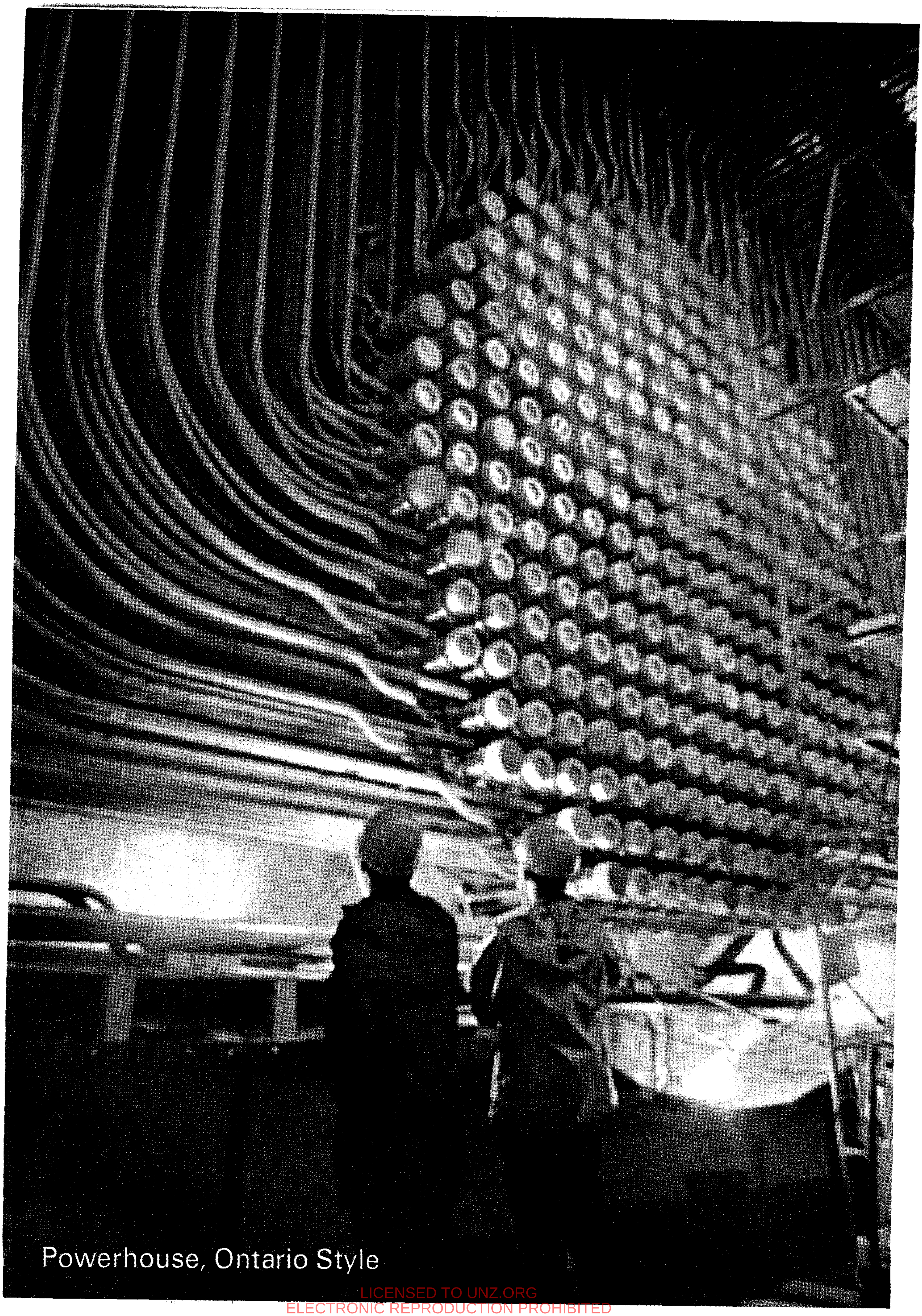
Better Things for Better Living
. . . *through Chemistry*


Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

1966 Pontiac Grand Prix. Who said you can't buy success?

Grand Prix's secret, like all successes, is that there's nothing else quite like it. An elegant driving machine. Elegance that begins with an arrogantly sculptured body and ends with a surfeit of accommodations: deep bucket seats, rich walnut dash and trim, center console, assist bar, electric clock, even dual-speed wipers with washers to clear your way ahead. The flip side of the Grand Prix sales record is a stable of V-8's of up to 376 hp, capable of bringing every nuance of the sporting Wide-Track suspension system into vivid reality. Enough driving excitement to make you wonder why the kids haven't caught onto it yet. If you're looking for luxury with a kick, get inside a Grand Prix. You'll still find it only at your Pontiac dealer's.

GM



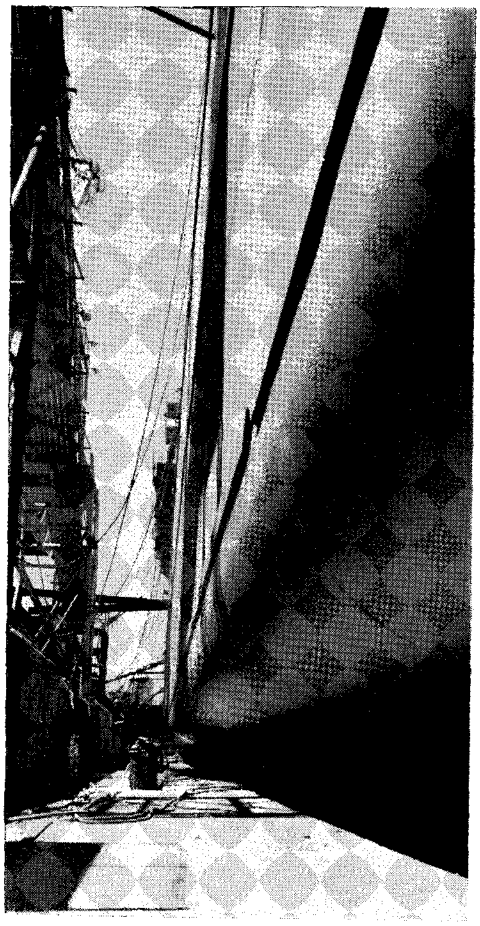
Powerhouse, Ontario Style

Even Americans who know us are agog at our progress in power. The world's second largest nuclear generating station is now under construction in Ontario, Canada.

You've heard about Ontario's rivers, lakes and minerals. Who hasn't? Indeed we have rivers. *We harness them for power.* We have lakes. *In one of them we searched for power and found the first off-shore gas wells in the world.* We have minerals. *A vast supply of uranium fuels our nuclear power stations.* The photo at left shows the fueling face of Ontario's *second* atomic power plant—the only full-scale plant in North America using low-cost natural uranium. This unique reactor was designed and engineered in Ontario. A third nuclear generating station, with an initial output of 1,080,000 kilowatts, is now under construction. Other developments which help to make Ontario a province of steady growth and opportunity are shown below.

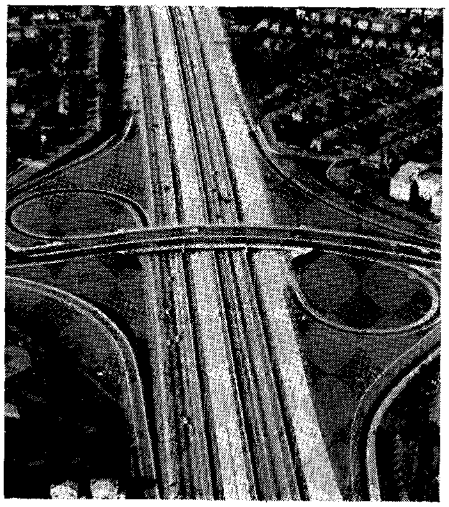
The Royal Ontario Museum has the largest collection of Chinese art and archaeological treasures outside of China. This Ming Dynasty glazed figure of Yen Lo is one example of the many superb objects on view.

The 710-foot S.S. Ontario Power was built at Port Weller, Ontario. Not only is it the largest self-unloading, ocean-going ship to navigate the St. Lawrence Seaway, its revolutionary design allows it to carry great loads in shallow water.



John Kenneth Galbraith, American ambassador to India 1961-63 and now a professor of economics at Harvard, is a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College (University of Guelph). This college, with students from many countries, contributes directly to the future welfare of people in many lands. Recently Mr. Galbraith received an Honorary Doctor of Laws Degree from the University.

We have over 26,000 miles of paved road—toll free. Pictured below is a section of the Macdonald-Cartier Freeway.

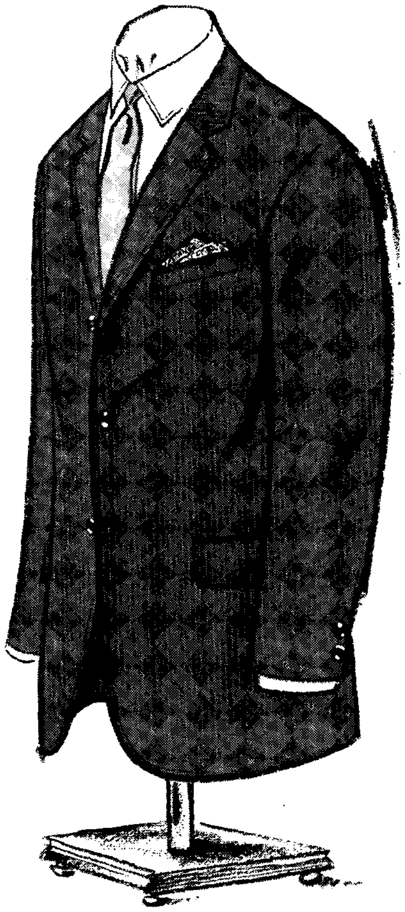


Government of Ontario, Department of Economics and Development, 950 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. Offices in New York, Chicago, London, Düsseldorf, Milan

B Altman & Co

This is the year of the striped suit

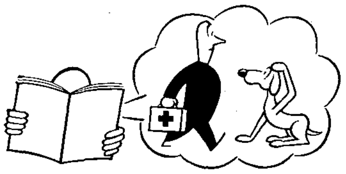
You'll find it, beautifully tailored, in Altman's vast and varied new Murray Hill® collection. Shown here is Naturalaire, the preferred natural shoulder model with gently rolled lapels . . . executed in Waylite, a fine tropical blend of polyester and worsted, ideal for Manhattan's uncertain climate. At 99.50, it gives you a remarkably well-turned-out appearance. See it in a great variety of stripings, patterns and shadings in our Shops for Men on the sixth floor and at all suburban stores. New York's most discerning men find their own up-to-the-minute point of view reflected at Fifth Avenue's great store . . . and with a warm tradition of friendly service. Come and see us. B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa. and, in early 1967, Ridgewood/Paramus.



THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment



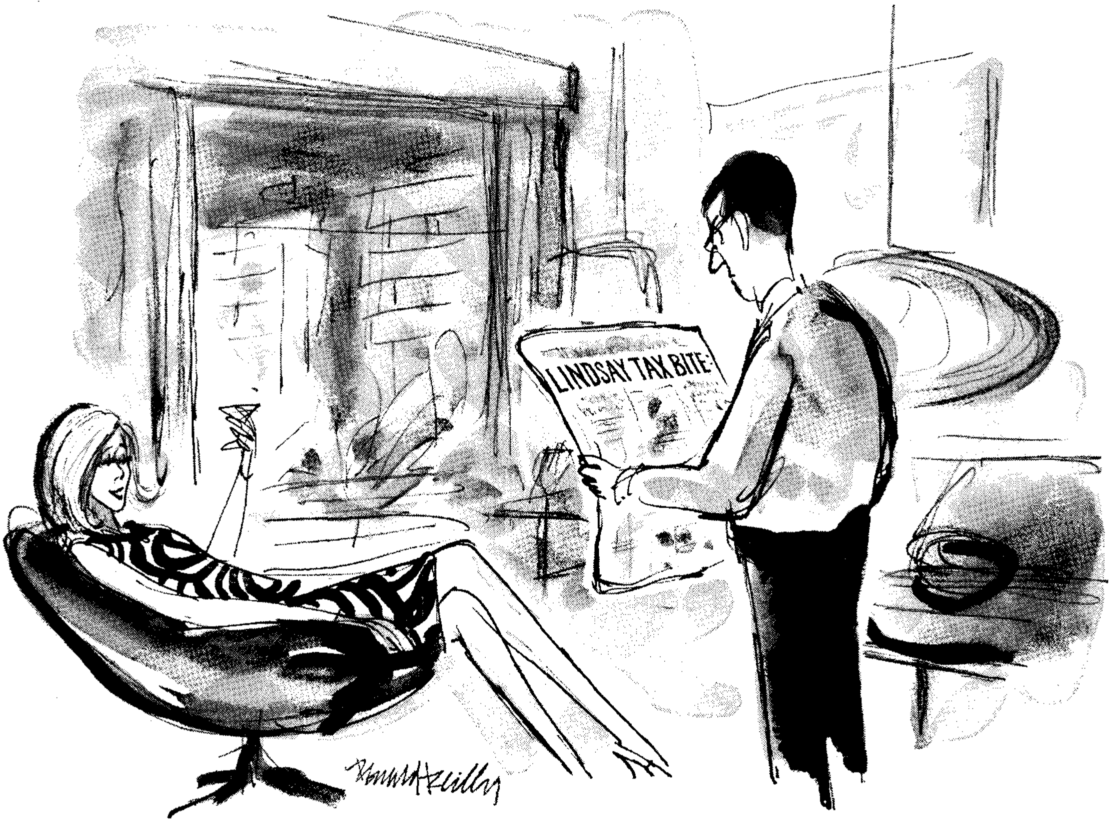
FOR the serious student of human variety, there is no treatise on psychology, no account of outlandish aborigines that can take the place of the Abercrombie & Fitch catalogue. In the pages of this sober mercantile document one encounters whole types and classes of humanity whose existence might otherwise be entirely unsuspected by the student. Without the catalogue, one would scarcely guess, for instance, that there are people—and in commercially significant numbers—whose great need in life is a first-aid kit for dogs. And what manner of man, one wonders, requires a machine that will frost glasses without the aid of either household electricity or batteries? In what remote regions, in what inconceivable vastities, are the consequent Daiquiris to be consumed? "No, Tuan," one fairly hears the native guide declaring. "Him fella lectric freezie-freezie strong taboo. Great Spirit say him fella batteries alla same *strengverboten*. Taboo! Taboo!" To which the forehanded purchaser imperturbably replies, "Oh, *that's* all right, Wamba, old fellow. The Ikon glass-froster will ice a glass in three seconds by completely non-electrical means. Well, chin-chin." Then, imagine, if you can, the class of gentry for whose benefit Abercrombie & Fitch maintains a stock of automobiles that can be driven into the ocean, where they become fourteen-foot inboard cruisers that "meet all U.S. Coast Guard requirements." Perhaps they are intended for weary yachtsmen who dread the effort of climbing out of their cars and clambering aboard their boats, or possibly for impatient commuters, who detest waiting for the ferry and mean to splash right in and sail home on their own. But the most touching human specimen to emerge from a study of the spring catalogue, we believe, is that forgotten—and forgetful—man whose memory is so bad that he cannot even remember mnemonic aids. "Thirty days hath . . ." he begins, and then a cloud of despair settles on his face as he struggles with the question of whether the next word ought to be "September" or "December." The illustration shows him dressed for a day on the water. He is gazing into the middle distance with a frown of concentration, and is undoubtedly murmuring to himself, "Red sky at night is a sailor's . . . is a soldier's . . . Red sky at night is a tailor's . . ." The clothes he is wearing, a jacket and swim trunks, represent a thoughtful attempt on the part of Abercrombie & Fitch to relieve him of some portion of the terrible burden of recall. For there exists among yachtsmen a mnemonic aid that goes "Red right returning," by means of which the sailor reminds himself that on approaching a harbor from the sea he remains in a safe channel by keeping red buoys on his right and black buoys on his left. In order that nothing may be left to the uncertain recollection of the store's poor oaf of a customer, his clothes are appropriately parti-colored: "Red right return jacket helps the boater ply with confidence between the channels. Reversible combed cotton poplin—black on the right, red on the left: leave harbor safely." And his loins are helpfully girded with "red right return swim trunks. Matches jacket, red right return only, not reversible. Black on left." It would seem, on first consideration, that Abercrombie & Fitch had succeeded in solving the special problem of a peculiar kind of seafaring dolt. But has it? Can a man who finds the words "Red right returning" an insupportable amount of mental luggage be trusted to remember which garment to apply to a given nautical situation? Clearly, further aids to memory are required. Perhaps a salty rhyme:

When I take my leave,
I steer by my sleeve.
When entering ports,
I peer at my shorts.

Once again, however, good intentions are baffled by the staggering limitations of this customer. For if he cannot master three words, then he surely cannot be counted upon to retain a whole quatrain. His lamentable nautical problem, in fact, admits of no solution. Perhaps it is best, on the whole, if his family simply keeps him ashore. On those occasions when the call of the wild waves appears to be making him unusually restive, he might be allowed down on the beach for a little wading, under the careful supervision of an intelligent boy.

Controlled

LAST Tuesday afternoon, we attended a preview at the Whitney Museum of a show made up of contemporary American sculpture that has been contributed to the Museum—along with a fund to finance a tour of the country—by the Howard and Jean Lipman Foundation of New York, which was established in 1959 by Howard W. Lipman, a New York investment broker, and his wife, Jean, the editor of *Art in America*. According to the invitation, which said to come at one o'clock, one of the exhibits would walk through the sculpture gallery, on the third floor. We arrived early and loitered at the entrance to the Museum, around the corner from a nuzzling boy and girl, who were also waiting for the doors to open. Trucks and taxis



"Well, I still think he's cute."

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bumped and rattled past us, going east along Fifty-fourth Street.

When a guard stuck his nose out for air at two minutes to one, we showed him our invitation, and he asked us in. The woman at the information desk was adjusting her hat, and the coatroom attendant stood ready for business. We went upstairs to the sculpture gallery, and found a photographer and a man in corduroy trousers, a tweed jacket, and a plaid shirt circling a sleek three-legged aluminum object, more than five feet high and eleven feet long, that stood in the southeast corner of the room. We introduced ourself to the man in the tweed jacket, and he said softly that he was David von Schlegell, the sculptor of the three-legged object, which he identified as the walking exhibit, and which he said he had named "Radio-Controlled Sculpture." The sculpture, which looked like part of an airplane, or perhaps a bit like a man bent over, with his hands on the floor, didn't move a muscle but shimmered with reflections from ceiling spotlights and from a delicate structure of blinking colored tubes to the right, which was by Stephen Antonakos and called "Marie's First Neon." Mr. von Schlegell walked across the room to "Untitled (1965)," a bulky bolted-aluminum piece by Robert Bart, and leaned back against it, with his arms folded. He gazed at his own creation doubtfully. "I hope it works," he said. "It's been a waste of time. So many months!" He looked at his feet. For a moment, the gallery was still.

A second photographer strode in, and tossed his coat and his cameras onto a pair of three-dimensional trapezoids of white Fiberglas opposite the main attraction. He was followed by two Museum officials, one of whom looked like Charles Coburn; by two more photographers; and by a girl reporter, who bounded into the room, pencil poised, looked around, and headed for Mr. von Schlegell. "Are you the artist?" she asked him. "I'm an artist," the artist said modestly, and lurched forward as "Untitled (1965)" skidded from under him. He lit a cigarette.

A young man in a blue shirt and white trousers stepped up and asked the second photographer to remove his coat and cameras from the trapezoids, which happened to be "Untitled (1966)," by Robert Morris, though no one mentioned the fact at the time. (It has occurred to us since that the young man might have been Robert Morris, but, if so, no one mentioned that, either, and he told us he was the building superintendent.)

The photographer was offended. "Where do you want me to put them?" he shouted. "On the floor?"

"I don't care where you put them. Just take them off of here," the young man answered.

"I will not," the photographer said. "They're staying right where they are."

We turned away and examined "Description of Table," a Formica cube by Richard Artschwager. "Hey!" we heard the photographer shout. "He threw my coat on the floor! Don't you throw my clothing on the floor, young man!" He raised his voice slightly, and continued, "Who do you people think you are? I'm here at your invitation."

Everyone else was politely touring the far side of the gallery, making allowances for the photographic temperament.

Mr. von Schlegell, meanwhile, had picked up a small radio transmitter from the floor next to the trapezoids, and now he began to send signals to "Radio-Controlled Sculpture," which moved obediently sidewise, forward, and backward, with low whining and scraping sounds, and gracefully turned around.

The photographers rushed up, and we left Mr. von Schlegell crouching, with a diffident smile, under "Radio-Controlled Sculpture," in the shadows of the reflected lights, which now included flashbulbs.

"Hey, Mr. Schlegell, can you move your sculpture over there to kill that empty space?" a photographer called, and pointed at the empty space.

The artist made for his controls.

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TYPEWRITTEN message taped to a vending machine on the thirty-third floor of the Time & Life Building:

CANDY MAN:
The Mounds bars are where the Chunkys should be and vice versa.

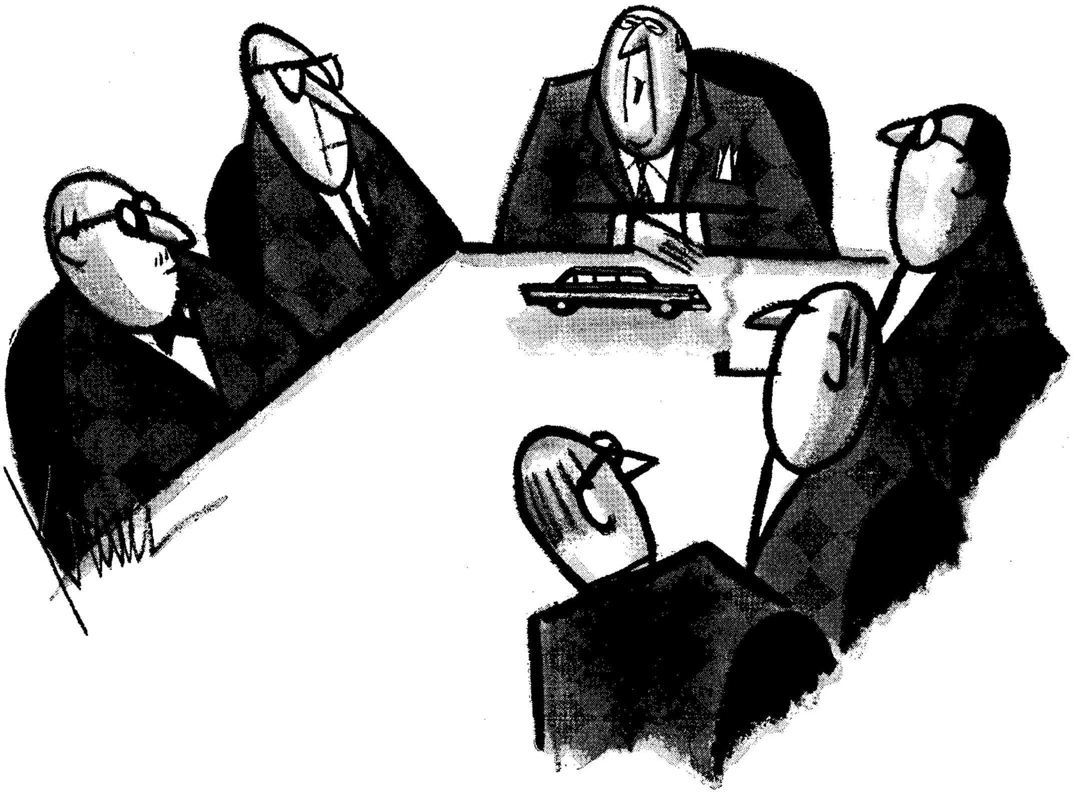
George Wald

THE second great turning point in science in this century (the first having been the one in physics) is being reached in biology, and among the most original discoveries in this field have been some made in the biochemistry of vision by George Wald, whose early discovery of Vitamin A in the retina of the eye may, he admits, have been responsible for a great deal of unnecessary carrot-eating since the thirties. Dr. Wald, who teaches at Harvard, was in town recently to give a series of lectures, and the afternoon before the last of them we met him at the Plaza, where he had told us he was being put up. He and his wife, Ruth, were coming out of an elevator as we arrived—a lively, eager-looking couple, he tall, about sixty, and looking to us more like a country philosopher than a biochemist, she pretty and European-looking, with a long brown braid wrapped around her head. "Maybe we could walk in the Park," Dr. Wald said to us in a soft voice, heading in that direction, and Mrs. Wald said, with a smile, that she would do some shopping, and headed in the direction of Fifth Avenue. It was a bright, clear day, and Dr. Wald set us a brisk pace, meanwhile gazing with pleasure at the other strollers. Presently, we asked him to tell us something about his work.

Dr. Wald at once became absorbed in thought. "We've finished some experiments having to do with color blindness that are as interesting as any I've ever done," he said. "Color blindness as a problem has had a glorious history—though chiefly among physicists—from Newton on. Well, so far in our experiments things are coming out beautifully simple. It turns out that there are three pigments involved in human color vision, and we know some of their properties and can measure them. The answer to color blindness is absurdly simple—that every color-blind possesses only two of the three pigments. These pigments are all made in the same way—by joining Vitamin A aldehyde to one of three different proteins. The Vitamin A in every visual pigment that we know is bent and twisted. Whether in squid, lobsters, bees, frogs, or men, there is always this bent and twisted form of Vitamin A—and Vitamin A is normally straight. You could say that of all the shapes this molecule could take this is the most improbable, the most unlikely, the most difficult for it to arrive at. The eye does not manufacture Vitamin A; it is made from carotene, which is in carrots and all the green leaves that we eat. Our metabolisms perform the trick of breaking carotene molecules in half to make Vitamin A. Then the eye transforms the Vitamin A into the bent form. What light does in vision is to straighten out the Vitamin A molecule into its natural form. This is all that light does—everything else that happens in the eye could happen in the dark. The straightened-out molecule can no longer hang on to the protein in a visual pigment, so it comes off. The retina is always rebuilding the visual pigment, and it builds it up most in the dark. You're most sensitive to light after being in the dark, and, conversely, after looking at a bright light you can scarcely see at all for a minute. Well."

Dr. Wald drew a deep breath and looked about him. After a moment, he resumed. "I feel as though in all the ideas that have been occurring over the years—some prompted by vision—while I've been scouring about among different organisms, several patterns had come out," he said. "Most basic is that this is a world of chance but not accident." He paused again, then continued, "You know, recently there's been found a deep kinship among living things, greater than anything any of us dreamed of a few years ago. Proteins are made up of as many as twenty different amino acids, assembled in great numbers, in different proportions, and in almost any sequence, so there can be an almost infinite variety of them. Living things exploit this possibility, for no two species have the same proteins. Each protein sequence of amino acids is determined by a sequence of nucleotides in the corresponding gene; it takes a trio of nucleotides to specify each amino acid. What we call mutations involve a change in one amino acid in a protein sequence, caused by a change in one nucleotide in the trio that determines that amino acid. Lately, the amino-acid sequences in a variety of proteins have been worked out—for example, cytochrome C, an enzyme found in all oxygen-consuming cells. It's a chain of a hundred and four amino acids and therefore is determined by a gene containing three hundred and twelve nucleotides. It turns out that between man and the rhesus monkey one amino acid in the chain of a hundred and four has changed; between man and the horse, twelve have changed; between man and the chicken, fourteen; between man and the tuna, twenty-two; and between man and the yeast cell, forty-three amino acids have changed out of the hundred and four—and only about forty-three nucleotides have changed out of the three hundred and twelve in the gene. A long, long time ago, yeast and man had a common ancestor. Some of the ancestor's progeny became yeasts and some went another way and became men, and those two journeys resulted in a change of only forty-three nucleotides out of three hundred and twelve. That is a moving truth—that as living creatures we are more like yeast than unlike it."

After a pause, Dr. Wald continued, "It seems we live in a world where any-



"This year, gentlemen, the gimmick is safety."

thing can happen, but only certain things persist. They do so for a reason, and one may ask what it is. When I was a student, I was told that a scientist asks how, never why, yet what is truly interesting is not just the fact, for instance, that living creatures are constructed almost entirely of four natural elements—carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen—but why just those four, because then you realize that it has to be so, that there is nothing accidental about it, that only those four will do the job that is to be done. Nature is prodigal and random in her outpourings, but in the constant competition for the necessities of life, what works well is retained and what works less well is constantly discarded. The result is that there is a tendency toward constant improvement. Life is made not only to endure but to prevail. This is the way organic design works. It is design by hindsight rather than by forethought. In that sense, it is just the opposite of technological design. Technological design works by setting specifications and trying to achieve them. Organic design works by continuous selection among random variations. We are the products of editing rather than of authorship. The organic process at first sight seems slow and very wasteful, but we should think well of it, for it has given us the most intricate mechanisms we know. The most complex computers are child's play compared to the simplest living cell. We could never invent the form of Vitamin A that the retina uses for vision. This is the way that not only anatomy but also behavior develops. An organism cannot tolerate clumsy behavior any more than it can tolerate faulty anatomy. But if the competitive pressures are not too intense, some strange behavior can be tolerated, at least for a while."

We were passing the statue of Hans Christian Andersen, and stopped for a moment to look at it. Some pigeons joined us. Dr. Wald smiled. "You know, my colleague B. F. Skinner once told me about an example of what he called superstition in pigeons," he said, chuckling. "You see, you can teach a pigeon that pecking a lever will bring food, and, further, that it will get the food only if it pecks the lever, say, two hundred times in five minutes. Well, the pigeon learns this, and after a while it realizes also that it can peck that often in less time, so it sits on its roost until two minutes are left, and then rushes over and pecks furiously, reaching the two-hundredth peck as the last second passes. Now some time goes by, and one day, as it pecks for the two-hundredth time and the food comes, this pigeon happens to be standing on its right leg, with the left leg raised, and it gets the idea in its head that the food came because it raised its left leg. Ever after, when it pecks for food, it raises that leg. Well, now, suppose a little later, as the food arrives, the pigeon happens to have its right wing ruffled. It cannily thinks the food came because it ruffled its wing. Then it always pecks for food with its left leg raised and its right wing ruffled. Dr. Skinner ended the story by saying that as you watch the pigeon, you begin to believe it, too."

Situationwise

THE uncrowded area in front of the Hotel Biltmore's private entrance to Grand Central Station is occasionally used on chilly days by sandwich men—those luckless souls who walk the streets carrying advertising signboards over their shoulders—as a place to rest and warm up. A man we know who was waiting to meet a friend at that entrance eavesdropped on two men who had just come in from the cold with large "INCOME TAX PREPARED $2" placards, and this is what they said:

First Man (*leaning, boards and all, against a small marble ledge*): The weather's really getting to me lately. I can't take it the way I used to.

Second Man (*his hands seemingly sewn into the pockets of an old Army overcoat*): That's the trouble with this work—it's seasonal. The jobs open up only before income-tax time, when it's still too cold out. Nothing's ever open in the summer.

First Man: I see where Georgie has a steady thing going, though, hauling boards for a regular company.

Second Man: Yeah. He knows somebody. It's all politics.

First Man: Well, like they say, the advertising game is just one big rat race.

Second Man: You said a mouthful.

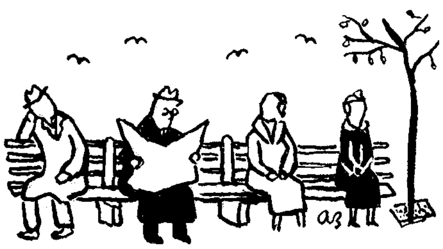
Murray the K's World

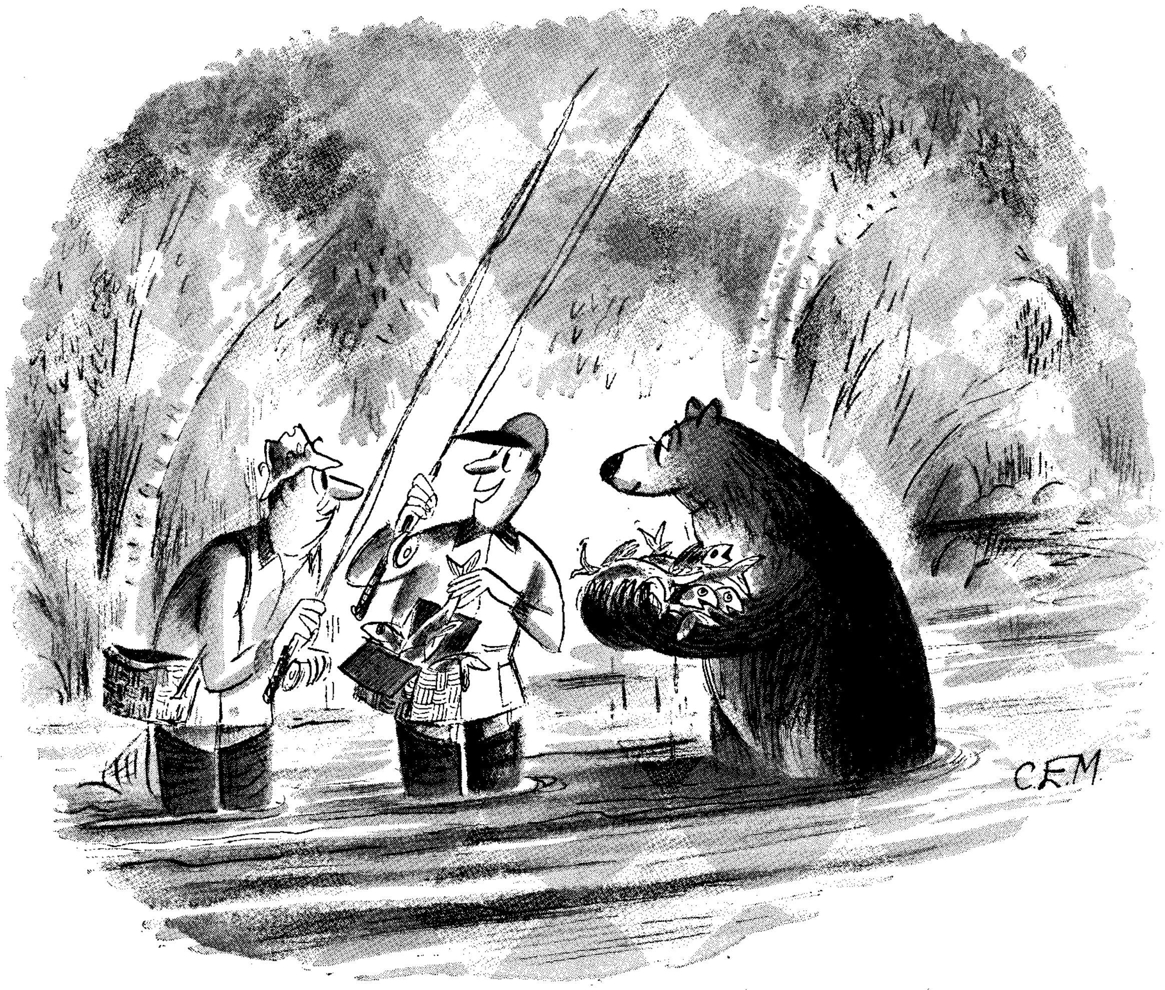
OUR man Stanley walked into the office last week looking rather tired and dimmed. "Just got back from what's not happening, Baby," he said. "Just been where it's not at." And he deposited the following notes on our desk:

"April *Fool's* Day, went right *out* to Roosevelt *Field,* in Garden *City,* to converted *hangar,* once *film* studio, for opening of new *night* club, called Murray the *K's* World. Scene forced and jarring, like misplaced italics or frozen smile. Outside walls of hangar were painted white, with black-and-red trim. Result resembled combination roller-skating rink and adobe pizza parlor. Inside décor resembled combination gym, art gallery, ocean-liner ballroom. Walls were thickly hung with black-and-white canvases—painted Op. Around walls, several feet above eye level, were little movie screens, round, square, diamond-shaped. Dance floor was glossy wood, surrounded by black-upholstered benches and black linoleum-tile standing room. Corners were filled with little round black tables. Against side walls were stands selling hot dogs, hamburgers, Cokes, tacos. Above stands were large free-form platforms, supported by white stilts. Left platform was loaded with sound and lighting equipment. Right platform was loaded with musical instruments for entertainers. Beside entrance, and at head of crescent staircase, was two-decker platform, also on stilts, with black tables for V.I.P.s; that is, press and Murray the K's friends. Bar was across room from V.I.P.s. Suspended from ceiling in center of room was *another* platform, loaded with movie projectors and the like, and bristling with slim steel ladders, occasionally lowered to floor to let maintenance men, in red parkas and red sweat pants, climb up and deliver reels of film for projection on screens. Whole place had air of ship, plunging into space or to bottom of the sea.

"7:55 P.M., first customers arrived. Admission, $2.50. Minimum age, eighteen. Groups of boys. Clusters of girls. Few couples. Showed I.D.s at door, as proof of age. Girls, drivers' licenses. Boys, draft cards. Many girls wore bell-bottom trousers, white plastic belts, yachting caps. One girl throwback wore plaid Bermuda shorts and monogrammed blouse. Arrived alone. Many boys wore several layers of shirts; for example, red turtleneck, covered by blue denim shirt, open at collar, covered by white-and-blue striped button-down shirt with flowered tab. Everyone very covered up.

"First music was taped rock 'n' roll. Bad rock 'n' roll (as distinguished from *good* rock 'n' roll). Fresh numbers put





“I took a thorn out of his paw a couple of years ago, and he’s never forgotten.”

• •

on before last ones ended. Constant interruptions created frenetic air. Volume way up. Nobody dancing. Everybody craned neck toward screens, where films by underground *cinéastes*—Stan VanDerBeek, Gerd Stern, et al.—were shown: films of gears, machines, riots, bare-breasted girls, lecherous medieval monks, Chamberlain, Churchill, Roosevelt, Murray the K, medicines, battles, dissections of word ‘NOW’ into ‘NO,’ ‘OW,’ and ‘O,’ a beating painted heart. Closed-circuit TV screen showed room filling up. When customers became aware of TV screen, some began dancing—alone, girls with girls, girls with boys, even some *pas de trois*. Dancers gyrated toward screen, with arms raised, like worshippers at mirror altar.

“Press bus arrived after 9 P.M. Some comments from passengers: ‘Are you as innately hostile to this as I am?’ ‘Frankly, I’m going to get stoned as quickly as I can.’ Murray the K and five dancing girls appeared on platform. M the K shouted trademark, ‘Harrah Bay!’ Audience responded with traditional ‘Ugh!’ Group called Young Rascals appeared on platform—trousers rolled up, black knee socks, round collars, short ties. Rascal with tambourines sprang about, slapping tambourines against himself. Drummer Rascal listlessly threw sticks in air. Rascal at electric guitar held still. Rascal at organ writhed, screamed, looked as though he were going to take microphone into his mouth. Girl sat on black bench, alone, trembling. Little enclaves of dancers were scattered among standees, now filling floor. One couple imitated boxing match. Another, with girl’s dorsal surface against boy’s ventral surface, swayed in place. Many boys shorter than dancing partners. One boy’s head barely reached girl’s neck, where he buried it. Standees began collaring members of press: ‘Take my name down. I’m from C. W. Post College.’ Or ‘Adelphi University,’ ‘St. John’s,’ ‘East Meadow,’ ‘Syosset High.’ ‘It’s definitely out of sight!’ Or ‘Too much!’ Or ‘Whacked out!’

“Line forming outside building, four abreast, all around block. People in front end of line could look in through picture windows and glass doors. A few slipped through onto dance floor. Guards rough. Michael Myerberg, who backs the place—face lined, eyes remote, coat worn like cape—spoke to guard. Surging crowd expelled from lobby. One boy made scratches on lobby door in departing. ‘My boy friend’s out there,’ girl said to waiter in black-and-white checked pants, black shirt, black vest, black-and-white polka-dot tie. ‘Can I go out and get him?’ ‘No,’ said waiter. Boy friend slipped in anyway. Then couple left together.

“Dancers on floor completely oblivious of physical nearness of other bodies. Feet stepped on. Elbows in ribs. Dancers too busy watching TV screen to notice. Murray the K asked for more power on microphone. Noise deafening already. Woman with rhinestones pasted on cheek began frugging on V.I.P. deck. Group called Hollies appeared on platform. ‘This is not real soul music,’ said boy, and lunged forward to chin himself on platform edge. Succeeded. Applause. ‘It’s a place for hacking around,’ said N.Y.U. boy, grabbing reporter. ‘But I must say the feeling they did express in whatever sound they might have made was emotionally stirring, right?’

“Left Murray the K’s World around midnight, on press bus returning to Manhattan. Thought Op and false chic and press-consciousness and bad rock ’n’ roll all drawing together might be good sign. Like image on TV screen that draws together into single dot before fading out completely.”

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LUNCHING at Barbetta’s, we overheard the following conversation between a well-dressed businessman and an imperious white-haired lady, whom we took to be his mother:

HE: Then why don’t you go stay with David and Cynthia on the Cape for a while? You’ll have a good time.

SHE: Now, Michael, you know perfectly well I never enjoy having a good time.

THE BALLOON

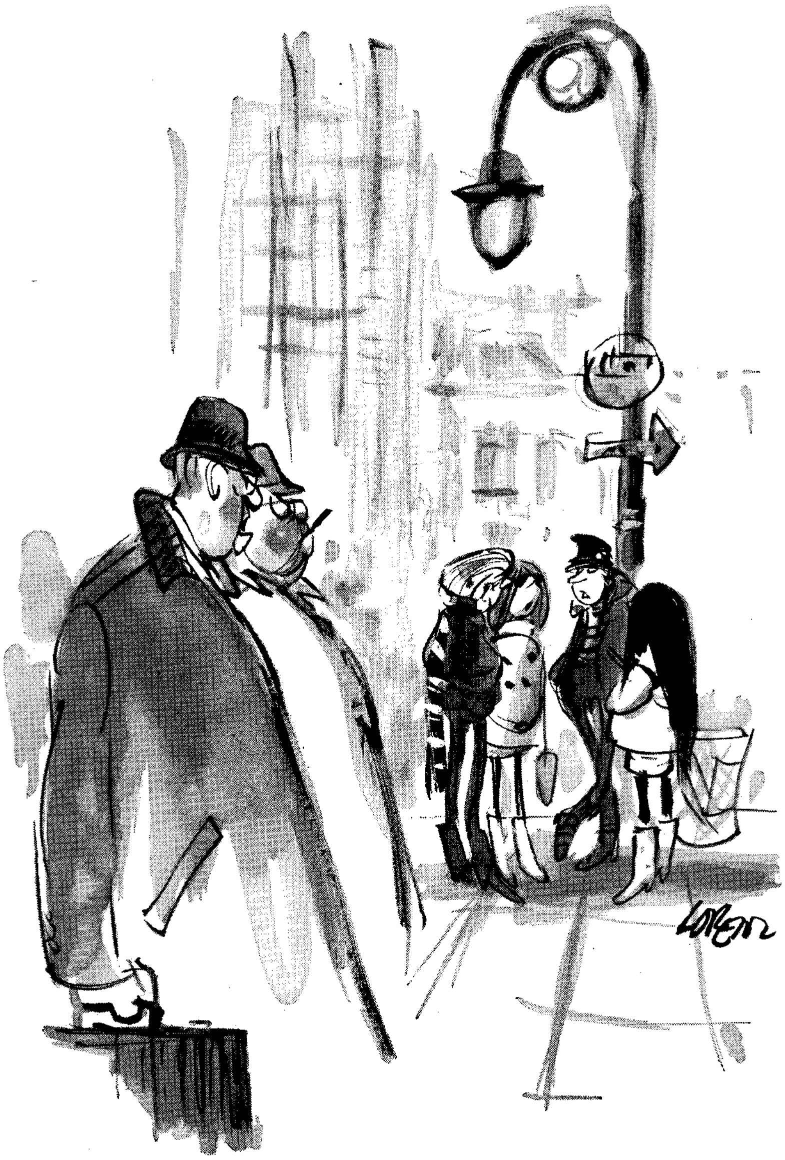
THE balloon, beginning at a point on Fourteenth Street, the exact location of which I cannot reveal, expanded northward all one night, while people were sleeping, until it reached the Park. There I stopped it. At dawn the northernmost edges lay over the Plaza; the free-hanging motion was frivolous and gentle. But experiencing a faint irritation at stopping, even to protect the trees, and seeing no reason the balloon should not be allowed to expand upward, over the parts of the city it was already covering into the "air space" to be found there, I asked the engineers to see to it. This expansion took place throughout the morning, a soft imperceptible sighing of gas through the valves. The balloon then covered forty-five blocks north-south and an irregular area east-west, as many as six crosstown blocks on either side of the Avenue in some places. That was the situation, then.

But it is wrong to speak of "situations," implying sets of circumstances leading to some resolution, some escape of tension; there were no situations, simply the balloon hanging there—muted heavy grays and browns for the most part, contrasting with walnut and soft yellows. A deliberate lack of finish, enhanced by skillful installation, gave the surface a rough, forgotten quality; sliding weights on the inside, carefully adjusted, anchored the great, vari-shaped mass at a number of points. Now, we have had a flood of original ideas in all media, works of singular beauty as well as significant milestones in the history of inflation, but at that moment there was only *this balloon*, concrete particular, hanging there.

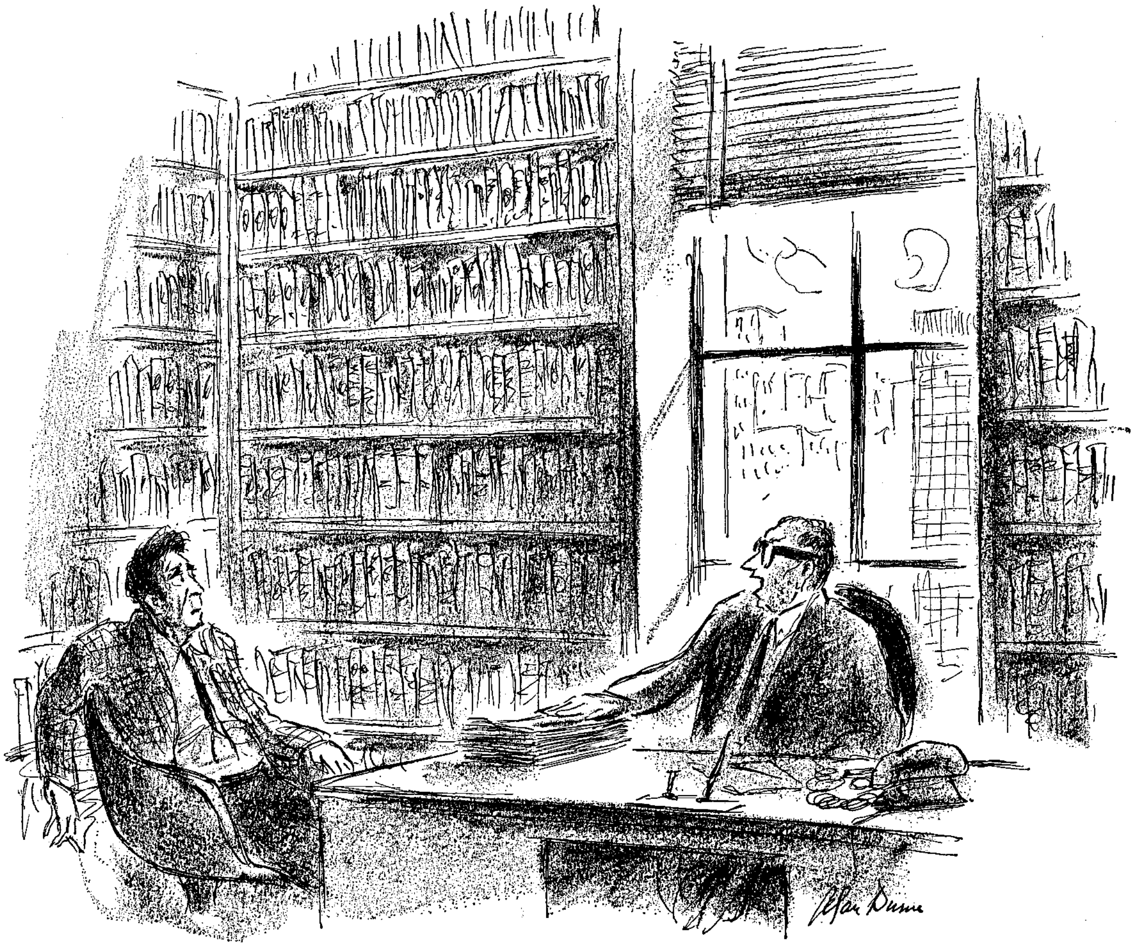
There were reactions. Some people found the balloon "interesting." As a response this seemed inadequate to the immensity of the balloon, the suddenness of its appearance over the city; on the other hand, in the absence of hysteria or other societally-induced anxiety, it must be judged a calm, "mature" one. There was a certain amount of initial argumentation about the "meaning" of the balloon; this subsided, because we have learned not to insist on meanings, and they are rarely even looked for now, except in cases involving the simplest, safest phenomena. It was agreed that since the meaning of the balloon could never be known absolutely, extended discussion was pointless, or at least less meaningful than the activities of those who, for example, hung green and blue paper lanterns from the warm gray underside, in certain streets, or seized the occasion to write messages on the surface, announcing their availability for the performance of unnatural acts, or the availability of acquaintances.

Daring children jumped, especially at those points where the balloon hovered close to a building, so that the gap between balloon and building was a matter of a few inches, or points where the balloon actually made contact, exerting an ever-so-slight pressure against the side of a building, so that balloon and building seemed a unity. The upper surface was so structured that a "landscape" was presented, small valleys as well as slight knolls, or mounds; once atop the balloon, a stroll was possible, or even a trip, from one place to another. There was pleasure in being able to run down an incline, then up the opposing slope, both gently graded, or in making a leap from one side to the other. Bouncing was possible, because of the pneumaticity of the surface, and even falling, if that was your wish. That all these varied motions, as well as others, were within one's possibilities, in experiencing the "up" side of the balloon, was extremely exciting for children, accustomed to the city's flat, hard skin. But the purpose of the balloon was not to amuse children.

Too, the number of people, children and adults, who took advantage of the opportunities described was not so large as it might have been: a certain timidity, lack of trust in the balloon, was seen. There was, furthermore, some hostility. Because we had hidden the pumps, which fed helium to the interior, and because the surface was so vast that the authorities could not determine the point of entry—that is, the point at which the gas was injected—a degree of frustration was evidenced by those city officers into whose province such manifestations normally fell. The apparent purposelessness of the balloon was vexing (as was the fact that it was "there" at all). Had we painted, in great



"The hell of it is those punks pump over fifteen billion dollars into the economy every year."



"It's sheer, unadulterated sex, and we're all for it. Now, to make our lawyers happy, would it cramp your style to work in a little material of redeeming social importance?"

• •

letters, "LABORATORY TESTS PROVE" or "18% MORE EFFECTIVE" on the sides of the balloon, this difficulty would have been circumvented, but I could not bear to do so. On the whole, these officers were remarkably tolerant, considering the dimensions of the anomaly, this tolerance being the result of, first, secret tests conducted by night that convinced them that little or nothing could be done in the way of removing or destroying the balloon, and, secondly, a public warmth that arose (not uncolored by touches of the aforementioned hostility) toward the balloon, from ordinary citizens.

As a single balloon must stand for a lifetime of thinking about balloons, so each citizen expressed, in the attitude he chose, a complex of attitudes. One man might consider that the balloon had to do with the notion *sullied*, as in the sentence *The big balloon sullied the otherwise clear and radiant Manhattan sky*. That is, the balloon was, in this man's view, an imposture, something inferior to the sky that had formerly been there, something interposed between the people and their "sky." But in fact it was January, the sky was dark and ugly; it was not a sky you could look up into, lying on your back in the street, with pleasure, unless pleasure, for you, proceeded from having been threatened, from having been misused. And the underside of the balloon, by contrast, was a pleasure to look up into—we had seen to that. Muted grays and browns for the most part, contrasted with walnut and soft, forgotten yellows. And so, while this man was thinking *sullied*, still there was an admixture of pleasurable cognition in his thinking, struggling with the original perception.

Another man, on the other hand, might view the balloon as if it were part of a system of unanticipated rewards, as when one's employer walks in and says, "Here, Henry, take this package of money I have wrapped for you, because we have been doing so well in the business here, and I admire the way you bruise the tulips, without which bruising your department would not be a success, or at least not the success that it is." For this man the balloon might be a brilliantly heroic "muscle and pluck" experience, even if an experience poorly understood.

Another man might say, "Without the example of ———, it is doubtful that ——— would exist today in its present form," and find many to agree with him, or to argue with him. Ideas of "bloat" and "float" were introduced, as well as concepts of dream and responsibility. Others engaged in remarkably detailed fantasies having to do with a wish either to lose themselves in the balloon, or to engorge it. The private character of these wishes, of their origins, deeply buried and unknown, was such that they were not much spoken of; yet there is evidence that they were widespread. It was also argued that what was important was what you felt when you stood under the balloon; some people claimed that they felt sheltered, warmed, as never before, while enemies of the balloon felt, or reported feeling, constrained, a "heavy" feeling.

Critical opinion was divided:

"monstrous pourings"
"harp"
XXXXXXX "certain contrasts with darker portions"
"inner joy"
"large, square corners"
"conservative eclecticism that has so far governed modern balloon design"
::::::: "abnormal vigor"
"warm, soft, lazy passages"
"Has unity been sacrificed for a sprawling quality?"
"*Quelle catastrophe!*"
"munching"

People began, in a curious way, to locate themselves in relation to aspects of the balloon: "I'll be at that place where it dips down into Forty-seventh Street almost to the sidewalk, near the Alamo Chile House," or "Why don't we go stand on top, and take the air, and maybe walk about a bit, where

CANAAN

She is committed to the earth and the earth
Is plighted forever to her.
The wilderness is prone to her.
The hopeful race of all the earth is
Betrothed to her, pleasant ground of expectation,
Lambent country of Canaan.

Jordan heaved his banks away.
Jordan's valley bubbled over
High between these opposites.
He rose by night; he dipped by day.
He dipped down for the hosts of the wilderness
And for the silver country of Canaan.

The men of the wilderness at Jordan's ford
Lifted the Ark of the Covenant on their shoulders.
Jordan fled for all his worth.
Jordan-bed lay smitten to dry boulders.
The wilderness bore the Ark of the Lord
Of all the earth
Into the holy country of Canaan.

Canaan's the land where the wilderness landed.
Therefore I am not altogether confounded
Still to discover a wilderness in her.
Jordan shed his ways, lifted up the river;
Canaan's husbanded
Now with a ploughing sword, she is anointed
With burning torrents, bridal country—
Canaan of loss.
There goes that leviathan in his glory;
But here dissembles that wilderness. Fowl and beast
Have no more wonderful identity.
The tribes of the pomegranates and the tribes of the yeast,
The families of rubies and the families of grass
Are one to another as waste and waste
In the arms of Canaan of silver dross.

But I am not altogether confounded that
So immanent and green and promised a land
Confounds me with seeming not what she seemed;
Seeing the hopeful race is covenanted
Not less to Canaan
Than Canaan to her promised wilderness;
Seeing default of this double covenant, seeing
Treachery to the warm harvest, no gathering in
Of the pearly vines of Canaan.
The same thing over and over again.
In this I am not altogether bewildered.

No year is twice the same, or has occurred
Before. We bandy by the name of grief
Grief which is like no other. Not a leaf
Repeats itself, we only repeat the word.

> January, as usual, frigid. As before,
> A silent stir in February. More
> Of a stir in March. Activity
> In April, as previously.
> May, as usual, abundant. As before,
> A superfluity in June. Greenery galore
> Thereafter, as always. The season exults,
> But never the same season warily
> Secretes the same petal from the same
> Pod of a single bud. The circumstances are
> Everywhere novel. The results
> Only appear similar.

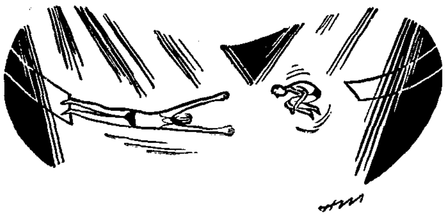
Time lacks experience. Therefore I am not quite
Confounded by history,
Being of the hopeful race of the earth,
Promised to promise, a mystery to mystery,
By which I am not altogether mystified,
Since she is plighted to me, a wilderness, and I to
The silver country of Canaan.

—Muriel Spark

* * *

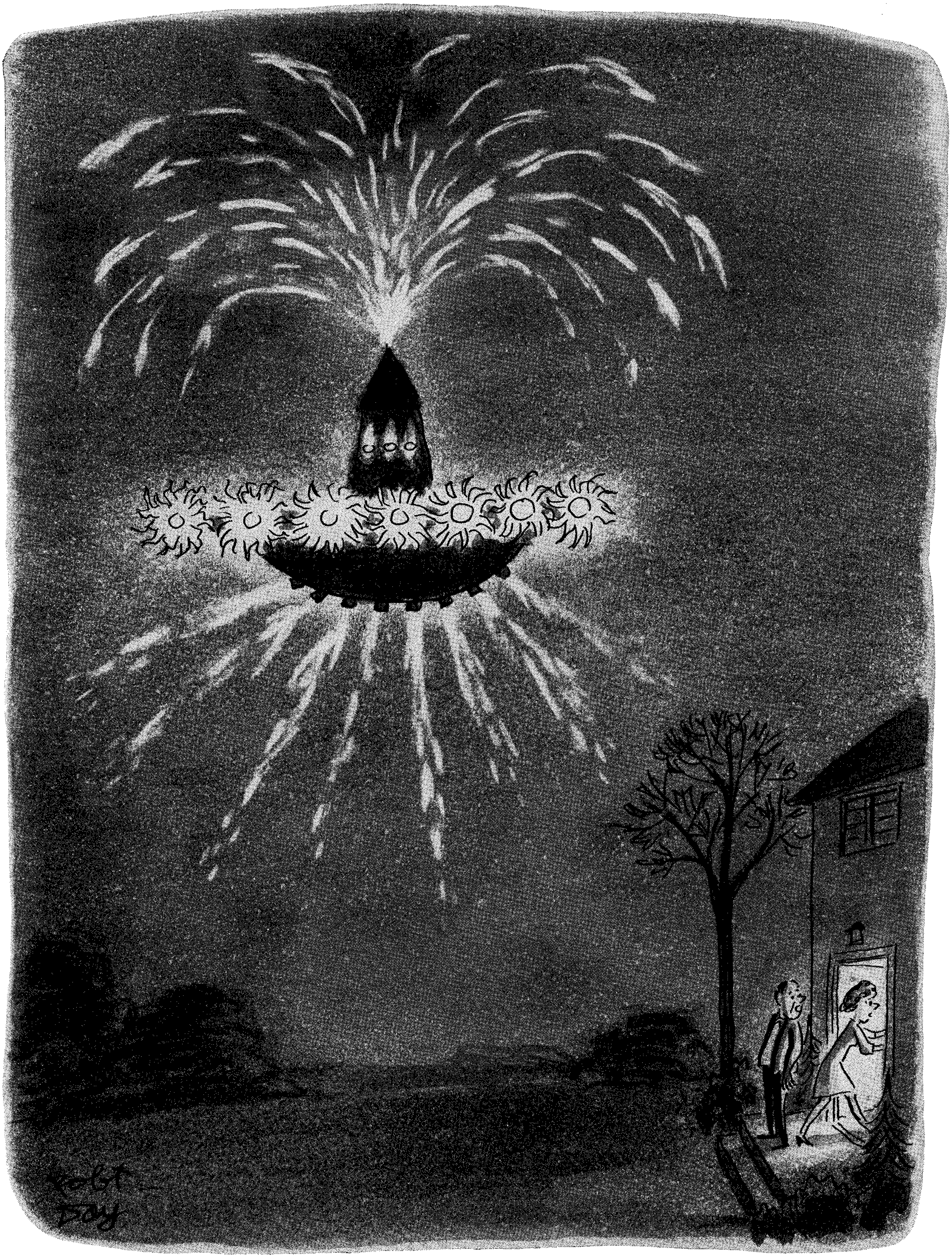
it forms a tight, curving line with the façade of the Gallery of Modern Art—" Marginal intersections offered entrances within a given time duration, as well as "warm, soft, lazy passages" in which . . . But it is wrong to speak of "marginal intersections." Each intersection was crucial, none could be ignored (as if, walking there, you might not find someone capable of turning your attention, in a flash, from old exercises to new exercises). Each intersection was crucial, meeting of balloon and building, meeting of balloon and man, meeting of balloon and balloon.

It was suggested that what was admired about the balloon was finally this: that it was not limited, or defined. Sometimes a bulge, blister, or sub-section would carry all the way east to the river on its own initiative, in the manner of an army's movements on a map, as seen in a headquarters remote from the fighting. Then that part would be, as it were, thrown back again, or would withdraw into new dispositions; the next morning, that part would have made another sortie, or disappeared altogether. This ability on the part of the balloon to shift its shape, to change, was very pleasing, especially to people whose lives were rather rigidly patterned, persons to whom change, although desired, was not available. The balloon, for the twenty-two days of its existence, offered the possibility, in its randomness, of getting lost, of losing oneself, in contradistinction to the grid of precise, rectangular pathways under our feet. The amount of specialized training currently needed, and the consequent desirability of long-term commitments, has been occasioned by the steadily growing importance of complex machinery, in virtually all kinds of operations; as this tendency increases, more and more people will turn, in bewildered inadequacy, to solutions for which the balloon may stand as a prototype, or "rough draft."



I met you under the balloon, on the occasion of your return from Norway. You asked if it was mine; I said it was. The balloon, I said, is a spontaneous autobiographical disclosure, having to do with the unease I felt at your absence, and with sexual deprivation, but now that your visit to Bergen has been terminated, it is no longer necessary or appropriate. Removal of the balloon was easy; trailer trucks carried away the depleted fabric, which is now stored in West Virginia, awaiting some other time of unhappiness, sometime, perhaps, when we are angry with one another.

—Donald Barthelme

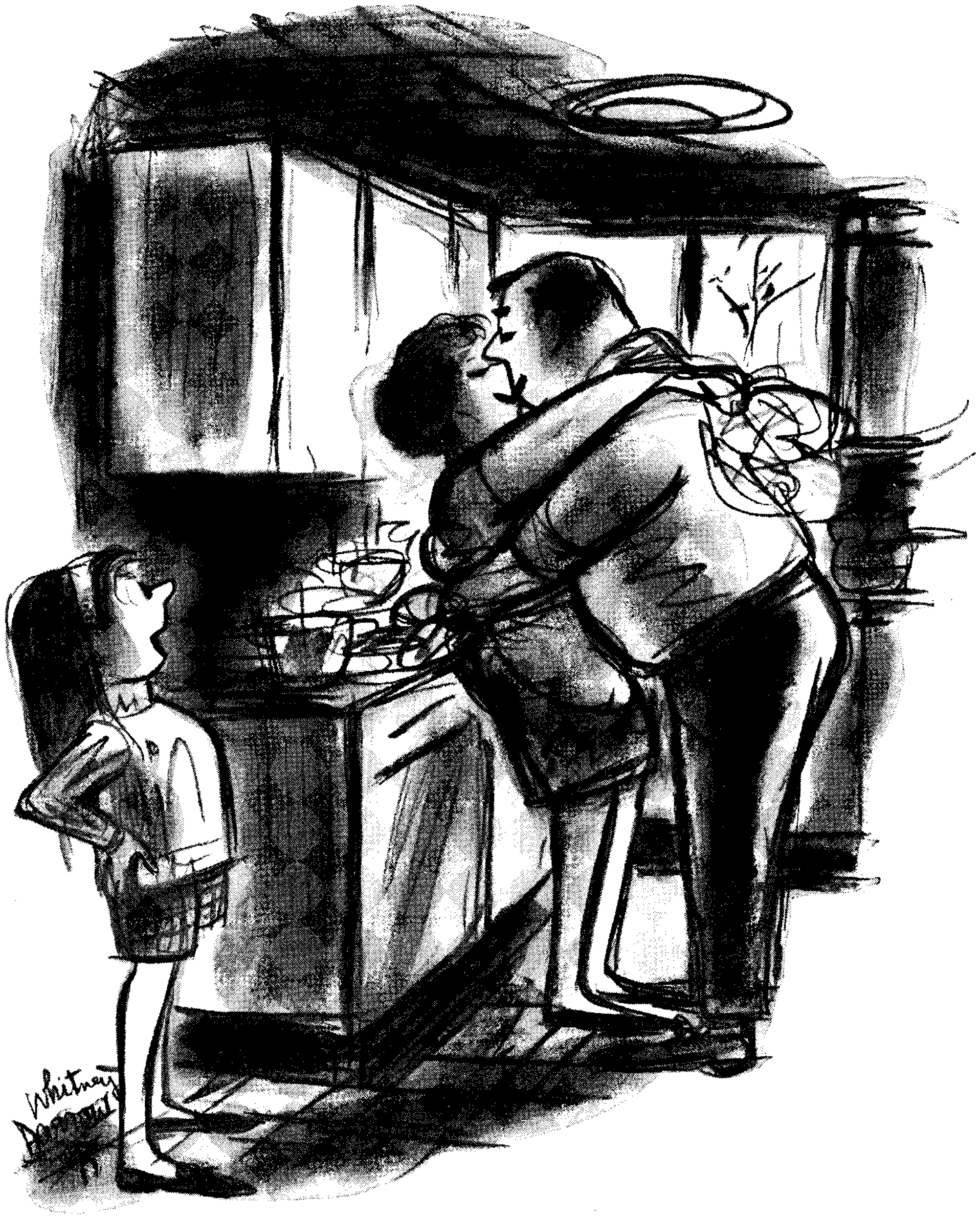


"Why bother to phone? They'll just say it's swamp gas."

THE PINCIAN GATE

IT seemed to her impossible, an occasion for a giggle, that you could, here in mid-twentieth century, enter a medieval wall through a tiny gate, having pulled an iron chain to jangle a bell high above you, be shouted at hoarsely to "*Vieni, vieni!*," and, having climbed a twisting narrow flight that smelled of Roman masonry—chilly the year round, exactly as it must have been in Byron's day—confront across the threshold the face of a boy you went to school with back in Arkansas. Only it was a little more complex than that. Sara thought that it was useless coincidence to have remembered Gowan Palmer from school; to all present purposes, he was just a nice man she and her husband had met a year ago at a party here in Rome. As for those bygone days, he seemed to like Sara and Paul in spite of having known them forever, and none of them had the bad taste of people who reminisce. She learned by way of somebody else that he had been married to a New York girl she would probably never see, just as she discovered that it was no romantic notion that had lured him to take a damp three rooms in the Roman wall near the Pincio but a leftover lease from a fellow-artist, now in Greece, who wanted the place occupied even at a loss.

As for the problems he was now drifting into—financial, emotional, artistic, and otherwise—she would bet she was far more aware of them than he. She was always hearing things against him now, and this, in view of her and Paul's conviction that his work was about to break over into the big-name cluster, seemed particularly a shame. He had had for some months the air and countenance of an artist considered the best by the best. Sara had got the impression that people-who-knew, the experts, had so far spoken of his work only among themselves but would let the outside world in on it whenever they happened to think of it. As this, so far as she could see, was the only way in which a lay person could know about excellence in modern art, she had no complaints about it and rejoiced in Gowan's right to it.



"*Well!*"

In his studio now, out of the sun, she shivered and put on her jacket, while Gowan shook iron filings off a cushion and offered to heat up the *espresso*. He had been on a sculpture kick, as he called it, during the winter months, and she found herself angling to talk to him through a forest of elongated shapes in heavily beaten iron.

"Let's go up in the sun," she urged. "Don't you know it's warm? You just sit in here and work so much I bet you don't even know it's spring!"

"Not true. Somebody told me yesterday that it was spring. I'm not so helpless as you think."

"I always think you're going to get pneumonia in this place. I see myself carrying hot minestrone up through the wall in February."

"Oh, it can get warm enough. It's just that the traffic is so bad. That's the real reason I never entertain. At first, I felt I was on an island, with everything in Rome streaming past all day, and that at night I went under with it. The streetcars poured across my face, all iron wheels and clanging. Lambrettas snorted into my dreams. Now I sleep and work mainly on the park side, where there's less noise, but anyway I hardly hear it anymore. Some part of your brain blocks out, I think. Here." He poured out coffee in tiny cups. "Let's go upstairs."

Above, they sat between the blunt teeth of masonry on a pair of rickety chairs and warmed their faces in the sun, sipping coffee.

"Who told you yesterday that it was spring?" She smiled, gently inquisitive.

"Francesca, of course. She drove by in the afternoon."

"Oh dear, maybe she's coming up today, too."

"Today she's in Viterbo, guiding an art photographer around."

"Our Italian career girl."

"She's doing well. Of course, she doesn't have to, with three villas and a palazzo."

It sounds like the perfect setup for

you, Sara restrained herself from saying. For once started—a drink or two would have done the trick—she might have continued, It would be a world better for your money—or should we just say your backing?—to come from a source like Francesca's family, who will never talk about it, than for you to go on borrowing from any number of people. You realize that this reputation you have gotten for living so lamely is setting people against you. In addition, Francesca's uncle is after all Mario Negalesco, who has certainly written enough art criticism to write something about you. He might just give you the one boost you need. Your whole life, as we see it, your career and all, is hanging on the brink of being what it ought to be, just what you've deserved all along. Can't you see it? And of course everyone, including Francesca, thinks you've every reason to make a serious relationship with her. There's even love to be thrown in, along with all the rest—even love!

"She laughs at all that *prepotente* stuff," he said. "One of the villas has cows in it, and all the furniture in the palace is tied together with string. *La splendida famiglia, la principessa Negalesco.*"

But Sara noted that he broke into a smile he couldn't help—a good sign. "Have you met her uncle?" she asked.

"The critic? Oh, he's been by a couple of times. We get on O.K. He's a bit too Milanese for me."

There was a snarl of traffic below, intensifying to a wrangle of indecipherable noise from which, it seemed, no vehicle, however two-wheeled and tiny, could escape. They looked over the wall. He laughed out loud at the jam, which seemed to have gathered around two children who had wandered unescorted into the middle of the street, where they were both still standing, unhurt, one wailing, the other bewildered and pale. Now they were being liberated, handed out over the fenders of cars and the heads of Vespa riders, swung high by smiling strangers. An elderly Mercedes backed, having caught its bumper in the fender of a shiny new Fiat, which, in the silence that had inexplicably fallen, tore slowly open like a tin can. About fifty people had gathered on the sidewalk, forming a willing audience, from which there now ascended a chorus of groans. The driver came boiling up out of the Fiat, signalling the start of Act II.

"I often sit here and watch the show," said Gowan, leaning near her in the sun. He was wearing a blue blazer, his shirt open at the neck. She thought he must have grown his beard just for warmth; it was short and flat, like the pelt of a neat animal. He was the one bearded artist she could abide.

"The trouble is we can't talk here," he remarked.

THEY presently went for a walk in the park and, gravitating always downward, came to the jumping ring where horses could be seen daily, exercising. They were good horses, privately owned, and stabled in another part of the park. Today a groom was jumping a lively young chestnut gelding, richly maned and needing a workout. He flung his head repeatedly against the bit. A scarlet ribbon had been plaited into his forelock. The spring warmth came up out of the ground at them, and it was quiet here; they could hear the soft thudding of the hoofs on the ground, the cry of the rider ("Hup!") when the horse took the jumps, the occasional whack and ring of wood as a rail came down. Almost beyond the range of their hearing the city rumbled and echoed.

"Magnificent horse," said Gowan. "*Un cavallo magnifico.*"

Indeed, the horse—his nervousness, his beauty, the swing of his neck, the red ribbon between his narrow, sensitive ears, the glint and powerful setting of his brightly shod hoofs—had almost succeeded in mesmerizing them both.

"You came down here because you wanted to talk," she reminded him. "Why don't we walk over that way?"

"Oh, I didn't want to talk *about* anything. Do you?"

"Well," she said, hesitating with a little laugh. "Why not?"

"Look here, Sara," he said, picking up a stone and hurling it out across the road, just the way he might have done, she suddenly thought, when he was a boy back at that school. "Look, Sara. Something's on your mind."

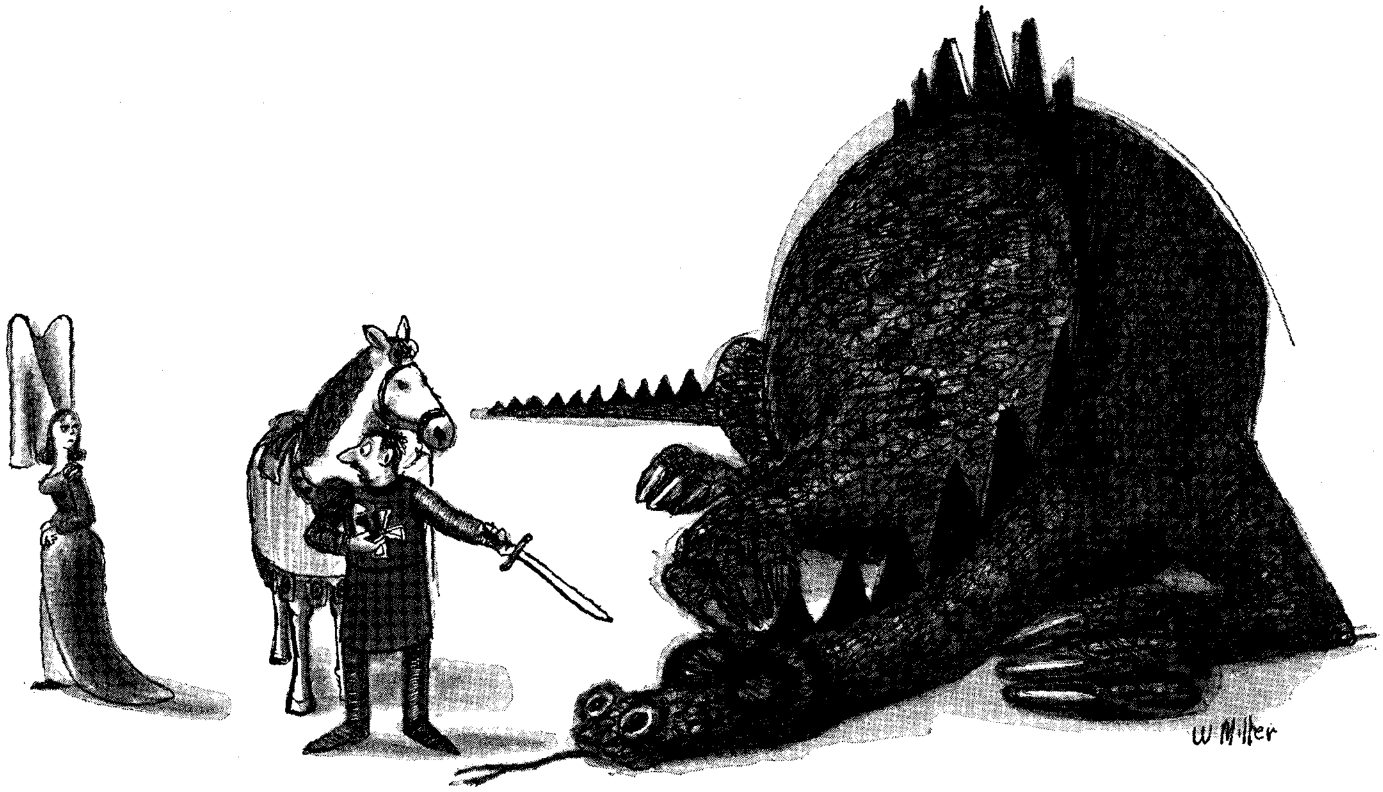
"Yes, you're right. It's just that Paul and I—well, we've been a little worried about you."

"*Worried* about me?" He came to a full stop.

"Well, we think—I don't know how to put it—that maybe you don't see yourself quite in perspective here in Rome, that maybe you don't see—many people don't; I know from time to time *I* don't—quite what's going on with you, the way friends at a little distance may be able to."

"You mean I don't hear the gossip," he said, short-circuiting her. "What a good thing I've got in Francesca, if only I knew how to take advantage of it."

She felt the rug pulled out from under her. "Something like that—only I wouldn't put it that way. It just



"Hey, where are you trotting off to? I didn't slay this thing just for my health, you know!"

• •

seemed to us that maybe you were at more of a crossroads than you realized. I know that this has happened to Paul, in industry, and people speaking up, saying a word, has meant all the difference to him."

"And of course *he* never owed anybody any money," said Gowan.

She felt herself getting angry. "We've always, always, told you, let you know—"

"I know, I know. O.K., someday I'll fool you, close in on your kindness. . . ." He came to a halt, occasioned by a drop in the road and a line of shadow from a rise of hill, which they would in another moment have entered. "For God's sake, let's stay in the sun." He turned her around and walked them back to the horse ring. As they reached the rail, the horse swiftly cleared a low jump, front hoofs matched and proud, and, galloping straight at them, swerved off when almost dangerously near, flinging dirt (hard as a bullet, she thought, startled) against her cheek.

"God, I could stand here all day," said Gowan, glancing at his watch. "Lunch appointment; too bad. I'll tell you who it's with," he said, teasing her, making it up, or trying to, for their near quarrel. "It's with a man who wants to arrange for me to take some of his English students during the summer. He has quite a list of them and is going back to London for a couple of months."

"Oh." Again she broke off saying what she wanted to. Obviously, if he started doing things like this, he was now destined to drift down into that indeterminate sediment of people who simply hung on in Rome, trying any and everything, living barely, living some way, year in and year out, until not even they could remember quite why they had come here in the first place. "But it's none of my business," she said to herself. And she must have walked like that and held her head like that and kept silent like that, for he said with an amused air, "It's really none of your business, is it?"

She would have left him right then, except they had almost regained the wall and she remembered that she had left her gloves and scarf in his studio above. She was angry enough to wonder if she would ever really want to see him again at all, she and Paul having been, all this time, friends, true friends, forbearing friends, to Gowan Palmer.

"Oh, I'll get them for you," he offered when she mentioned going up, and ran up the stairs, leaving her on the narrow flight in the very middle of the wall—like something in a Poe story, she thought, sealed up in the masonry. He soon returned, laid the scarf and gloves in her hand, and in the close quarters of the stair turned her face abruptly up to his and gave her a long, staggering kiss, which was so unexpected and worked so well she even got swept into wondering for a moment if their shadow had not stamped itself against the wall.

Then he let her go. Her hands for a moment lay trembling against his blazer, and, turning upward, she got an uncertain final glimpse of his face and heard his voice ascending: ". . . not quite deteriorated, you must admit."

The door above her closed, and she went out into the street.

—ELIZABETH SPENCER

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While cigarette smoking is being discouraged in the U.S. by the Public Health Service, federal funds tied up abroad in foreign currencies are now being used to help produce a motion-picture short called "World of Pleasure," which will, in effect, extol the pleasures of smoking to people in Japan, Thailand, and Austria. The film will suggest to these people that they should smoke certain brands of cigarettes that contain American tobacco. The expenditure on the movie is being made under the Department of Agriculture's product development program, a department spokesman says, and is part of a promotion plan to help buffer any damage to American tobacco sales caused by health warnings on cigarette packages in the U.S.—*Medical World News.*

It's our system of checks and balances.

THE MATRIARCH

FROM the air, the island of Tofua resembles a small and slightly ravaged crescent moon. Young Henry Vaitafe, still dripping despite his windy run from the surf to the village at the tip of the western horn, hailed the Orator as he was leaving the tin-roofed government office. "We have found a ship beneath the water," he said, applauding to signify humility.

The Orator removed his sunglasses and tucked them in his shirt pocket. "Ship?" he said.

"In Mozart Bay," the youth said excitedly. "A hundred yards from shore, maybe. It looks a pretty big one to me, and it seems very old."

"Hang on a second," said the Orator. "I'll be right with you." He entered his bungalow, put away his manila envelope containing business papers, and changed from his starched safari suit into a pair of swimming trunks. He was small and slim, with tidy hands and clever eyes. His father built fish traps on the tide rip, and the Orator had been an overseas scholarship boy. At Cambridge, he had started reading for a Classical Tripos but had quickly and prudently switched to Estate Management; as government officer on Tofua he earned six hundred and fifty pounds a year, fifty pounds of which went toward his contributory pension. Now he stepped outside and closed his screen door. "Race you," he said to Henry Vaitafe, and they tore off whooping down the path, past a litter of squatters' hovels, then on through the yam gardens and palm groves. Henry waved one arm in mock salute at the hoary bull turtle asleep in the sedgy shallows of the plantation spring, and he and the Orator both lowered their eyes instinctively as they passed the Fertility Stone. They broke through a screen of rain trees onto a small headland, the sea suddenly beneath them. A flotilla of canoes was circling the site of the wreck, and the sun caught the wink and splash of children descending to tread the sunken decks.

On the beach, a knot of islanders, knee-deep in the surf for coolness, talked softly. The Princess Avanoa stood apart beneath a silken sunshade. She was taller than most men, and heavy; the Orator noted, with a quirk of satisfaction, that she was sinking into the wet sand. "Good afternoon, Ma'am," he said, with a bright smile.

She jutted her chin out to sea. "It's mine, young man," she said.

He stared at her, surprised. "We'll go into the question of ownership after I've found out what it is."

"It's a ship," said the Princess. Her coconut-fibre corset was bound tight, and she panted softly.

The Orator turned and waded through the shallows to Henry Vaitafe's canoe. Henry pushed with his paddle and they swung out into the bay.

"How far down is it?" asked the Orator.

"About twenty-five feet," replied the youth.

"Christ," said the Orator, wondering if the vessel could have been Mozart's. Then he remembered that Mozart had died of scurvy in Wellington, New Zealand—Zack Mozart, the itinerant California trader who had landed at the bay at the turn of the century, in search of sandalwood, and had deforested the entire southern slope of Hannah's Bosom in five days flat.

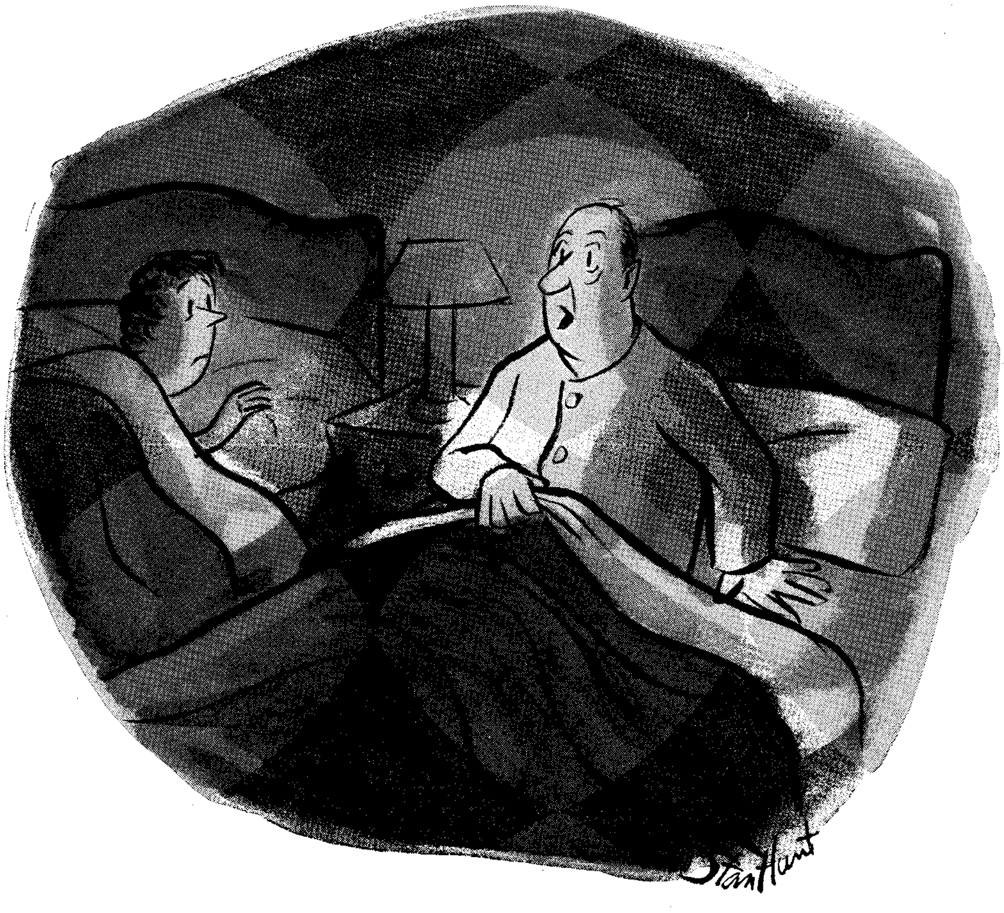
Henry Vaitafe shouted, and the circle of canoes parted to let them through. The Orator greeted the men politely, then took a deep breath and slipped over the side. The wreck, jade-green in the translucent water, was timbered, and two mast stumps showed that it once carried sail. The Orator swam toward the bow and tore at the weeds there, searching for metal lettering. After five dives, he kicked to the surface and hung over the outrigger of the canoe, panting. There was a brisk demand for salvage at Samoa; the value of the brass fittings and copper sheathing alone would provide a useful addition to Tofua's coffers and a possible hoist up the promotional ladder for him. The men in the canoes watched him admiringly. They had enormous respect for thought, and the sight of an educated man actually conceiving an idea enchanted them. The paddles were stilled, and the canoes drifted, silent. The Orator finally grunted and hauled himself aboard.

"Well?" demanded the Princess Avanoa as he stepped ashore.

"I couldn't identify it," he said. "But as the official receiver of wrecks I'm afraid I'll have to claim it for the government."

She spun her sunshade. "The wreck is mine," she said. "I am going home to have my lunch, but I shall return here in one hour and then I shall make you see reason."

"I look forward to it," said the Orator, but as he walked back to his bungalow he murmured, "Ah, the old bitch," and kicked thoughtfully at the pebbles on the path. A clash between them had been imminent for many months, and her reputation was formidable. The Princess Avanoa's primary passion in



"I just dreamed I was classified 1-A."

life was wrestling. Thanks to her patronage and training methods, the island of Tofua had twice won the Craig-Phelps South Seas Belt and in 1947 gained notices in the world's press when one of its middleweights defeated Mad Joe Garibaldi, the famous Italian, across the water on the Samoan mainland. Every strain of blue blood on the island was contained in the Princess's aging, spinster's body. She flaunted her breeding like an Ascot hat, but each evening, at five sharp, she could be found leaning on the ropes at the gym, urging her boys onward with a silver whistle between her lips. Their disciplines were rigid; from her they learned the virtues of speed, patience, and humility. The Princess Avanoa was a staunch Presbyterian, and, after their workouts and rubdowns, the fighters would gather in the twilit palace garden and listen while she read them a Proverb. If the weather was fine, they would linger and discuss it—whether it was uplifting, or oblique, or abstract, or just plain stupid. They never talked wrestling in the palace garden. No shop. That was a rule.

HOMING PIGEONS

Among left trucks, mailbags, churns,
sometimes in Sunday depots
we glimpse, through dirt-pearled windows
of a stopping train, square wicker
crates crammed with homing pigeons.
We keep afloat a feather

of memory blown in the air
of our drab compartment.
Singly, over open sea, sheer
from our instrumented course,
we have watched them, confident
beyond their wings' will, cross.

And have thought, outward bound
in sunshine, of the attic
loft where they always land,
their fanciers waiting, alone.
All their lives are goings back
from places where they have not flown.

Alien they seem. Yet
in their brief apportionment
of flight—a timed parole—
is sensed a homing force that drives
us back from all our fanciful
hoverings beyond our lives.

For there are wants kept caged on roofs
of the mind's tenements
that coo for us through the dusk,
always hungering, their ruffs
up. They strut their insistence
that we bring them all they ask—

so little: grain enough
to soothe them through the night
they will roost out in sleep.
Or multiply in. If,
neglectful, we forget
their feed, they grate the coop

floor, madden for full crops
and flight. We must indulge
their greed, let them fatten
as they will, some perhaps
surfeiting till they gorge
their death. But few. And in

those interims between
living as we seem to be
and dreaming what we are,
we come to the cage, unseen.
We stroke them as they crowd the wire
while we fumble for the key,

then loose them to the corridor
we trust them to, of sanctioned air.
Vigilant, we watch them take
turn after turn beyond us till,
wheeling on the thread of our will,
they clatter back in the hanging dark.

—Ted Walker

• •

The Princess Avanoa was matriarch of Tofua, and the Orator knew that she resented the fact that it didn't seem to matter much anymore. She was saddened by the worldwide decline of the aristocracy. She knew from the magazines that even the European nobility were on the skids, and the knowledge filled her with a melancholy that was, at times, almost unendurable.

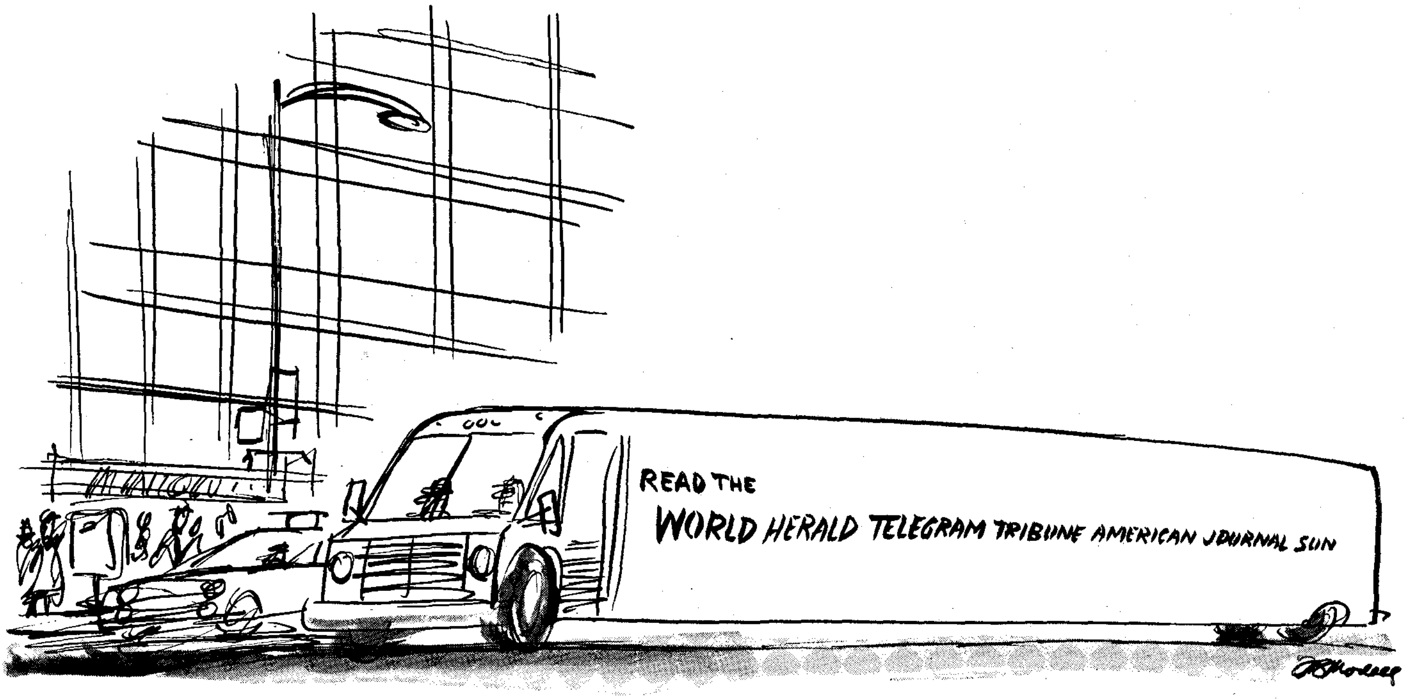
As the Orator dressed after his shower, he eyed his pedal radio and considered calling up the district commissioner on the Tongan mainland to ask for the PBY. Some aerial photographs might help identify the pile down in the bay. But the district commissioner, a Yorkshireman, was probably having his lunch, too, and anyway the Orator disliked talking to him on the air. The man shouted and usually steered the conversation toward books. "Read any dirty ones lately, Tofua Island?" he would shout, his earnest North Country tones echoing across a hundred thousand square miles of ocean. Besides, the flying boat was probably busy ferrying the commissioner's current house guests to the firewalking on Fonualei.

The Orator grabbed a chicken leg from the icebox and gnawed it while leafing through an old copy of the *Sydney Bulletin.* He felt vaguely uneasy. A few moments later, he headed back to the beach. The crowd had grown. He lit a Players and watched his fellow Tofuans thoughtfully. His schooling on the mainland and the years in Britain had given him a certain detachment, but at this moment the islanders' simplicity infuriated him. He watched his strong and beautiful people standing easily about the beach as though poised to dance, and thought, God help me, what a bloody irresponsible lot! Here was an old and selfish aristocrat bent on depriving the people of their wreck, their common property, and yet the sapheads merely smiled and drew faces in the sand with their feet. The Orator had always promised himself he would mount cannon on the cliffs of Tofua to repel Western mores and attitudes, but for an instant he took a perverse, bitter pleasure in the knowledge that he was the stranger, he was the Westerner now.

The crowd moved, and he looked up. Half a dozen wrestlers, chanting a psalm, were descending the path from the palace, the Princess Avanoa at their head. The men, in kilts of dyed pandanus leaf, exuded a heavy scent of gardenias, and their deep chests gleamed with palm oil. The Orator inclined his head gravely as the Princess, in Parisian sandals and a gown of gray silk, halted before him. She examined him levelly. "My family is a thousand years old," she said.

"That is certainly something to be proud of," said the Orator.

"I can number seven kings among my ancestors," she said, "and such a gamut of princes and high chiefs that I have completely lost count. One of them, the immortal Manaia, claimed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the stars for his kingdom, which, together with several large islands and a number of atolls and sandbanks, gave him a greater empire than the British ever had."

The crowd, listening intently, nodded and murmured approval.

"My own grandfather," she said, "declared the waters extending for three miles about Tofua to be the sovereign and private waters of this place, and he slaughtered numerous Japanese fishermen to prove it. Queen Victoria was pleased and sent him a snuffbox."

"That is true!" called an old man. "It came in a battle cruiser."

"My ancestors," continued the Princess, "were the regents of Tofua, and that wreck is theirs. As their daughter, I, of course, shall take possession. It is a matter of principle. The people must be shown."

"The only thing the people have to be shown," snapped the Orator, "is that they are the government here and that the power rests in their hands." He turned to them. "You hear that?"

They whistled softly and looked at each other with new respect.

"You seem to have forgotten," said the Princess with a smile, "that by common law the sovereign is entitled to all whales, sturgeon, and wrecks of the sea."

"This island now has a modern constitution," said the Orator. "Who made you a sovereign, Ma'am?"

"I consider that an impertinence," snapped the Princess Avanoa. "Your origins are humble, Orator, and it is not for you to question my birthright. I am a creature of the air, and my way is the way of an eagle in the sky. I was born to pearls and spices, to calamus and cinnamon, to trees of frankincense and myrrh. I was born to wells of living water and the flowing streams of Lebanon."

"Amen," murmured the wrestlers, rippling their splendid muscles.

"She's good," admitted the Orator grudgingly.

"She's very good," said the crowd.

"Are there any questions from the assembly?" asked the Orator. "Does any man wish to make a statement? Remember, it's *your* property that's at issue. I'm only your representative."

Sam Tanoa stood up, a little unsteady with opium. "There are wrecks in the waters of Ha'afeve, Kelefesia, Hunga Tonga, and Fonualei," he said. "There are wrecks at Nomuka Iki, Fonuafo'ou, and Tonumea. These waters bristle with wrecks; a man cannot wade for clams without stubbing his toe on some old bowsprit."

"He exaggerates!" shouted the crowd. "Shame on you, Mr. Tanoa."

Sam shrugged, and John Kalsikau stood up. "What is a wreck?" he said. "I will tell you. It is a mass of brass and rotting oak. Some wrecks have bells, some do not." He sat down.

"What are you trying to say?" asked the Orator.

"I was stating the subject. Now we know what we are talking about."

The Orator noted the Princess eying him smugly, awaiting his next move, and he thought, Hell, is this the way to a governorship? "Uh, pride goes before destruction," he said loudly, "and a haughty, uh . . . a haughty . . ."

"Spirit," whispered the crowd.

"Thank you. And a haughty spirit before a fall. It is better to be of lowly spirit with the poor than to divide the . . . the spoil with the proud. Proverbs."

"Amen," said the wrestlers, a trifle coldly.

The Orator hesitated, groping for some method of holding the initiative, when a powerful, impatient voice in the crowd yelled, "Settle it! Settle it in the spring!" Others took it up. "Yes, the spring. Settle it in the spring!"

The Orator started, sounds and colors of his childhood returning hazily. "Now, steady on," he protested. "Let's be civilized about this."

"Who's civilized?" someone shot back, and the crowd looked self-conscious.

"O.K.," the Orator said. "O.K., if that's what you want." He glanced at the Princess Avanoa, who nodded.

Released, the islanders streamed noisily up from the beach toward the plantation spring, the wrestlers leading the way. Henry Vaitafe touched the Orator's arm and handed him a sulu. "You can change in the plantation," he said.

"We seem to be reverting to the Dark Ages," said the Orator bitterly.

"Yes," said Henry Vaitafe, with a trace of a smile.

THE Orator stepped out of the trees, self-consciously tucking the scrap of colored cotton about his hips. Then the Princess emerged from behind the wall formed by her wrestlers; she wore a sky-blue sulu decorated with

"Nice guys finish last."

• •

an airplane motif, and she was naked from the waist up. Her hair, loosened, flowed down across her chunky, copper shoulders, and the Focke-Wulf about her buttocks undulated as she walked. The Orator joined her, and they proceeded side by side through the palms to the edge of the spring, the islanders silently forming rows along the banks.

A huge turtle was squatting on a mudbank at the far end of the murky, warm-water pool that irrigated the young trees. Henry Vaitafe handed each contestant a pomegranate, and they climbed down the sloping sides, the Princess Avanoa stepping gravely and with the utmost care, as though afraid of tipping up the planet. They halted when they were waist-deep; from the bank came the murmur of voices, the chink of coins as bets were laid. Hereward, the island's senior heathen, jabbed the dozing turtle with a stick. It raised its shrunken, myopic head, then shuffled forward into the water. The Orator reflected that there had never been any real empathy between himself and this grim, crusted creature, which had inhabited the spring for the better part of a century. Like the apes of Gibraltar, it subsisted on state aid and was the subject of certain superstitions. The elders claimed that when it died the people would lose their innocence (on hot nights, periodic attempts were made to kill it). The islanders regarded it as a public monument; at dusk they strolled to the spring to gossip and toss it mangoes. It had once been traditional to bring all disputes involving property, reputations, and various aspects of the law of tort to the turtle for settlement. The brute was reputed to possess a remarkably sophisticated sense of right and wrong; the last person it had savaged had been the sad-eyed Lieutenant Nishida, whose platoon captured Tofua in 1943, as he stood bathing his feet after a patrol.

Now the turtle floated lazily between the two supplicants. It paddled vaguely in a circle between them, its shell leaving a small, muddy wash. They stood stock-still, as convention demanded, their pomegranates held stiffly before them. The turtle gave the Orator a cool, reptilian glare, swung casually toward the Princess Avanoa, and, after a small hesitation, grabbed her fruit and dived. She released her breath noisily, emitted a wild whoop, and turned to acknowledge the cheers. The Orator swore. The people threw scraps of food, and as the reptile heeled eagerly by, presenting its white underbelly, the Orator kicked out hard and had the satisfaction of hearing it grunt.

The Princess Avanoa clambered out and clasped her hands above her head in the traditional winner's gesture. The crowd roared. The matriarch, a candy-striped towel thrown across her shoulders, addressed her wrestlers. "Tomorrow you will start diving," she said. "Oak is oak, even when waterlogged, and with it I shall extend my gymnasium to accommodate karate and unarmed combat. This is a major victory for sport, my people—a triumph for sweat and virility!" The islanders applauded, and the fighters—heavyweights to the fore, bantamweights at the rear—fell into step behind the Princess and moved off grinning toward the bamboo palace.

"Bad luck," said Henry Vaitafe to the Orator.

"She's a bloody-minded old autocrat," said the Orator, watching the crowd disperse. "I ought to haul her into court."

Henry Vaitafe stared at him, shocked. "Oh, come," he said.

"And all this whoopee stuff from the people," complained the Orator. "All these hosannas. You're not going to tell me anyone here gives a damn about her extended gym. It saddens me, Henry. It was a vote of no-confidence in the government. You see that, don't you?"

"It was nothing of the kind," said Henry.

"Well, then?"

"It's just that she has never borne sons," Henry said gravely.

"Neither have I," said the Orator.

"Well, no," said Henry Vaitafe. "But you don't need compensation. We have never despaired for you."

It was the hottest hour of the afternoon, and the Orator became aware of the stillness; the island seemed struck down by sleep. He smiled suddenly and bowed low to the turtle. "By your leave, Mr. Chairman," he said, and picked up his clothes.

"Where are you going?" asked Henry Vaitafe.

"To lie flat on my back."

"You coming fishing as usual?" asked Henry Vaitafe anxiously. "We're going to the reef with lanterns at dusk."

"Of course," said the Orator. "I'll be there." And he set off up the sun-dappled path to his bungalow.

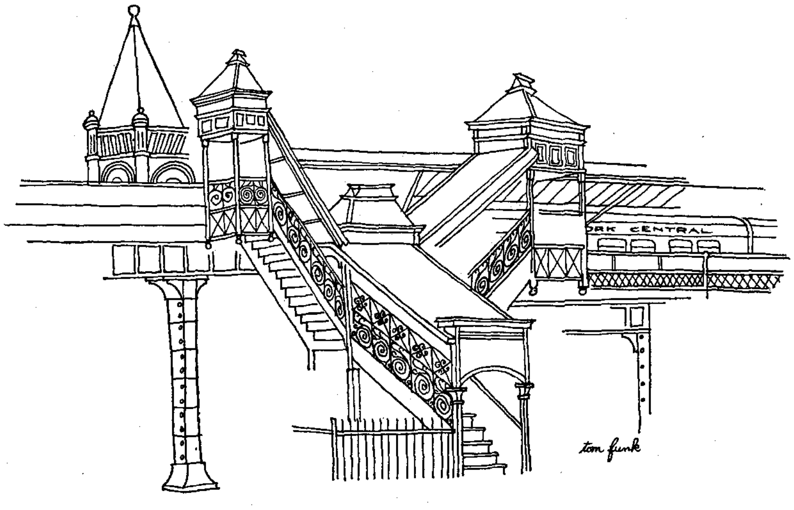
—ALEXANDER FRATER

REFLECTIONS ON VIETNAM

IT must have seemed to the commander who made the choice that Operation White Wing had a faintly lyrical sound, suited to the An Lao Valley, where battle was to be found and fought. Dark-green jungle flows over gentle hills toward flat, still swamps, bursting with rice and separated by the trailing wisps of jungle growth that spring up wherever the hand of man pauses to rest. The river slices south through the center of the valley until, north of Bong Son, it turns east toward the South China Sea. The river was muddy—as it always is at the end of January, when the rains are heavy—perhaps reminding Pfcs. James Ricks and Harry Morse of the upper waters of the Potomac, which divides their native states of Maryland and Virginia. It was about as wide, and there were rapids. But there was nothing at home like the soaking heat that crowded their lungs, or the violent nighttime fury that tore about the bunker where they waited for dawn. The two friends had come with the 18th Infantry to help clear An Lao of the thousands of Vietcong guerrillas who made their home in the bountiful valley.

Eleven thousand miles away, where the Potomac broadens, senators and spectators walked into Room 4221 of the New Senate Office Building. William J. Fulbright, Senator from Arkansas, foe of civil rights, almost Secretary of State, Rhodes Scholar and backwoods politician, hero to some and demagogue to others, sat in the center chair behind the raised, arched desk that stretched across the entire front of the rectangular hearing room. The marble margins of the floor touched light wood-panelled walls in an unsuccessful blending of political-traditional and Washington-modern. In front of Senator Fulbright were officials and clerks bent over tables piled with papers and documents—the vital substance of government—while about sixty spectators filled rows of harsh straight chairs behind them. On either side of Fulbright were the other members of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Among them was Senator Bourke Hickenlooper, of Iowa, tough, narrow, conservative, and, on this day, guardian of the political interests of the Republican Party. Senators Frank Church, of Idaho, and Claiborne Pell, of Rhode Island, were clearly marked, in youth and intelligence, as members of the Kennedy generation of Democrats. There was Stuart Symington, of Missouri, disappointed Presidential hopeful, blending absolute integrity with lifelong sympathy for the aims and outlook of the military. Finally, most vocal in opposition was Wayne Morse, cattle breeder, Oregon Republican-turned-Democrat, who had broken all the rules of the "club" and transgressed the tenets of polite political discourse, thus earning the disdain of official Washington, yet still commanding deference as chairman of a powerful Senate subcommittee, and whose stern, shrill, sometimes exasperatingly self-righteous independence had carried further across the country than Washington believed. Most of the nineteen members were there. The subject was that confused and violent conflict which in the last year had become the center of American concern, expectation, and fear—the war in Vietnam.

Over the chairman's head was the Great Seal of the United States, the eagle gripping the olive branch of peace and the arrows of war—a sculptured omen of the day. Facing him, in a large red-padded chair, sat the first witness—Dean Rusk, for five years Secretary of State of the United States, selected after President-elect Kennedy had reluctantly turned away from Fulbright himself, and the principal advocate of a militant pursuit of the war.



At 9:05 A.M. of Friday, January 28th, the Vietnam debate began. Its subject: the history, the wisdom, and the future of American action and policy. Whatever the result, however discussion might alter the course of events, it would not make any difference to James Ricks, of Cortland, Virginia, or Harry Morse, of Pasadena, Maryland. Twenty minutes before, while the first curious arrivals were claiming the scarce seats, a grenade flung anonymously through the jungle-fed night had exploded in their bunker. They were dead—two more of the almost four hundred thousand people, yellow, white, and black, who had been killed in the strangest and most complicated war in American history.

Before the month of debate was over, it had moved from the small hearing room into the television-dominated homes of millions of Americans, had caused one of the most respected executives in television, Fred Friendly, to quit in fury because his superiors at C.B.S. refused to show the most important national discussion of all, and had made national celebrities out of a soft-spoken general-turned-businessman named James Gavin and a career-diplomat-turned-scholar named George Kennan. With the echoes of the final Friday hearing still fading, the debate touched the upper reaches of American politics. On the morning of Saturday, February 19th, Senator Robert Kennedy discussed the possible outlines of a settlement. He was supported by General Maxwell Taylor, Presidential consultant on the war and intellectual leader of the generals, while he was attacked by other officials, some of whom had privately urged the same position they now publicly assaulted. For a moment, a major political skirmish seemed possible, but the President himself refused to attack the Kennedy proposal. He was clearly determined to close no door that might lead to peace and to open no wounds that might further increase domestic division. Then, the debate having run its course in Washington, it moved into the outer arena of national discussion and the inner secret councils of the administration, where it will continue as long as the war itself.

There is something oddly insubstantial about the thousands of pages of hearings, speeches, press conferences, and television interviews—the immense stream of argument, discussion, and decla-

TALK
DONT
TALK

* * *

mation. The pages are filled with rhetoric designed to arouse old emotions rather than stir new thoughts; with grand simplicities and sweeping clichés that ignore and blanket the cruel particulars of conflict; and with history that is neither relevant nor, in many cases, true. Men become advocates rather than analysts, seeking to prove every point and answer every argument, even though they must distort or accuse in order to do so. Some must rewrite the events of the past in order to offer a better defense of their own past acts and judgments. Meanwhile, sensed by all but the scholars is the silent and unseen weight of the American electorate, whose ultimate judgment has never been so unclear in any other time of war, and whose decision will shape the personal futures of those who contest before the gaze of the nation. Each one who speaks is also aware that he speaks across the city to the single man who has the power to gather up all the threads of possibility and belief and weave them into the fabric of decision. Senator Albert Gore said of the President, "We are seeking to reach him by way of the people." Yet each also hoped to reach him by way of the television screen or the morning newspaper.

MUCH of Vietnam is covered with what experts call "three-canopied jungle." Three layers of sombre, unrelieved green block the sun from the earth, which even at noon is often night-dark. The debate that swirls about this jungle country is also triple-layered, and the tangled lines of argument often obscure the light.

Rising above the other debates is the debate over grand strategy, conducted in the fascinating, elusive abstractions of geopolitics: Does America have a vital stake in Asia, and, more specifically, in Vietnam itself?

Next is the debate over the past: What kind of war is it, and how did we become so deeply involved in it?

Closest to the ground of action and decision is the third Vietnam debate: What is our present policy, and what should it be?

In its crudest and simplest form, the first of the three clashes of conviction questions whether the United States would be seriously injured if much of Asia were to be dominated by a hostile power—at this moment in history, by China. For at least a quarter of a century, every American government has believed the answer to be yes. On November 26, 1941, Secretary of State Cordell Hull handed a series of proposed agreements to the Japanese Ambassador in Washington. Japan and the United States would agree that neither would violate "the territorial integrity and sovereignty" of any country in Asia. Both nations would pledge to seek a broad agreement by many powers, including Great Britain, China, and the Netherlands, "to respect the territorial integrity of French Indo-China [including Vietnam]," and, if that integrity was menaced, to consult

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"with a view to taking such measures as may be deemed necessary and advisable to meet such threat." (A similar agreement, by many of the same powers, was to become the central guarantee of the Southeast Asia Collective Defense Treaty fourteen years later.) Japan, however, had already determined upon the conquest of Indo-China, and, eleven days later, attacked the only remaining power both committed and able to bar the way. Since the end of the war that followed, every American President has sent armed force to Asia: Truman in Korea, Eisenhower at Quemoy and Matsu, Kennedy briefly at the Thai-Laotian border and in Vietnam, Johnson in Vietnam. Deeply rooted in modern experience, asserted in two major wars, the American interest in Asia, and now in Indo-China, nevertheless requires evaluation by the light of shifting realities. Although the American stake in Asia is not a new one, is it real?

During several years I spent in Washington—at the State Department and as an assistant to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson—few intellectual tasks were more frustrating than the occasional effort to answer the great, the ultimate questions of foreign policy: Why should we try to contain China? Why should we help the underdeveloped nations? What is the urgency of preventing nuclear spread? Such questions, in fact, are ordinarily raised in argument with critics but rarely in the councils of decision. It is precisely because there is no sure and resistless logic by which such questions can be answered that discussion often dissolves into empty generalities and false scholarship. "Nations must learn to leave their neighbors alone." (Cf. the intervention in the Dominican Republic). We cannot remain "an oasis of wealth in a worldwide sea of misery." (We have always been one and will be one for a very long time.) "The appetite of aggression is never satisfied." (Cf. the independence of the Philippines, Mexico, and Canada.) Such failures of analysis reflect not our own inadequacies so much as what Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., calls "the inscrutability of history." To justify a course of policy in its largest dimension is to predict what will happen if that course is not taken, to prophesy the unknowable turns of history. All that any leader can do is call upon wisdom, judgment, and national principle, a sense of history and a knowledge of present reality, and act on the speculative and intuitive guess that results. This enormous

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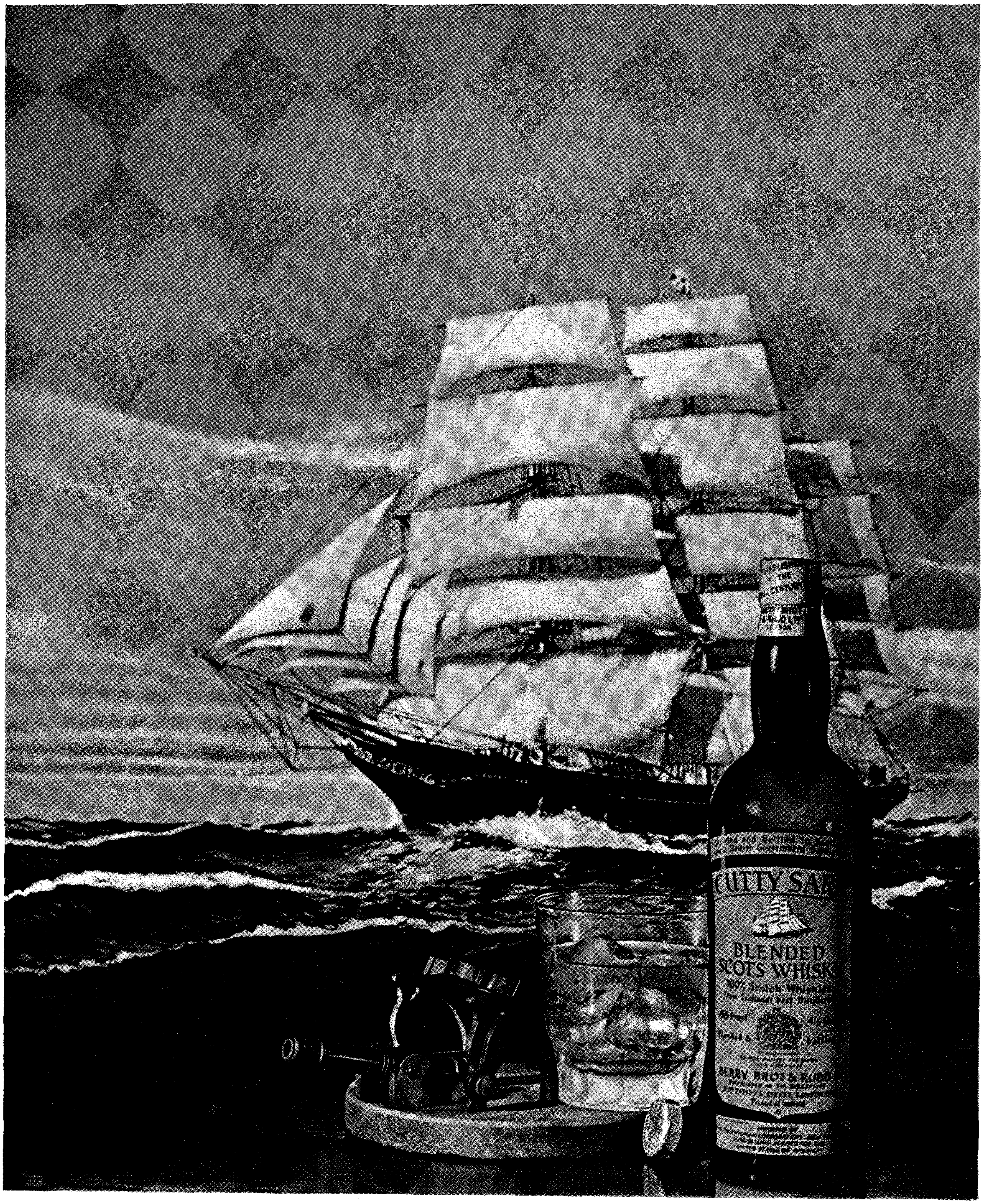
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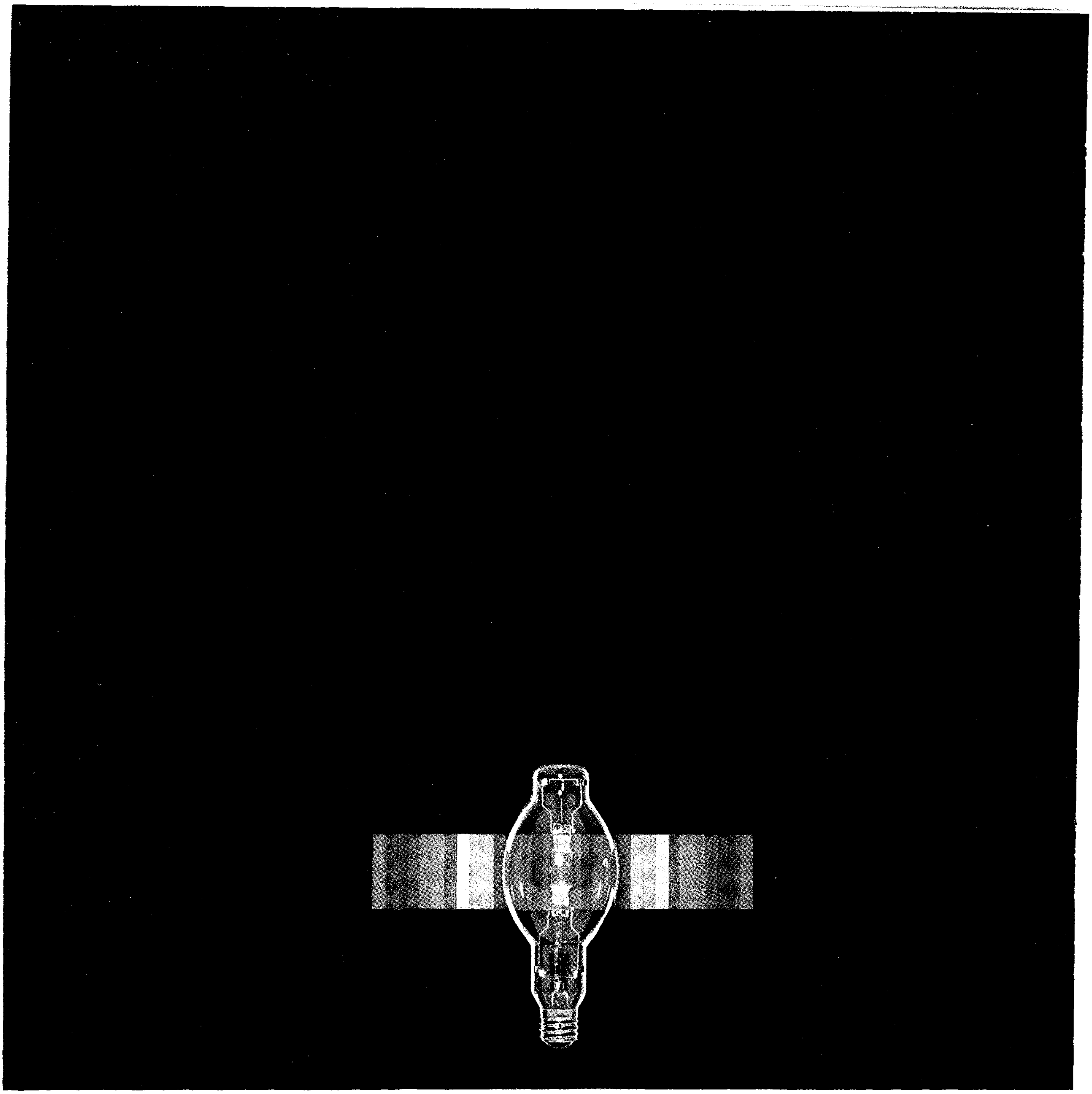

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limitation is reflected in Albert Einstein's famous reply when he was asked why the politicians could not catch up with the creations of science—he said that "politics is much harder than physics"—and in George Kennan's testimony that "the most important thing a government such as ours can have, as it faces the long-term future of international relations, is right principles rather than the gift of prophecy." The huge and inescapable uncertainties of this process impose on any sensible statesman an essential skepticism, from which flow at least two guiding rules for the conduct of international affairs: to decide as little, in places of danger, as present urgencies require, leaving room for change if events contradict judgment, and to take as few risks as action requires, refusing to hazard enormous consequences on speculation. The most frequent flaw in the Vietnam debate, running through the arguments on all sides, is the recurrent claim that the unknowable can be stated with certainty.

Even with this caution, judgment leans heavily toward protecting Asia from dominion or conquest by a hostile power. There is the almost idealistic, compelling conviction that the one nation with the power to prevent it should not stand aside while nations unwillingly submit to foreign domination. To do so would undermine the central world purpose of the United States—the creation of an international order of independent states. Moreover, the impact of a large-scale Chinese expansion would probably radiate across the world, reshaping the politics of the weak and uncertain societies of Africa and Latin America, perhaps further eroding the ties among our Western allies, forcing the Soviet Union toward increased militance in the competition for leadership of the Communist world. More ominous still would be the likely effect on our own society. As the fall of China itself contributed to McCarthyism, a large expansion of China, soon to hold major North American cities hostage to its nuclear power, thus increasing its willingness to risk conflict on the ground, would inevitably feed the dark undercurrent of repression and militarism never wholly absent from American life.

Our vital concern in Asia cannot be denied by allocating that continent to the abstraction of a Chinese "sphere of influence," if by influence we mean domination or the right to direct policies by coercion. Geography is still important, as the Soviet Union learned in Cuba, and as we rediscovered in Hun-

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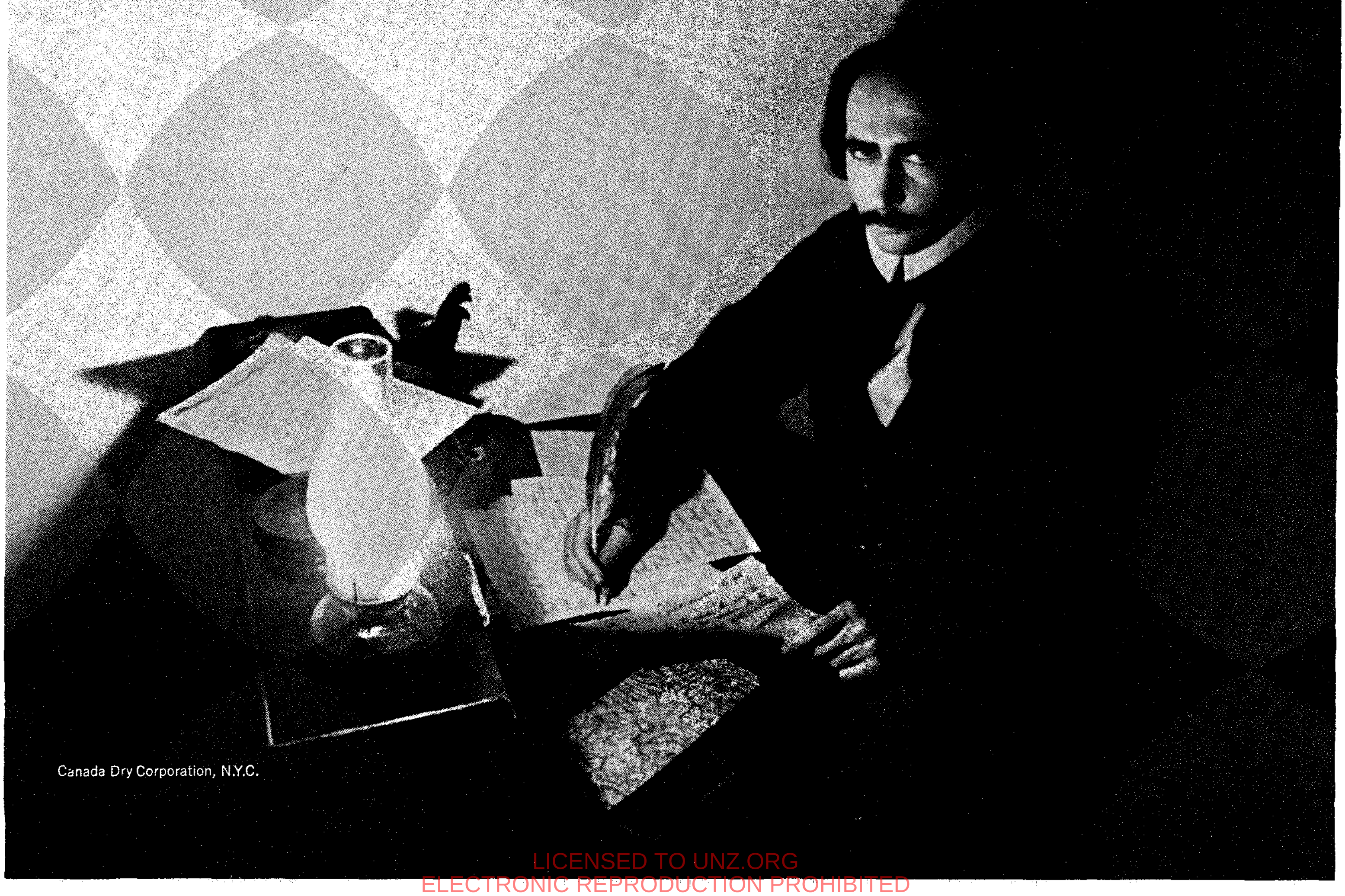

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gary. Yet we are as close to Asia, in terms of swift and effective action, as we were to Europe in the Second World War. We are a Pacific nation, and since the end of the Second World War we have been the only Pacific power of real consequence. Moreover, nations have no natural or God-given right to dominate those close to them. If they had, the border states of Afghanistan and Iran would be under Soviet rule; Cuba would be in the hands of a friendly president or, more likely, an American-trained general; Argentina would never have dared admire and assist the Nazis. The sphere of influence of a great nation extends just as far as its power and ambition go unchecked by its own limitations and by the strength and the interests of others. Its "sphere of influence," as domination, rests on the weakness of those in its path, not on the laws of geography or history. China must always weigh heavily in the calculations of Asian states, but as long as our power stands in the way, there need be no vast and inevitable sphere of influence, although it is hoped that there will one day be fruitful relations of commerce and friendship. Nor can we stand aside in the certainty that, as in Eastern Europe, the spread of Communist influence will be blunted by "polycentrism"—a host of Titos, or even Gomulkas. The underdeveloped societies of Asia lack the structures—the middle class, an educated population, even national traditions—that lend strength to the self-assertions of the countries of Europe. The Asian societies are thin at the top, unstable, and far more vulnerable to control by small well-organized groups assisted from other countries. Nationalist Communism may come to Asia, but the experience of Eastern Europe is no guarantee. We do not know whether China will try to expand, or whether it can. It is hard enough to judge the intentions, ambitions, and capacities of our own leaders. How can we hope to penetrate the thoughts of aging leaders whose experience, culture, and convictions are so remote? This does not mean, however, that we should not be prepared to resist expansion if it comes. Yet, even if we accept this basic judgment, we are not compelled to fight for every inch of Asian soil or hazard war each time Chinese influence begins to grow. We stood by while China crushed Tibet, for we lacked both the resources and any compelling reasons to oppose Chinese armies in such a remote and difficult place. Our government was fully resigned to

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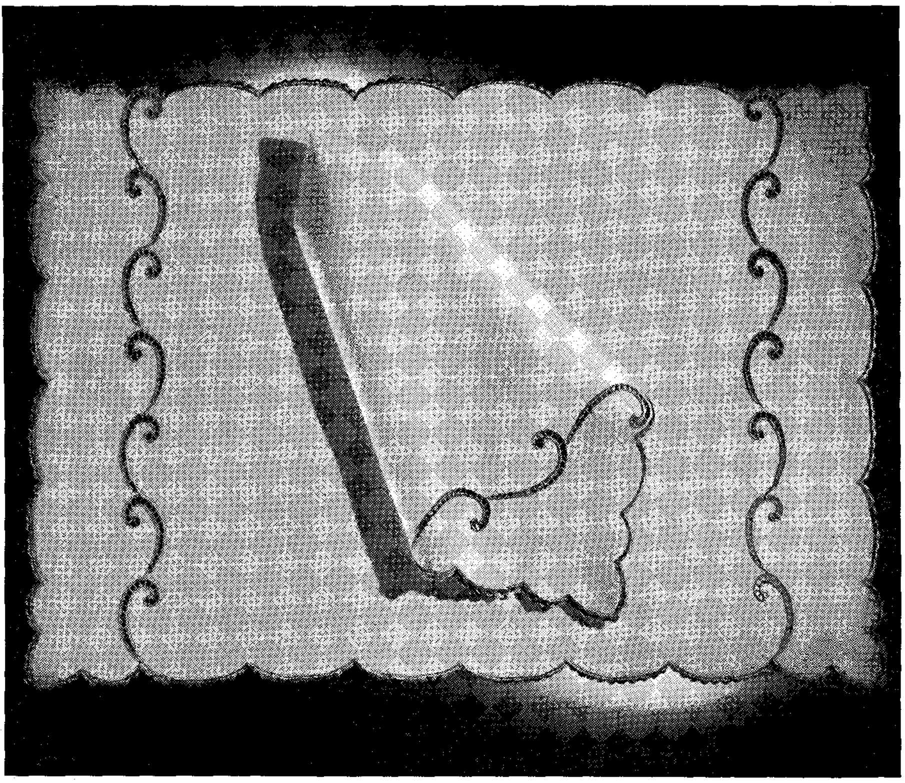

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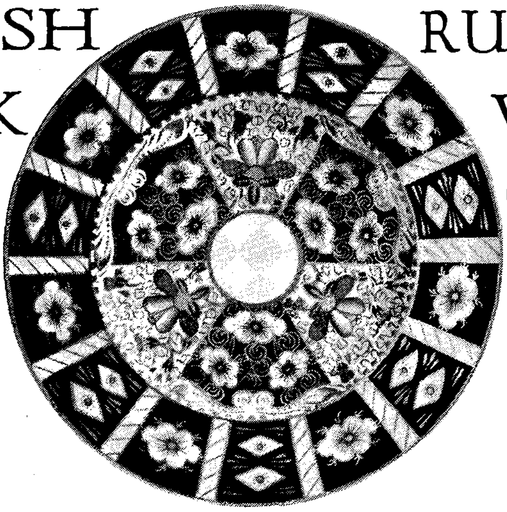

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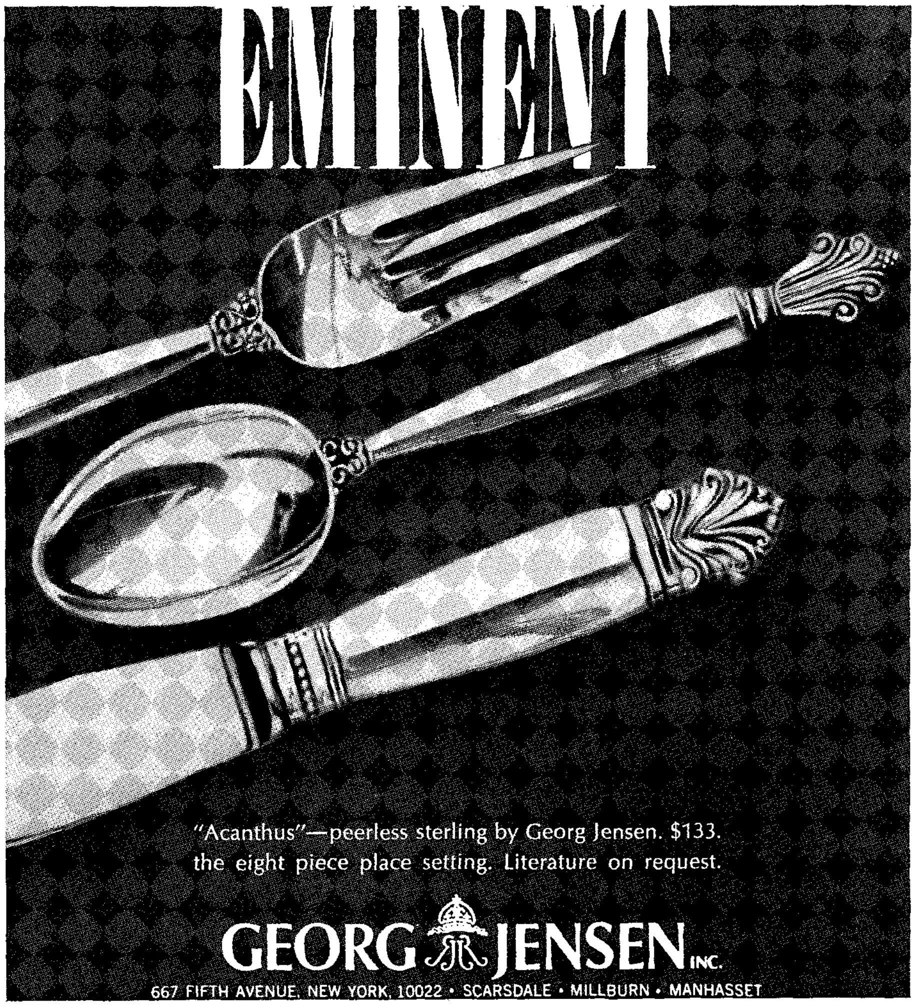

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the potential domination of Indonesia by a Communist Party close to Peking, since armed invasion seemed the only way to prevent it. Nor are American armies likely to rush to the defense of Siberia if Chinese forces move into that vast and tempting area. It is, on the other hand, inconceivable that aggression against India would not be met with—*if necessary*—*the full force* of American power. The question always is where, and under what circumstances, we should commit military force to the protection of Asian nations. Is Vietnam such a place?

Not very many years ago, the answer seemed clear. South Vietnam, a tiny patch of poverty-stricken jungle, populated mostly by simple farmers concerned only with the daily struggle for survival, was not important to our security. President Eisenhower, despite urgent French pleas, refused to intervene in 1954 even if all of Vietnam should fall, declaring himself to be "convinced that the French could not win the war." Had the Communists succeeded in taking over the entire country, as they almost did, no sensible American would now be demanding that we go to war to recapture South Vietnam. It would be another name on the list of half-forgotten lost lands. Today, however, events have overtaken that possibility. American power and wealth are committed to Vietnam on an immense scale. We will soon, in all probability, have half a million men in South Vietnam. Helicopters, air support, and modern firearms give our troops there four or five times the striking power of their Second World War counterparts. We have already dropped the rough equivalent of a ton of bombs for every Vietcong soldier. Our financial assistance since 1954 amounts to over three billion dollars, or more than two hundred dollars for every person in South Vietnam. The records are filled with dozens of statements asserting our determination to use force to halt armed aggression. For the United States, after so overwhelming a commitment, to permit a rapid Communist takeover by withdrawal, or, in the President's words, "under the cloak of a meaningless agreement," would damage the confidence of all Asian nations, and of many other nations, in the willingness and the ability of the United States to protect them against attack. Unpleasant and undesirable as it may be for Americans and Asians both, we are the only power strong enough to offer such protection. On the very day that India and China clashed on their border, representatives

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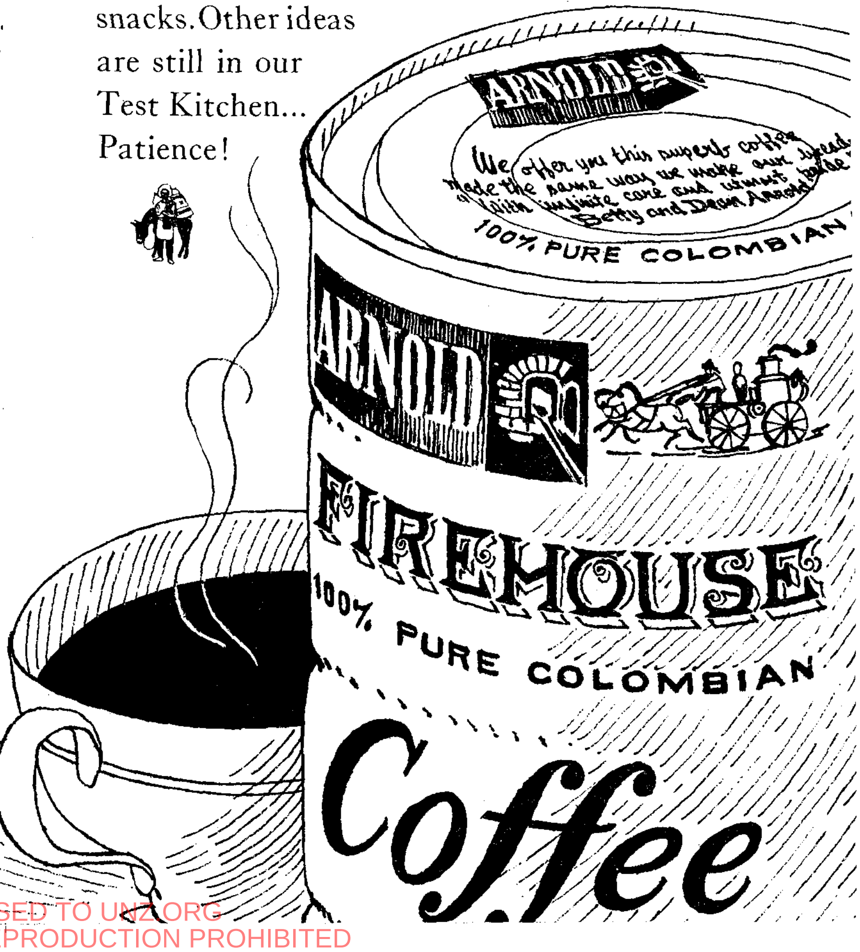
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of India were in Washington to seek assurances of help. They had nowhere else to go. Had we chosen not to intervene in Vietnam, the credibility of our military power would perhaps not be at stake. But those decisions were made. Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia foresaw the way in which increasing American intervention would raise the stakes, telling an interviewer in July, 1965, "It is certain that if the United States provokes a major confrontation in this region—which will inevitably end in [its] humiliating retreat—all the other Asian nations, one after another (beginning with the Allies of the United States), will come to know, if not domination, at least a very strong Communist influence." The battle, therefore, has come to transcend the issue of Vietnam itself, making withdrawal intolerable until we achieve a resolution that does not involve American defeat.

SINCE there exists such a compelling case, resting, as Dean Rusk testified, "upon policy and strategic and geopolitical considerations that are of the utmost importance," it is baffling to find many supporters of the war offering justifications for our presence which have little foundation in history, reason, law, or the course of events. Perhaps it is simply proof of the saying that in war truth is the first casualty. Most startling of all is the recent claim that the United States has a formal and binding commitment to use its armies to defend Vietnam—a commitment resting on the Southeast Asia Treaty, or, alternatively, on Presidential statements over more than a decade. Secretary Rusk himself testified, "It is this fundamental SEATO obligation that has from the outset guided our actions in Vietnam." The language of the treaty itself is imprecise. In case of "armed attack" we agreed only "to meet the common danger in accordance with [our] constitutional processes." No nation is specifically required to go to war, although it is true that a skilled lawyer could interpret the language as a commitment or as an excuse for inaction, depending upon his instructions. The conclusive fact, however, is that neither our fellow-signers, including France and Britain, nor John Foster Dulles, who drew up the treaty, nor any American President has believed or been advised that those words required us to send fighting men to Vietnam. Under close questioning by Senator Hickenlooper, who was eager to refute the slightest insinuation that this was "Ike's war," General Taylor ad-

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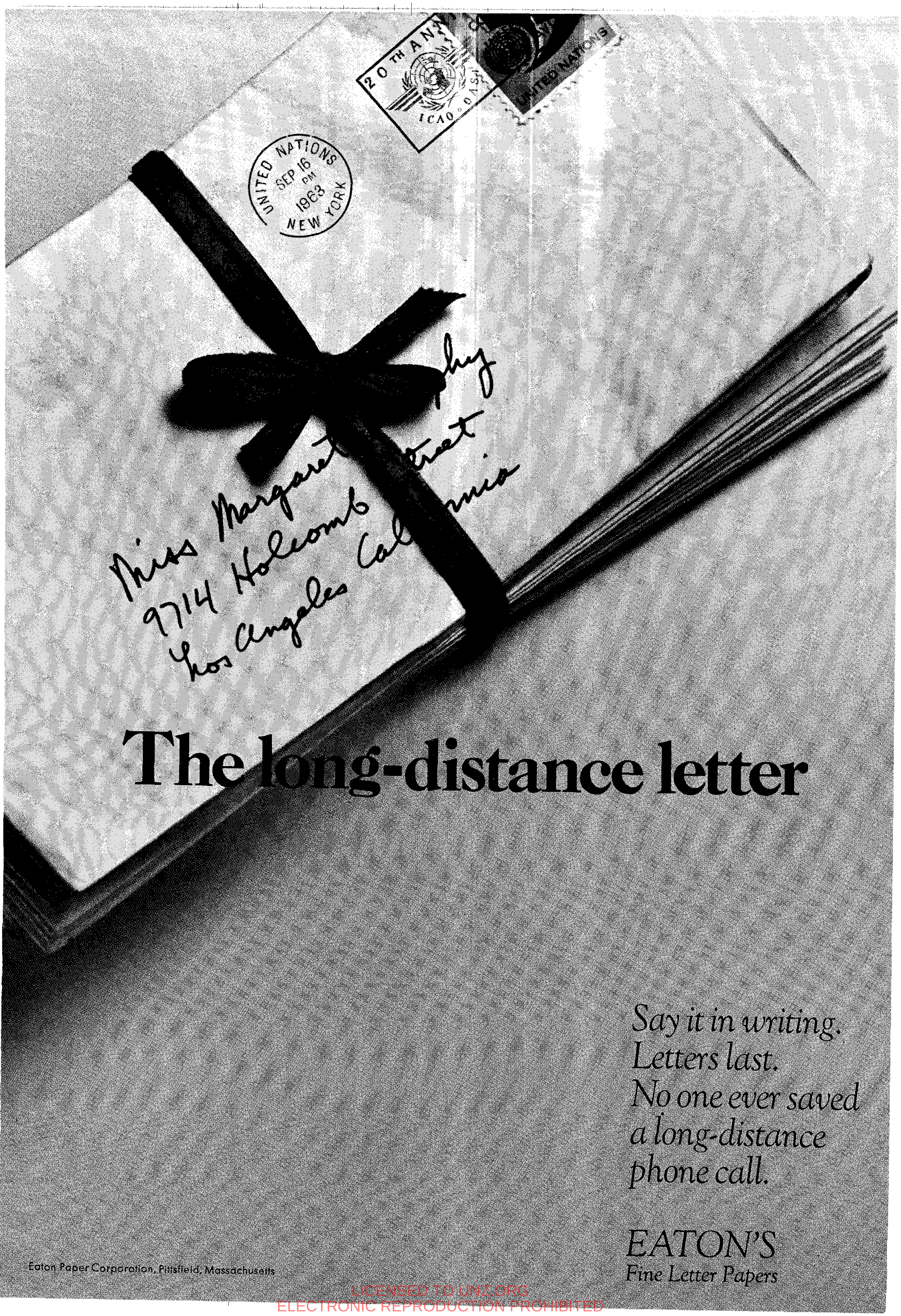
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mitted, "No, sir. Very clearly we made no such commitment. We didn't want such a commitment. This was the last thing we had in mind. . . . Insofar as the use of our combat ground forces are concerned, that [commitment] took place, of course, only in the spring of 1965." One can search the many statements of Presidents and diplomats in vain for any mention of the SEATO Treaty. Time after time, President Johnson set forth the reasons for our presence in Vietnam, but he never spoke of the requirements of the treaty, nor did anyone at the State Department suggest that he should, even though they surely reviewed every draft statement. The treaty argument is, in truth, something a clever advocate conceived a few months ago.

The claim of a SEATO commitment is often buttressed by quotations from the American Presidents concerned—Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson—used to attribute to them the pledge that, in President Kennedy's words, the Communists shall not win "for lack of any support which the United States might render." But for every statement of this kind there is another, such as the one in the Kennedy interview of September, 1963, cautiously warning that "we can help them, we can give them equipment, we can send our men out there as advisers, but they have to win it—the people of Vietnam." President Johnson repeated many times the same careful limitation on American involvement. It is unfortunate that the demands of the modern Presidency require such an enormous, unending flood of words and speeches, inevitably resulting in imprecise and ambiguous language. The meaning rests not on a word-by-word analysis of an old text but on the common assumptions and realities of their setting. No President committed American combat troops to Vietnam before they actually went. No President believed he had made such a commitment. No one ever thought he had. No adviser in the highest councils ever urged action on the basis of the SEATO Treaty or of any other pledge; none, as far as I know, ever mentioned the existence of such a pledge. And, in fact, there was no such commitment. Combat troops were sent because our national interest, in the judgment of our leaders, required their presence, and for no other reason.

Efforts to justify our presence in Vietnam by elevating it to the grand scale of a decisive "testing ground for the war of liberation," of "another Munich," or of the beginning of a fall

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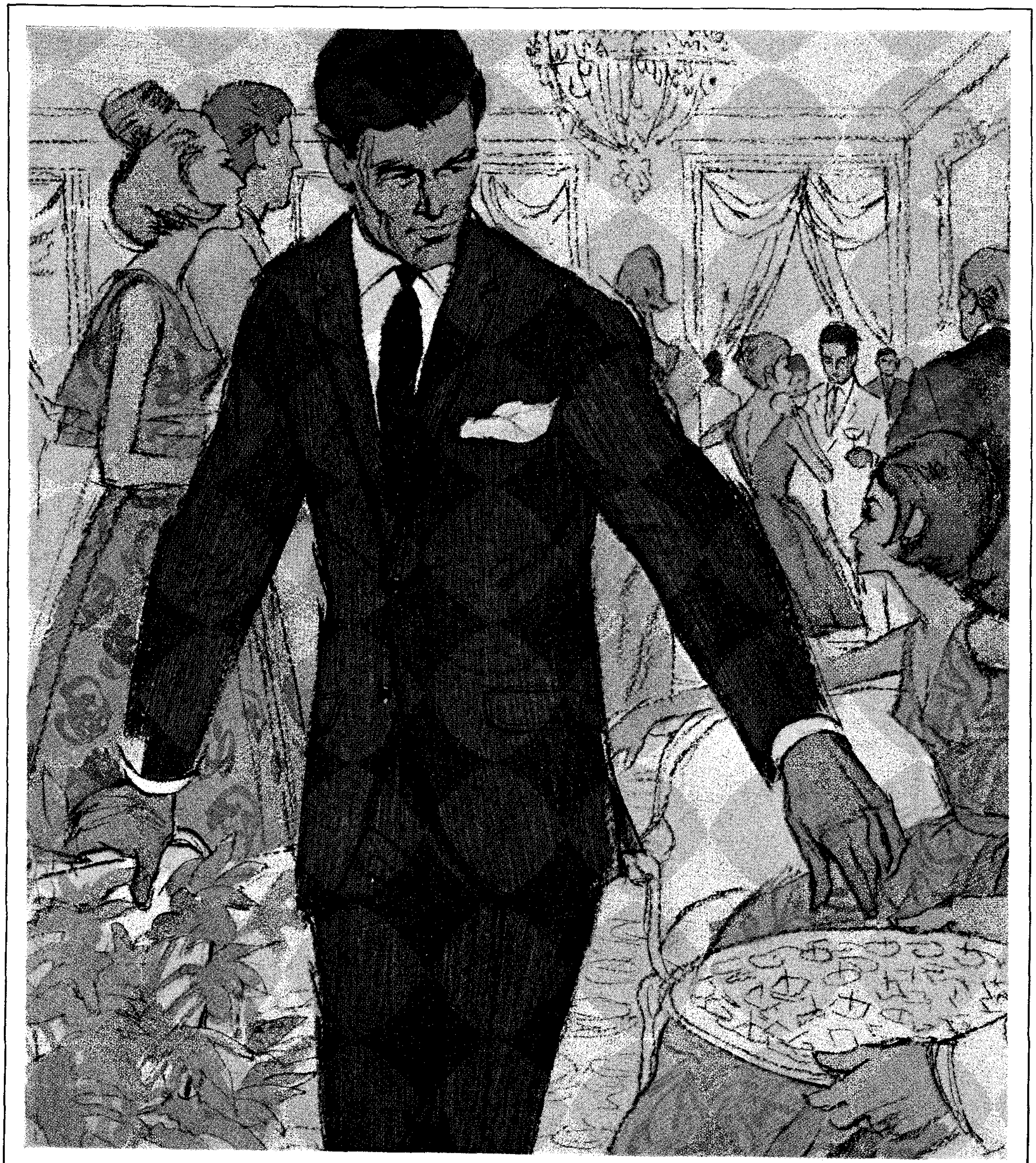

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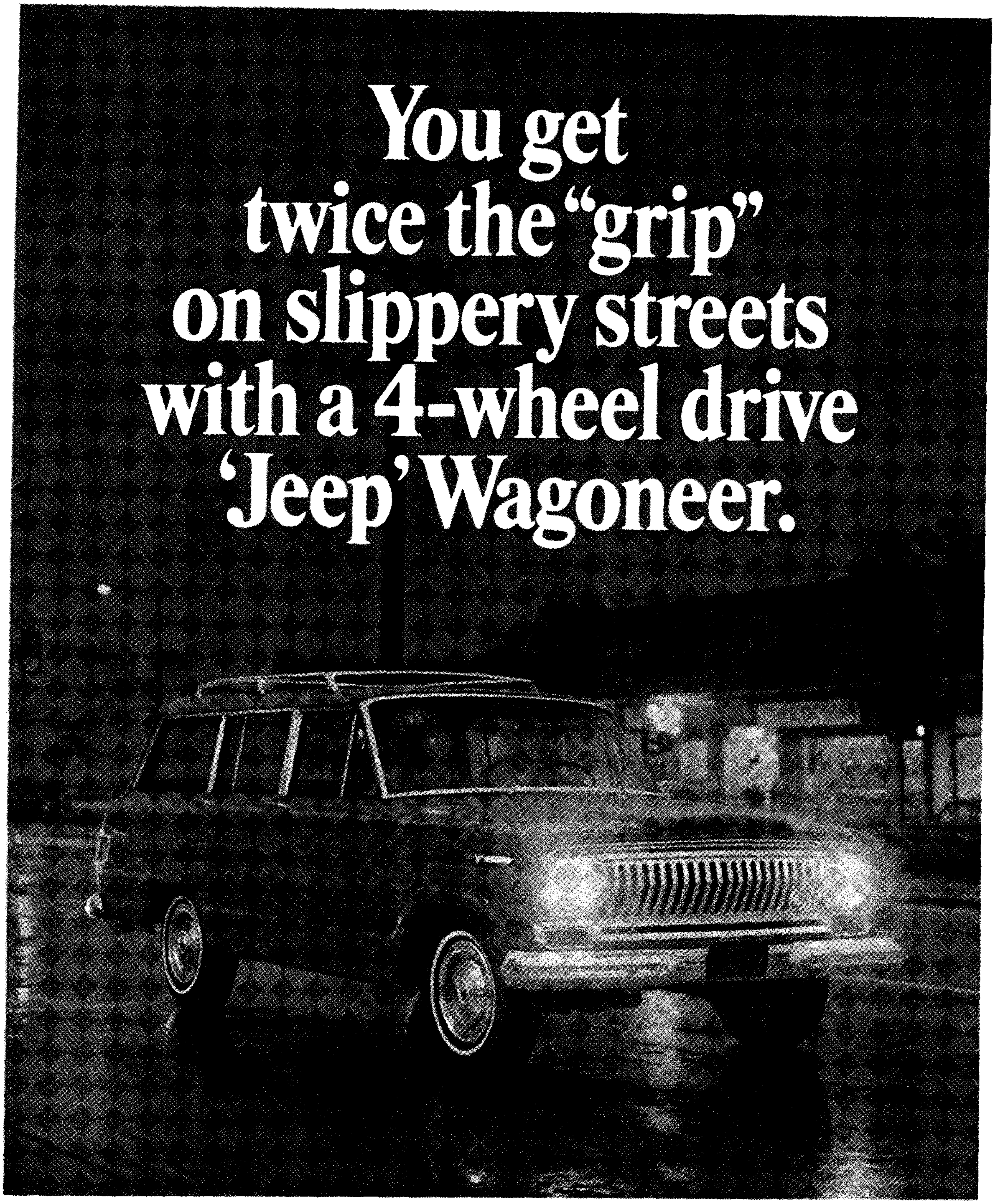

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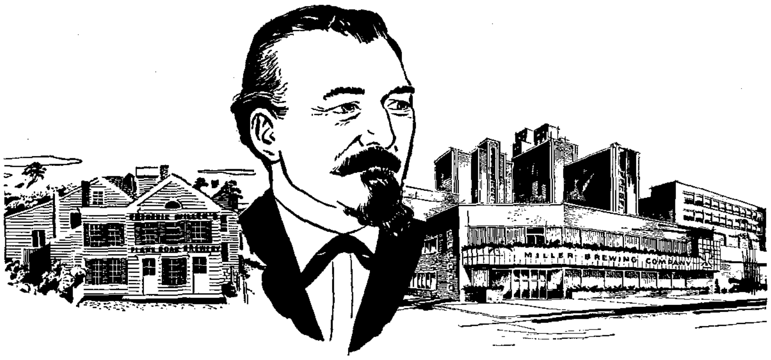
of "dominoes" are equally unnecessary and also defective. In large part, the struggle in Vietnam is indeed a war of internal aggression—what Soviet and Chinese leaders call a "war of liberation." It certainly is not the decisive one. Win or lose, we will face similar challenges, just as our success in Greece and Turkey was followed, much later, by Soviet intervention in Cuba. Invasion in Korea was halted, and Quemoy and Matsu were bombarded. Firmness in the Formosa Strait did not halt efforts at subversion in places as remote as the Congo and the Central African Republic. Fighting in Malaya and the Philippines and on the Indian border came to an end, but fighting continues in Vietnam. This war is another episode—a particularly dangerous and bloody one—in a long, continuing conflict. General Taylor has already informed us that "they are beginning in Thailand." Nor is this the Asian equivalent of the decision at Munich. There the Allies yielded to a nation with a timetable for the armed conquest of Europe. Moreover, it is unlikely in the extreme that a firm stand at Munich would have long halted a madman armed with the best military machine in Europe. It might have changed the terms and timing of war but not war itself. Had the time the Allies bought been used to prepare, Munich might be now considered an act of statesmanship. Our refusal to yield in Vietnam stands on its own merits, not on those of a distant and indistinct analogy. Nor would the simple fact of Communist rule set a row of dominoes falling. In 1949, the biggest domino of all, China, fell, and others did not follow. It is the fact of American defeat, the demonstration of American futility, rather than the presence of a Communist government in Vietnam, that would shake uncertain governments in Asia.

The American war in Vietnam flows not from formal commitment or historical theory but from the history of this cruel and confused conflict. The effort to rewrite that history only bewilders the supporters and strengthens the opponents of government policy in Vietnam, carrying the debate into irrelevant dead ends of discussion and contradiction.

The Vietnamese war is twenty years old. It began while Chiang Kai-shek still ruled China and the French owned Indo-China. On September 2, 1945, Ho Chi Minh issued the Vietnamese Declaration of Independence: "All men are created equal. They are endowed by their Creator with certain



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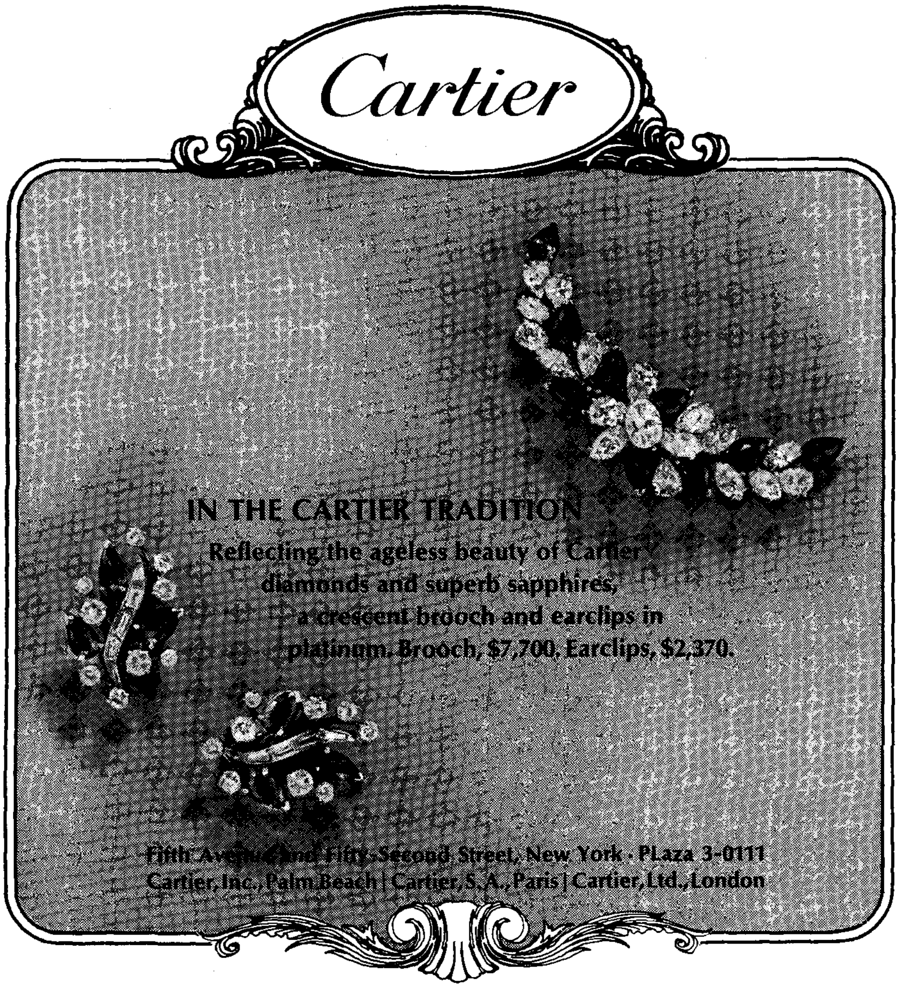
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unalienable rights, and among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." On the evening of December 19th, of the next year, city streets all over Vietnam were instantly cloaked in night by a coördinated attack on power stations across the country. The war had begun. It was first ignored, then shared, by the United States, which gave more than a billion dollars of aid to the beleaguered French. Early in 1954, John Foster Dulles announced that the new French military policy was designed to "break the organized body of Communist aggression by the end of the 1955 fighting season." But in May, 1954, before that fighting season came, the great powers assembled at Geneva to work out the terms of a French defeat. The Geneva Conference granted Vietnam independence, prohibited it from forming military alliances or accommodating foreign bases, guaranteed it democratic freedoms, and divided the country into North and South until national elections could be held in 1956, making it clear that the partition was "provisional" and "should not in any way be interpreted as constituting a political or territorial boundary."

At this point, accounts and histories, claims and charges trail off into uncertainty and illusion. The course and nature of the "second" Vietnamese war are cloaked in ignorance, obscured by the diverging views of historians, buried in the archives of Hanoi, Peking, the State Department, and the Quai d'Orsay, interred with the bodies of Diem and his brother.

We do know, however, that the new, semi-official narrative of straightforward Communist duplicity and aggression does not tell the whole story. According to Secretary Rusk, the Communists violated the Geneva agreement at the very beginning by leaving a hard core of agents in the South. Yet the International Control Commission, including friendly and responsive Canada, found in 1955 that "the provisions of . . . a military or semi-military nature have on the whole been carried out." It is true that some agents were left. Most of the five thousand guerrillas still to be found in South Vietnam were South Vietnamese who had gone home, as they were entitled to do. Then, we are told, during the next five years Hanoi "developed a secret political-military organization in the South," conducted a campaign of terror and assassination, and, like a "typical police state," refused to let the national elections scheduled for 1956 be held. This refusal is surely the greatest political

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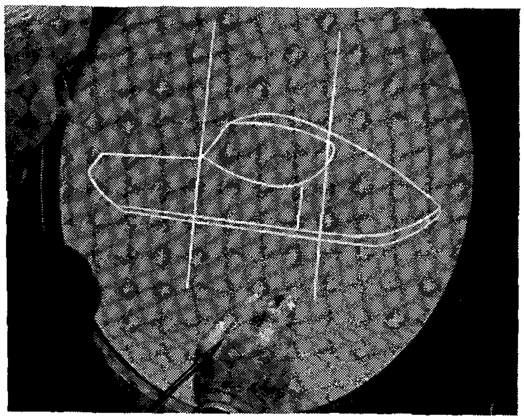

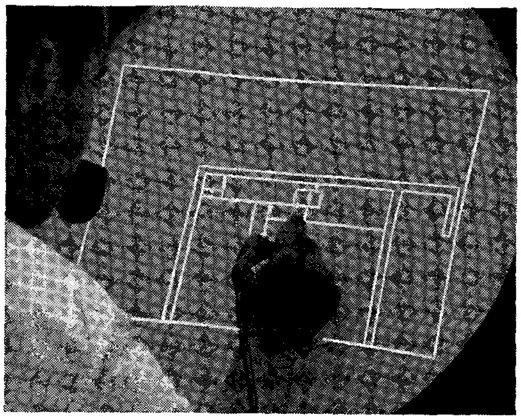

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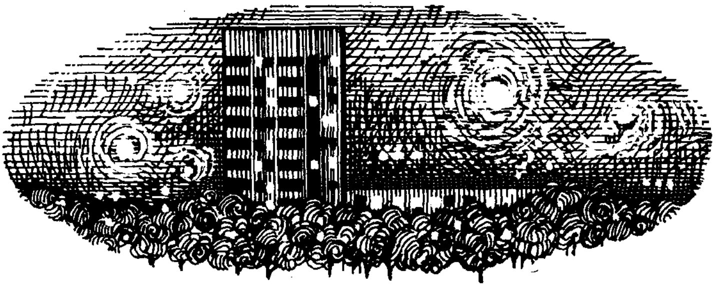

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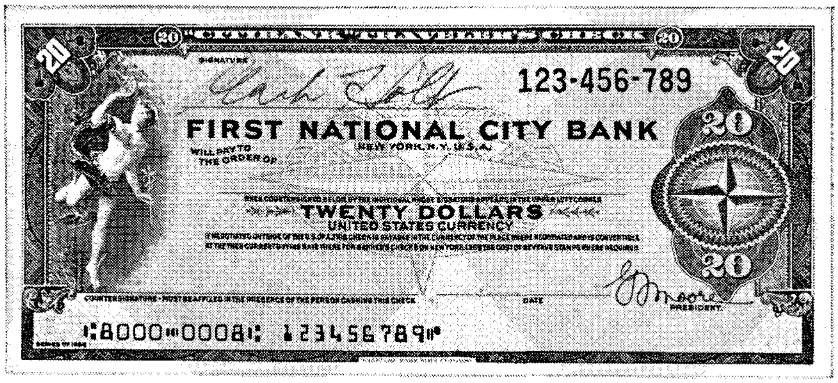
self-denial in history, since President Eisenhower has estimated that "possibly eighty per cent of the population [of all Vietnam] would have voted for the Communist Ho Chi Minh." In the late fifties, the new narrative goes on, North Vietnam began to infiltrate the South with "disciplined adherents whom the Party [had] ordered North at the time of the settlement," and directed them to "form cadres around which guerrilla units could be built." Finally, in 1960, Hanoi created the National Liberation Front, to serve as a "political façade" for the conquest of a people enjoying "substantial progress" under Diem. Infiltration increased. The Army of North Vietnam joined the battle. And here we are.

The whole of this careful structure, faintly reminiscent of an entry in the Soviet Encyclopedia concerning the American contribution to the Second World War, is designed to prove that the struggle in Vietnam is solely "a systematic aggression by Hanoi against the people of South Vietnam." Some of this account is accurate and some of it is distorted. More often events are described with a certainty and simplicity that do not exist. On February 3rd, Vice-President Hubert Humphrey was more candid about the complexities, telling a New York audience, "Some of these revolutionaries are from the South. Some are from the North. Some are irregulars. Some are regular North Vietnamese soldiers. Some of their supply and direction comes from the South. Some of it comes from Hanoi. Some of it comes from Peking." The President said, more compactly, "Some of the people of South Vietnam are participating in attack on their own government." The reality is that there is aggression and there is also civil war. Some of the revolutionaries are Communists and some are not. Some wish to associate with China and others are passionate nationalists.

From 1954 until 1956, North Vietnam for the most part bided its time, expecting that South Vietnam would soon be under its control. When the time came for the elections required by the treaty, President Diem, with encouragement from the United States, refused to hold them—because he rightly feared defeat—and began a rigorously severe repression against his political enemies, including the small number of Communists who, along with other dissidents, were seeking a foothold in the countryside. Spurred by this repression, by the desire to overthrow Diem, by the failure to hold elections, and by a small but growing amount of help from the North, the



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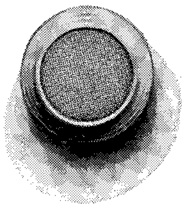

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revolutionaries organized. They began to terrorize the peasants, propagandize the villages, and even carry out a few small measures of reform. Nor did Diem improve relations by creating, in 1958, a Committee for the Liberation of North Vietnam, which parachuted agents into Northern areas of discontent, or by refusing to trade badly needed rice. Finally, in 1960, Hanoi called for a National Liberation Front to lead the growing struggle in the South—an organization whose "nominal leader," according to Vice-President Humphrey, "is not known as a Communist"—which is clearly responsive to Hanoi but whose exact relationship, puppet or partly independent, is certainly unknown and probably mixed.

By 1960, fifteen village chiefs a week were being killed by revolutionaries. Infiltration from the North was on the rise. Today, as the President has said, the support and direction from the North are "the heartbeat of the war." But the war never was, and is not now, only a war of North against South. Secretary McNamara carefully explained in 1964 that even though Northern support and direction are "a critical factor . . . the large indigenous support that the Vietcong receives means that solutions must be as political and economic as military," and he added, "Indeed, there can be no such thing as a purely 'military' solution." This appraisal is strengthened by the Defense Department estimate that of a total of about three hundred and thirty thousand Vietcong, dead and alive, only sixty-three thousand have been infiltrators. More than a quarter million have been recruited from among the people who live in the South. Our enemies are not only ruthless aggressors and assassins but also men like Do Luc, whose diary, found on his body, contains the lines "Leaving temporarily the beloved North to return to my native South to liberate my compatriots from the yoke of misery imposed by My-Diem [U.S. Diem]. . . . Now my life is full of hardship, not enough rice to eat, not enough salt to give a taste to my tongue, not enough clothing to keep myself warm! But in my heart I keep loyal to the Party and to the people. I am proud and happy."

Neither the country nor the President is served by a reduction of the confused and blending tones of history to sharp blacks and whites. President Johnson, with clearer insight, has spoken of "the confused nature of this conflict." It is enough to know, without seeking a consistent and deliberate plot stretching over a dozen years,

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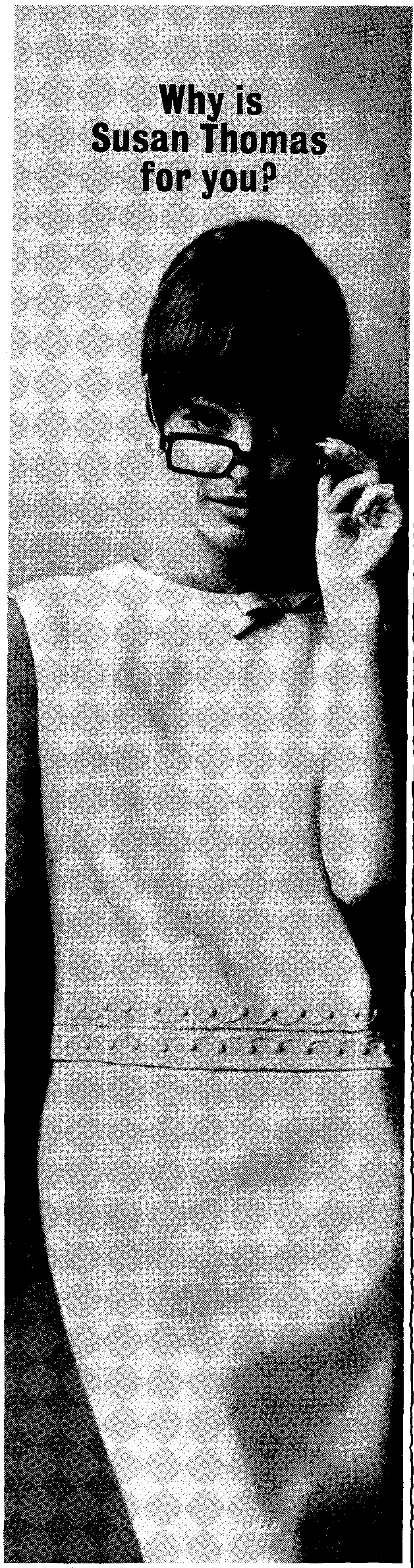

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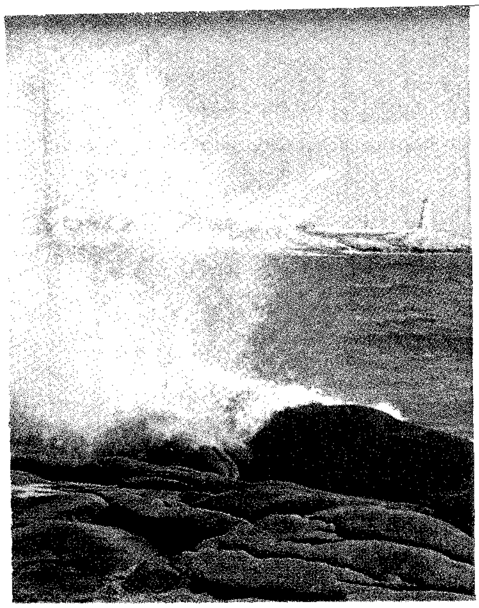
that there is aggression—in Johnson's words, "an attack by one country on another." Yet at the same time there is also civil war, discontent, unfulfilled aspirations, and violent passions among the people of the South. Any effort at a political solution must take shape from that reality as well, if it is to be accepted or if, once accepted, it is to endure.

Just as our immense and dangerous involvement in this confused conflict does not rest on formal commitment or on resistance to "simple aggression," it did not emerge from a clear and consistent policy, based on a clear consciousness, at every step, of the implications, dangers, and possibilities of the future. As in many great national enterprises, each individual decision seemed reasonable, carefully limited, even necessary. We looked cautiously ahead while the door closed slowly, ponderously behind us.

More important than any other single factor was the hopeful expectation, the wish, deeply grounded in the American character, that victory might come easily and with little pain. In 1954, Eisenhower wrote a letter offering to "examine" a program of aid if needed reforms were carried out in South Vietnam. The object was to build a stable country that could stand on its own feet—nothing more than we were doing, and still are doing, in dozens of countries. In 1955, a few soldiers crossed the Pacific to help train the South Vietnamese Army to do a better job of protecting its own country; this training mission was similar to the missions we have in other parts of Asia and in many countries of South America. Nevertheless, the United States slowly began to replace the French as the dominant foreign power in a weak, unstable, menaced land. Next, as terror and attack mounted—though still on a small scale—under President Kennedy, the American military presence began to increase. It consisted of advisers, instructed to train, help, counsel, but not to fight. Late in 1961, we suffered our first military casualty. By the end of that year, there were three thousand American troops in South Vietnam; by the end of the next year, eleven thousand; by the end of 1963, sixteen thousand.

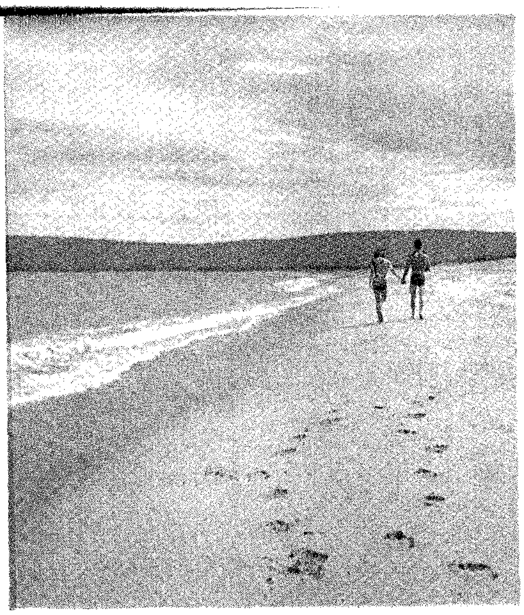
At every step, it seemed to many that the struggle was almost won. Who, in good conscience, and in the interests of the United States, could refuse the small additional help that did not seem to risk major conflict yet might prevent a Communist takeover? In March, 1963, our commander in Vietnam, General Paul Harkins, assured the nation, and the President, that the South Vietnamese armed forces "had all that was required for victory." That October, Secretary of Defense McNamara and General Taylor announced that "the major part of the U.S. military task can be completed by the end of 1965." A month later, General Harkins prophesied, even more glowingly, that "victory is . . . just months away." And in the secret meetings of the National Security Council the reports, estimates, and counsel were still more optimistic and assured, although a few advisers were more skeptical. These were the judgments of men of intelligence and force. Robert McNamara is a most brilliant Secretary of Defense and a principal voice of restraint in the administration; Maxwell Taylor is among the most thoughtful and enlightened of generals. The shifting group around the conference table was one of the most luminous ever assembled in government. Why were the estimates so faulty? In part, of course, they were not. The enemy forces were relatively small. The South Vietnamese Army was growing in power and effectiveness. But the reasonable, even brilliant military calculations masked a whole series of erroneous political assumptions. The crucial variables in the equation of victory were not firepower or troops but the will of the Vietcong to fight, the strength and stability of the South Vietnamese government, the intentions and capacities of North Vietnam. As it turned out, the Vietcong were more determined, and had greater local support, than we thought; the South Vietnamese military was less effective and its government (soon to be tumbled in a flood of popular discontent) weaker than we thought; North Vietnam was more willing to take risks and better equipped to make war. The estimates were reasoned, but they were based on the wrong evidence or on evidence that was far more uncertain than anyone believed. Added to these critical misjudgments were a certain amount of wishful thinking and, more important, the fact that other problems—Cuba and Berlin and the test-ban treaty—were clamoring for attention. Had we more precisely judged what the future might bring, the same decisions might still have been made, but they would have been made with a clearer awareness of onrushing danger.

In 1964, the process continued, assisted and complicated by President Johnson's need to assert his new leadership, map out a program, and prepare for election. We continued to "advise and help," although more of those

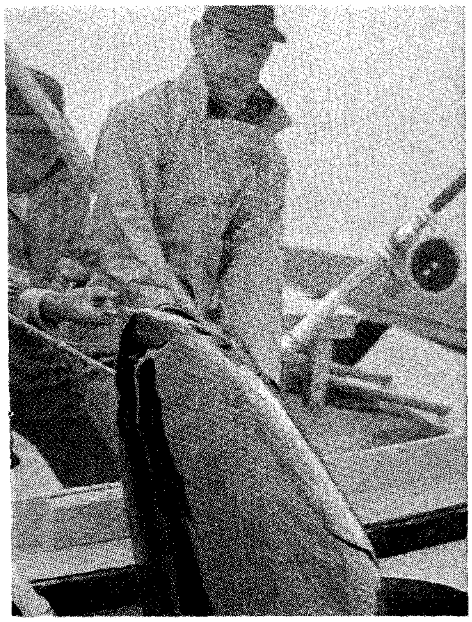


The Province of Nova Scotia is all but surrounded by salt water. Wherever you go, you are never more than 35 miles from the sight and sound of the sea. Nova Scotia's seascapes attract artists, photographers, and beachcombers. Spectators, too.

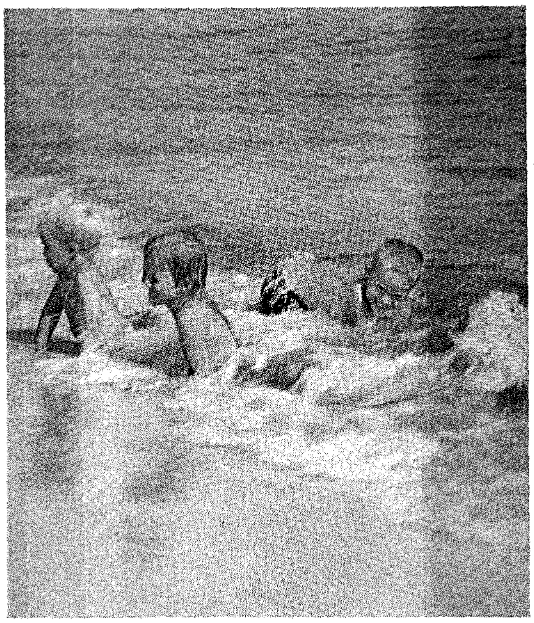
Nova Scotians are a seafaring folk. Most visitors put out to sea sometime during their stay. On a summer's day, you will find the harbours alive with sail. The famous schooner *Bluenose* was built here, and Nova Scotian shipyards continue to build boats and ships of all sizes with traditional skill and craftsmanship.



Not all Nova Scotia beaches are uncrowded, but along 4,600 miles of coastline, in quiet bays and sheltered coves, there are countless strands of sand, and opportunity to spend a day by the sea, by yourselves.



The "World Series" of tuna fishing, the International Tuna Cup Match, is held in Nova Scotia. Salt-water sports fishing is a summer specialty; fully-equipped boats may be chartered for $30 to $75 a day. Fish for tuna, or for swordfish, pollock and mackerel.



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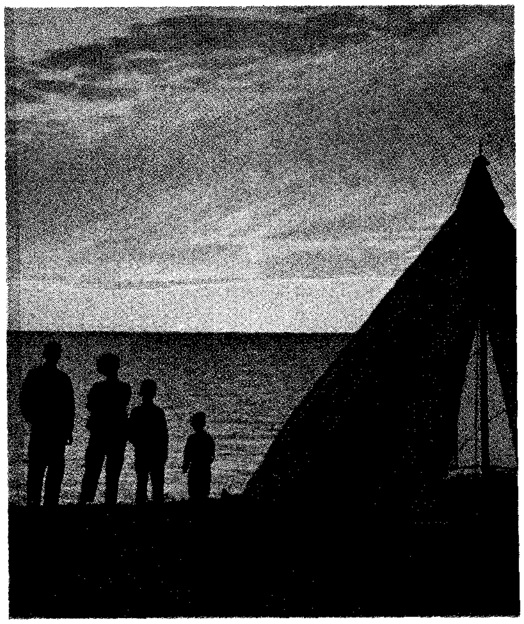

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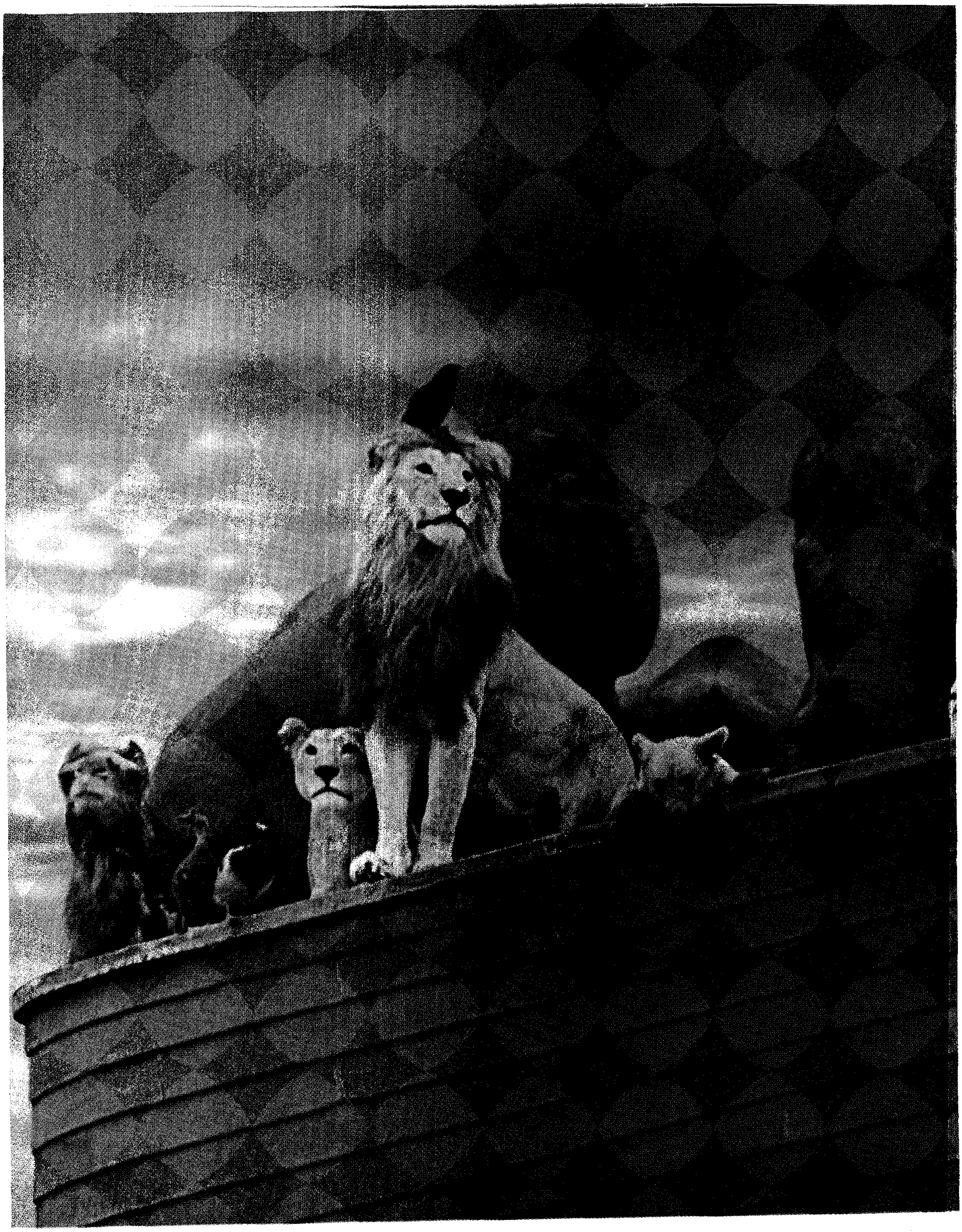

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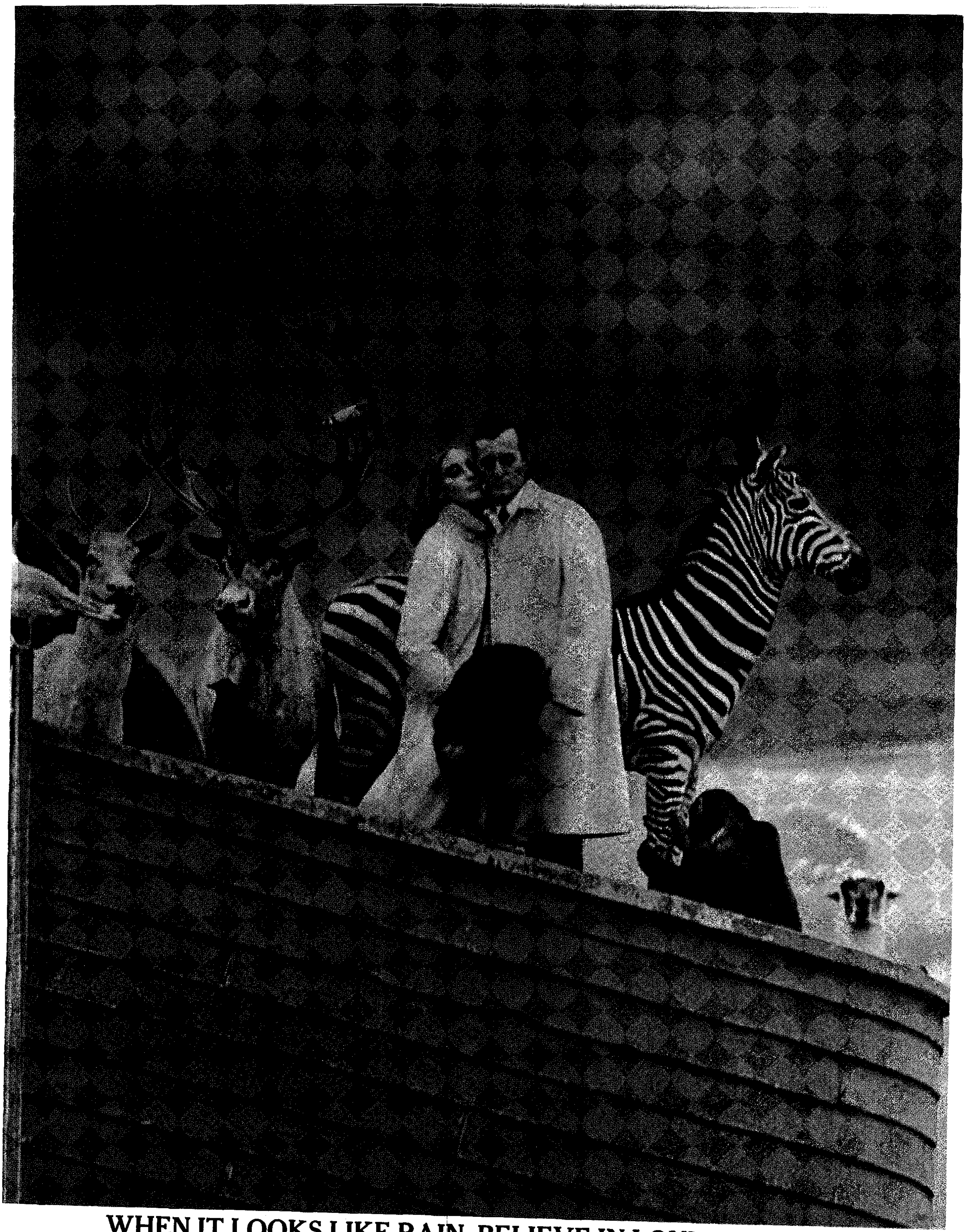

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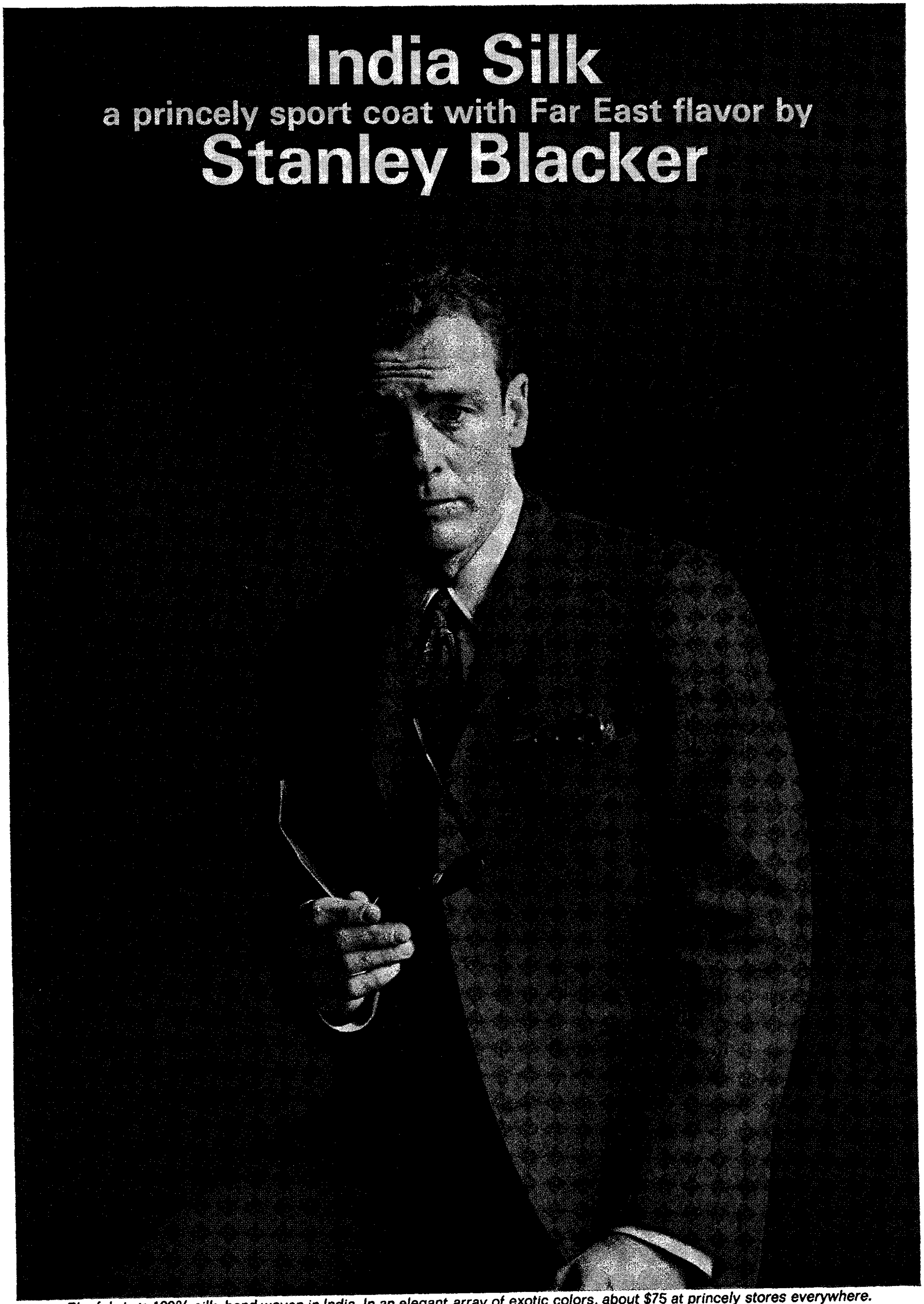
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concerned began to see the dimensions of the approaching crisis. Finally, early in 1965, the President was advised that morale in South Vietnam could be revived only if we bombed military targets in North Vietnam. This would assure Saigon of our determination to stay the course, and perhaps, if we were lucky, would so weaken Hanoi's will to fight that we could avoid the unpleasant, looming need to send in large numbers of combat troops. Thus the most fateful decision of all was made. The war went North. What had been an important but subdued conflict became a major international crisis. In the election of 1964, although Vietnam was occasionally mentioned, not a single complete speech of President Johnson's was devoted to that conflict. (We did not then refer to it as a war.) Opinion polls commissioned by local candidates and the national Democratic Party showed that as few as four or five per cent of the people in many states considered it an issue of major concern; it was ranked distantly behind unemployment, disarmament, and even Cuba. From the day of the bombing, however, Vietnam, rapidly swallowing up all other concerns and dangers, was never to leave the front pages of the world.

By the spring of 1965, it was clear that if American combat troops, in large numbers, did not enter the war, defeat was not only likely but imminent. "Early in 1965 . . . it was widely felt on both sides . . . that it was only a matter of time before the Communists would win, unless something was done about it," McGeorge Bundy said in February. After the most painful discussion, a commitment of combat troops was made, limited only by developing military needs, and Vietnam became an irrevocably American war.

FLOWING from the cruel necessities of the present, informed by awareness of the past, is the third Vietnam debate: the passionate unresolved clash about the future. Thousands of lives are at hazard, and there are rising risks of war with the entire three-hundred-thousand-man Army of North Vietnam, of a titanic conflict with the legions of China, and even, in ultimate—decisive—holocaust, of armed conflict with the Soviet Union.

President Johnson, guided by the information he receives, confined and influenced by advisers, swayed by opinion, coerced by events, directed by national tradition and principle, nevertheless holds the vital decisions in his hands alone. Alarmed at this enormous power, some people have denied its

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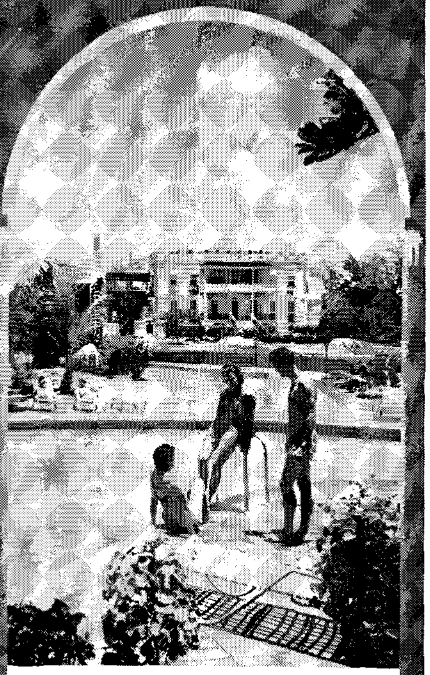

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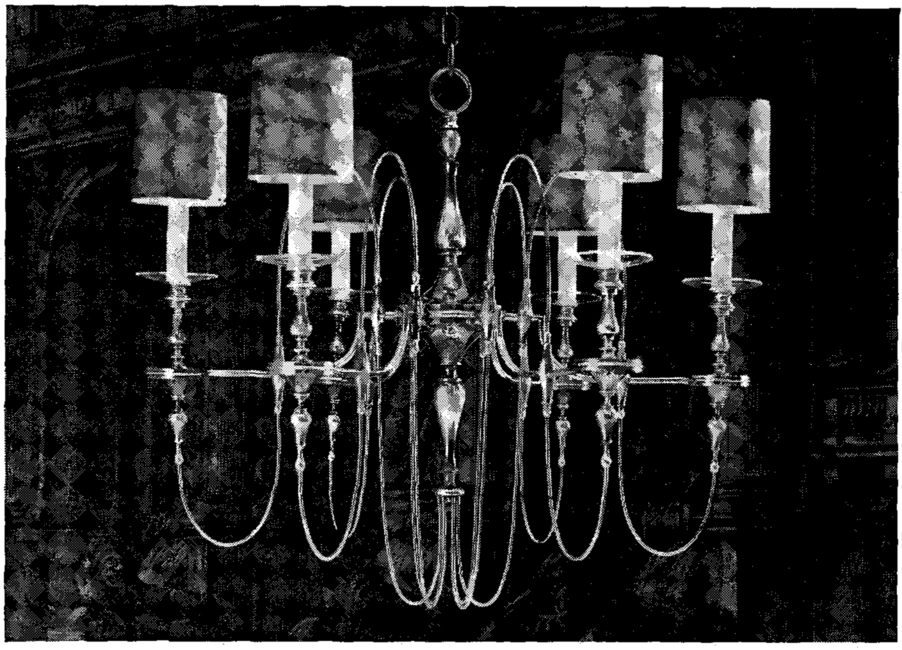

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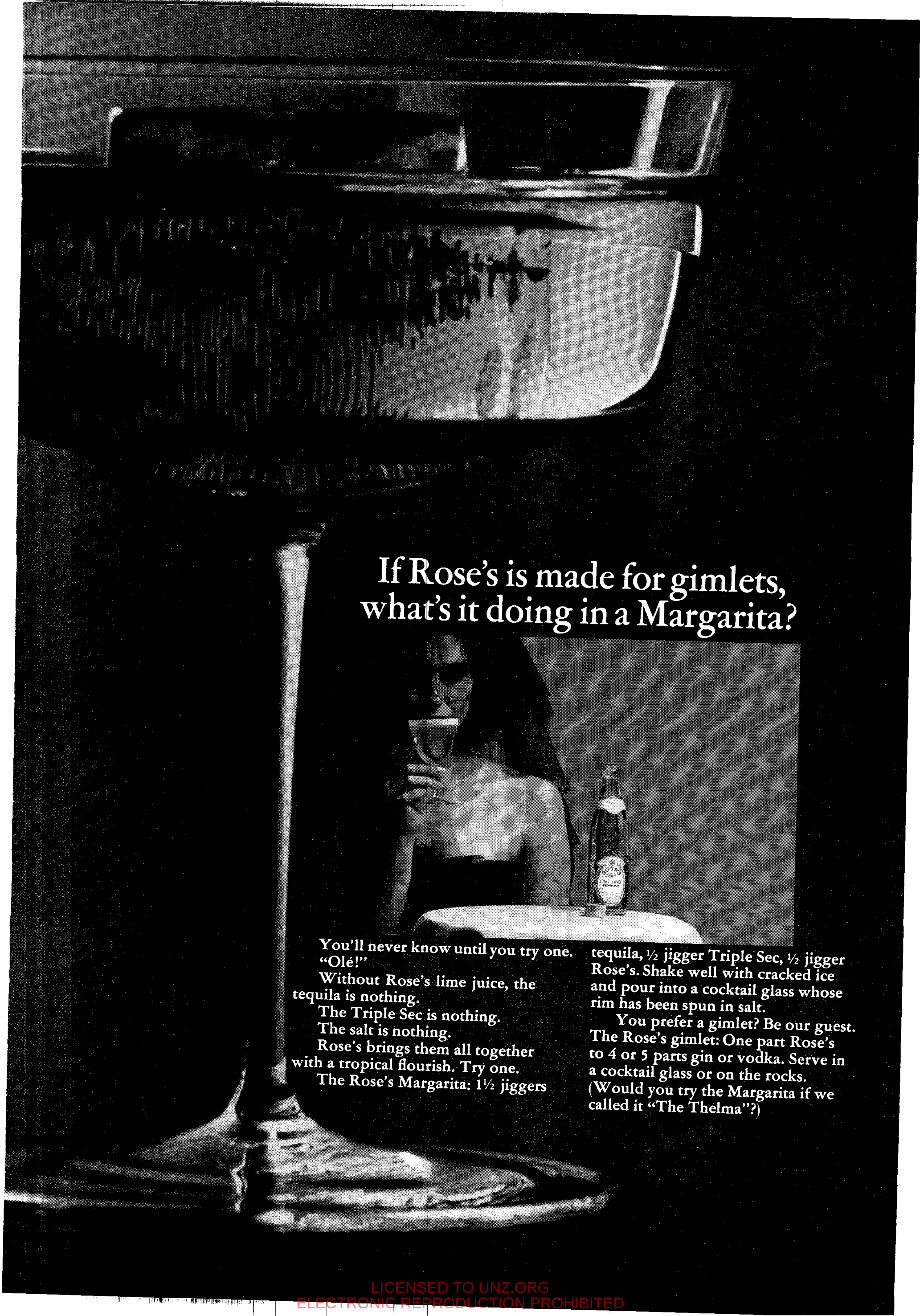
existence. "This President of ours cannot justify under the Constitution sending a single American boy to . . . South Vietnam without a declaration of war," Senator Morse said at the hearings. "We are involved illegally in this war." A President's power to involve the country in armed conflict—argued and indecisively compromised at the Constitutional Convention—has been resolved by history. President Polk knowingly brought on the Mexican War by ordering American troops into an area disputed with Mexico (although war was later declared). In 1861, Lincoln established an armed blockade of Southern ports when Congress was not yet in session. Theodore Roosevelt openly boasted, "I took Panama." Truman sent troops to Korea, and Eisenhower to Lebanon, without asking Congress. Kennedy approved the Bay of Pigs invasion and commanded the armed blockade of Cuba on his own. Today, the congressional power to declare war is little more than a ratification of events and acts already past. Congress can censure Presidential action, or even cripple it by refusing to vote money or troops. But this is not being done, partly because many congressmen support the war, partly because others follow the reasoning attributed by Benjamin Thomas to Representative Abraham Lincoln during the Mexican War—that even though he opposed the war, "whenever supply bills were presented, he, like most other Whigs, voted for them rather than risk popular disfavor." Lincoln himself, his political career seemingly devastated by open opposition to the Mexican War, explained to William Herndon, in terms that might appeal to many men now in Congress, "The Locos are untiring in their efforts to make the impression that all who vote supplies . . . do of necessity approve the President's conduct in the beginning of it; but the Whigs from the beginning made and kept the distinction between the two."

It is not possible to convey the full flavor of a meeting of final resolution conducted by Lyndon Johnson. In the early summer of 1965, following several days of discussion, the President and his advisers—Rusk, McNamara, Bundy, Director of the Central Intelligence Agency William Raborn, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff General Earle Wheeler, Under-Secretary of State George Ball, and several Presidential assistants—met to discuss the decision that he intended to announce the next morning. It was already clear that combat troops would be sent to Vietnam. The question was



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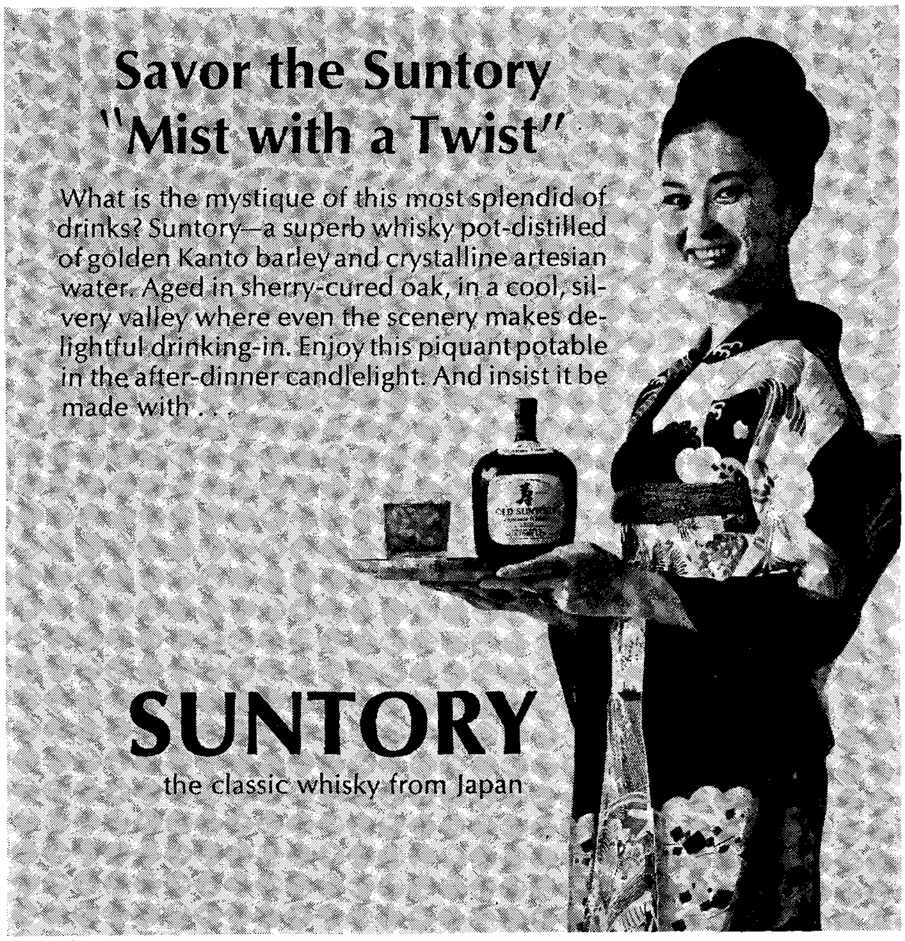

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whether the reserves should be summoned, a *national emergency declared*, and the nation given a serious war warning. Throughout the debate, the President sat slouched and almost unnoticed in his chair, listening, and asking questions. As debate trailed off, he sat upright, the massive physical presence suddenly dominating the table. "Gentlemen," he said, "here are the alternatives." He carefully listed five choices, the last being to commit only the troops then needed, without calling the reserves. His tone left little doubt of his own choice. He then went back over the alternatives, pausing after each one to ask, unsmiling, "Does anyone favor that?" As No. 4, the most drastic, met the same silence as the others, he turned and, staring at the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, rose without putting the fifth, and favored, choice, said "Thank you, gentlemen," and left.

During the night, the President personally inserted in his announcement the most advanced peace proposals we had made—free elections, reunification if this should be voted, a cease-fire, and a clear willingness to hear the Vietcong at the conference table—at one stroke overriding long-held objections. Few incidents better dramatized the painful, consistent Presidential desire to prevent defeat while resisting proposals to enlarge the conflict beyond what the present seemed to demand. The wisdom of such a course can be debated, but I do not doubt Lyndon Johnson's desire to end the war. It is killing Americans and threatening the death of many more. It has already reduced resources for education and housing, for conservation and the war against poverty. It is endangering our prosperity. It is, far more than is yet clear, seriously weakening national support for the Democratic Party and the President himself. The depth of this possible disaffection is hinted at by the recent Gallup poll showing that sixty-seven per cent of the people would favor a congressional candidate who advocated that we "try harder to reach a compromise peace settlement." (Fifteen per cent would oppose such a candidate; eighteen per cent had no opinion.)

But how can the war be ended? On that issue, the public record reveals, there is a real and danger-filled clash—unresolved, barely articulated, and now in process of decision. Few wish either withdrawal or what the President called "mindless escalation," involving an immediate devastation of North Vietnam or an attack on China. These views have no serious prospects, at least

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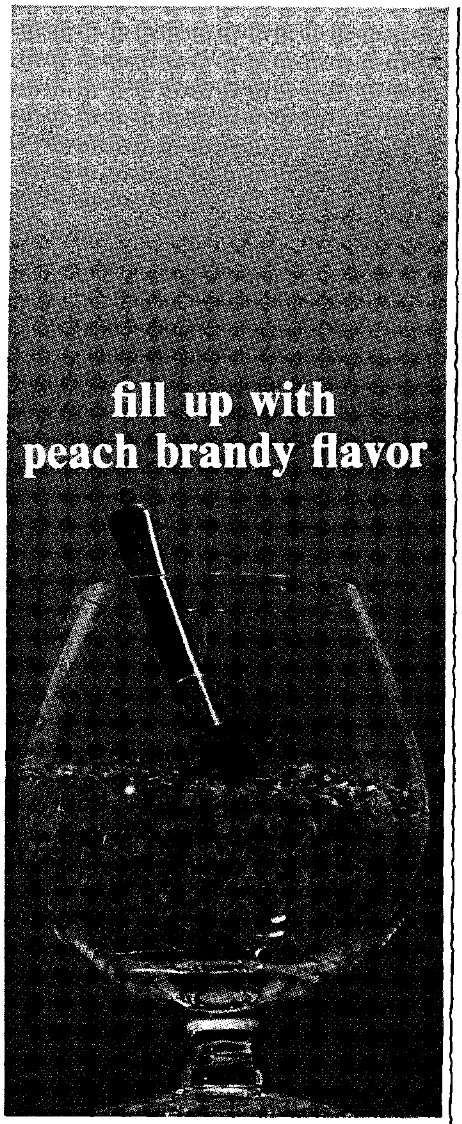

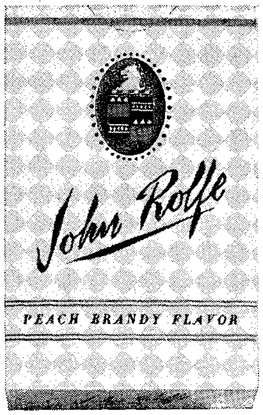

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for the moment. There are, rather, two middle grounds, presenting different risks, and leading in different directions. On one side are those who believe we should fight a carefully limited war, restricted to combat in South Vietnam and pacification of the countryside; that we should refuse to expand, and perhaps even reduce or halt, the bombing of the North; and that we should aggressively seek a compromise political settlement, with the inevitably uncertain risk that the Communists might ultimately win control of the country. On the other side are those who wish to use all the military power needed, in the North as well as in the South, to bring the Vietcong to their knees and break the will of Hanoi to continue the war—who wish to compel the Communists into an unfavorable political settlement or no settlement at all. "I don't think anybody suggests literally exterminating them," General Taylor testified, "but we would like to have them so beaten that they would be glad to come in and accept an amnesty." Our policy today rests precariously on the first alternative—carefully limited conflict, leading to a fair, if risky, compromise. However, the pressures of circumstances and events are urging us imperceptibly toward the second course, exposing us to the steadily enlarging danger of a course that has no logical and certain end except in measureless rivers of blood.

Our future policy in Vietnam must follow two parallel roads—the road of negotiation and the road of combat. Past miscalculation should have humbled us to the awareness that each specific step may have larger consequences than we can foresee. Each should be tested against a single standard: Does it serve or injure the bedrock vital interest of the United States? That interest is to establish that American military power, once committed to defend another nation, cannot be driven from the field. It is not to guarantee South Vietnam forever against the possibility of a Communist takeover.

Hanoi's unwillingness to negotiate is one of the great mysteries of the war. At best, negotiation would give them a favorable result; at worst, negotiation would make it almost impossible for the United States—compelled to show good faith at the conference table—to step up the war. In fact, some of the more militant members of the Washington community have expressed fearful apprehension lest our offer be accepted. The answer to the mystery is buried in the unknown calculations of enemy leaders, the in-

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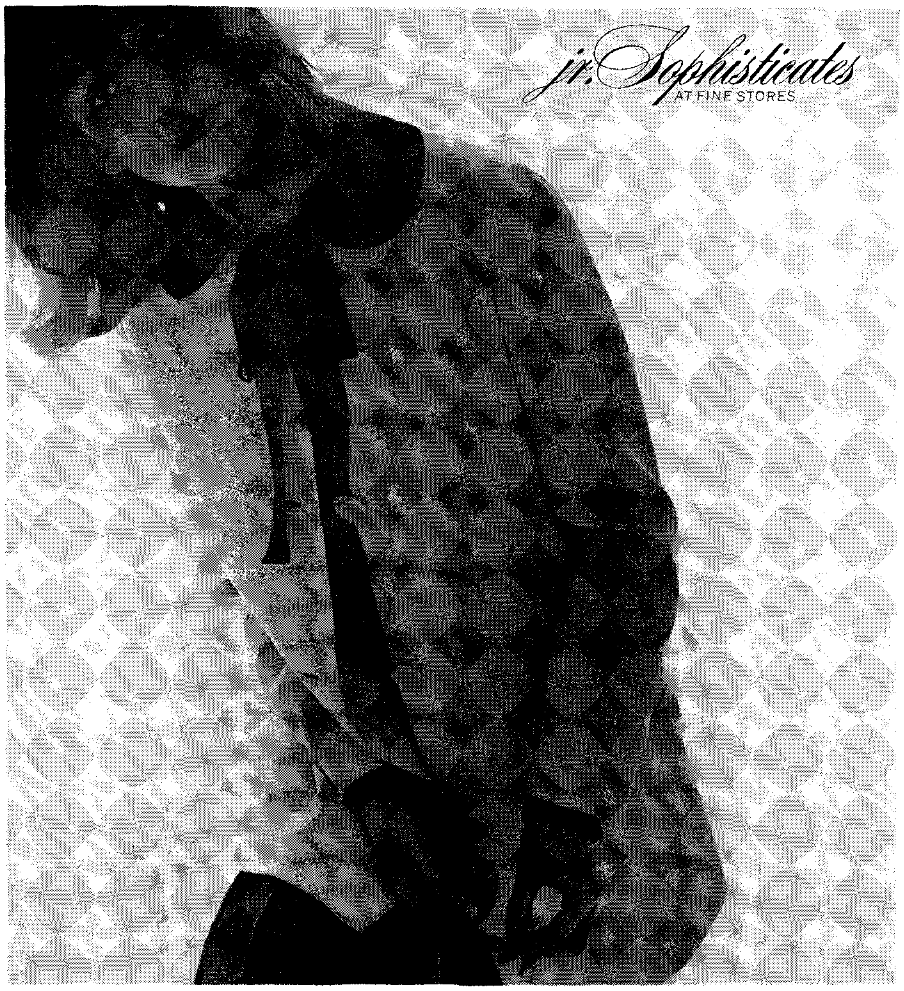
ternal politics of North Vietnam, the obscure relations among the Vietcong, Hanoi, Peking, and Moscow. Certainly North Vietnam can no longer hope for victory, either by force of arms or by the failure of will. Yet perhaps it does, knowing so little about the strange stubbornness, streaked with violence, of the American mind. Recent proofs of instability and division in South Vietnam may add fuel to that hope. Probably the North Vietnamese also suspect that we are asking them to the negotiating table simply to compel their surrender, that nothing we have yet said assures an acceptable compromise, and that if they talk without such assurance it will destroy the morale of the thousands of guerrillas who have undergone years of cruel hardship and danger. Beyond this is Peking, urging, demanding, warning against discussions, establishing its own direct relations with the Vietcong over the head of Hanoi, seemingly delighted to see Americans involved—without cost to China, though not without risk—in a war that helps feed its hope of wresting world Communist leadership from the Soviet Union.

We have had, as we are often reminded, many communications with Hanoi. The critical question, however, is not how many times we have talked but what we have said, not how many notes we have sent but what they have contained. We cannot know this with certainty, but the vagueness of public discussion strengthens a general conviction that the terms of a realistic political settlement have not yet been communicated—a conviction that is further supported by the suggestion of U Thant, expressed in a January interview with a reliable correspondent for the Washington *Post*, that "*as a next step* . . . concrete proposals be made on what type of government in South Vietnam, representative, as far as possible, of all the sections of the South Vietnamese people . . . could take over the responsibility of organizing the exercise by the people of the right to decide their own affairs." Clearly, such proposals must answer at least three basic questions. First, who will shape the terms of settlement? Certainly Hanoi cannot come to the table if the Vietcong, who bear the burden of combat, are excluded. Even if it could, to do so would require its admission that the war of liberation in South Vietnam was "simple aggression," that it had consistently lied to the world. Its own very recent claim that the Vietcong are "the sole legitimate representative" of South Vietnam is surely a response to our own assertions that the Vietcong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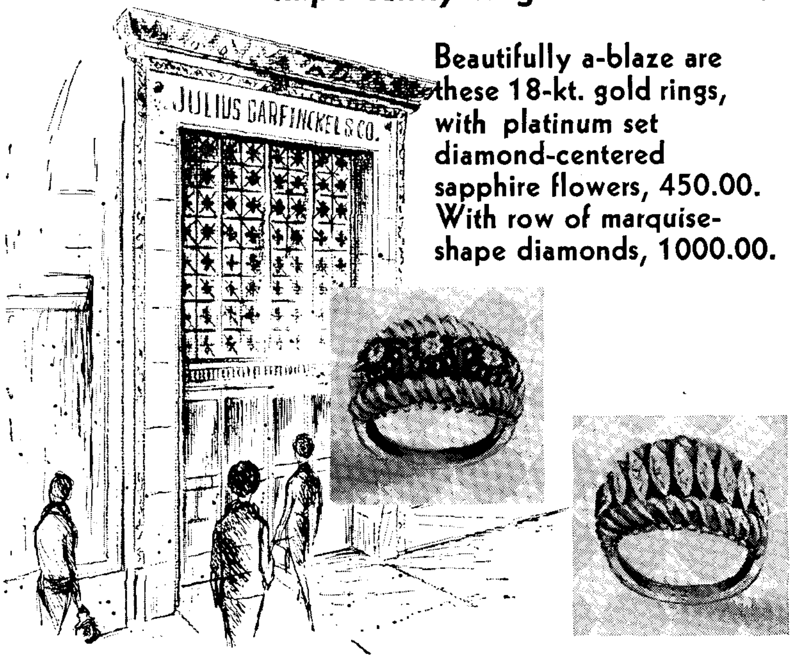
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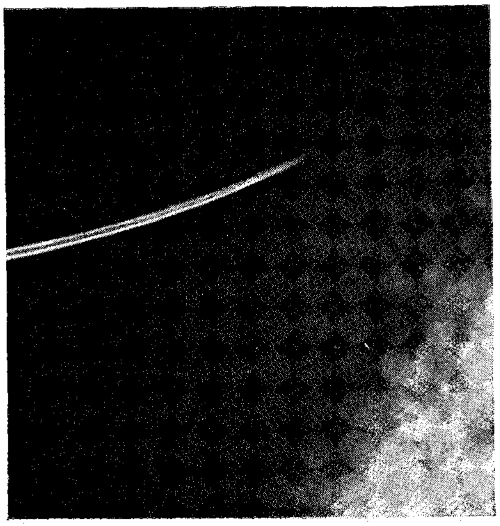

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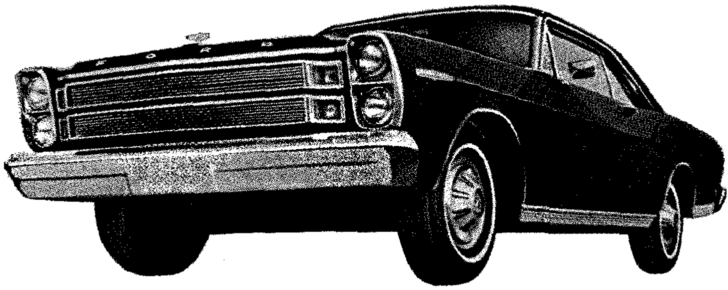

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are, in the Vice-President's words, but a "stooge," an "agent," of Hanoi. Stripped of pejoratives, however, our current utterances seem to express willingness to talk to the Vietcong. There is, the President said, "no insuperable problem" to having the Vietcong's views represented at a conference. Ambassador Averell Harriman elaborated this when he said that the Vietcong can come either "as part of the North Vietnamese delegation or as an independent group . . . but not as a government." The paper-thin problem of formal labels is no formidable barrier to those who really want to talk. The second, and most important, of the three questions concerns the makeup of the ultimate government of Vietnam. We are willing to see "free elections" in which the Communists can organize, can campaign, and perhaps can win a voice in government. If this happens—and the popular support of the Vietcong makes it likely that it will—we will "honor their result." Once there is peace, we will support a neutral South Vietnam, without military alliances or foreign bases, and free to choose whether or not to reunite with the Communist North. So, according to their published program, will the Vietcong. The third question has to do with the governing of Vietnam between a final settlement and elections. In a country as weak, unstable, and disorganized as Vietnam, elections will be confused, difficult, and disputed. Clearly, we cannot trust the Communists to run free elections. Nor can they be reasonably expected to rely on the honesty and dispassion of General Ky (or his successor). If elections are to mean anything, the country must be directed in this interim period by a compromise government, trusted by both sides, their trust being supported by an effective network of international guarantees, by international supervision, or even by an international armed force sufficient to prevent a repetition of the 1956 refusal to hold elections (made possible, at least in part, by the withdrawal of French forces at the request of Diem). This may mean that some Communists will be allowed to share in the interim government. It may mean a government of Buddhists and neutrals, or even an international trusteeship. There are many in South Vietnam well suited to such a role; the vital matter is the international guarantees and international forces that will insure both free elections and peaceful accession by the victors.

This *sine qua non* of a negotiated settlement was at the center of the confused debate that raged over the

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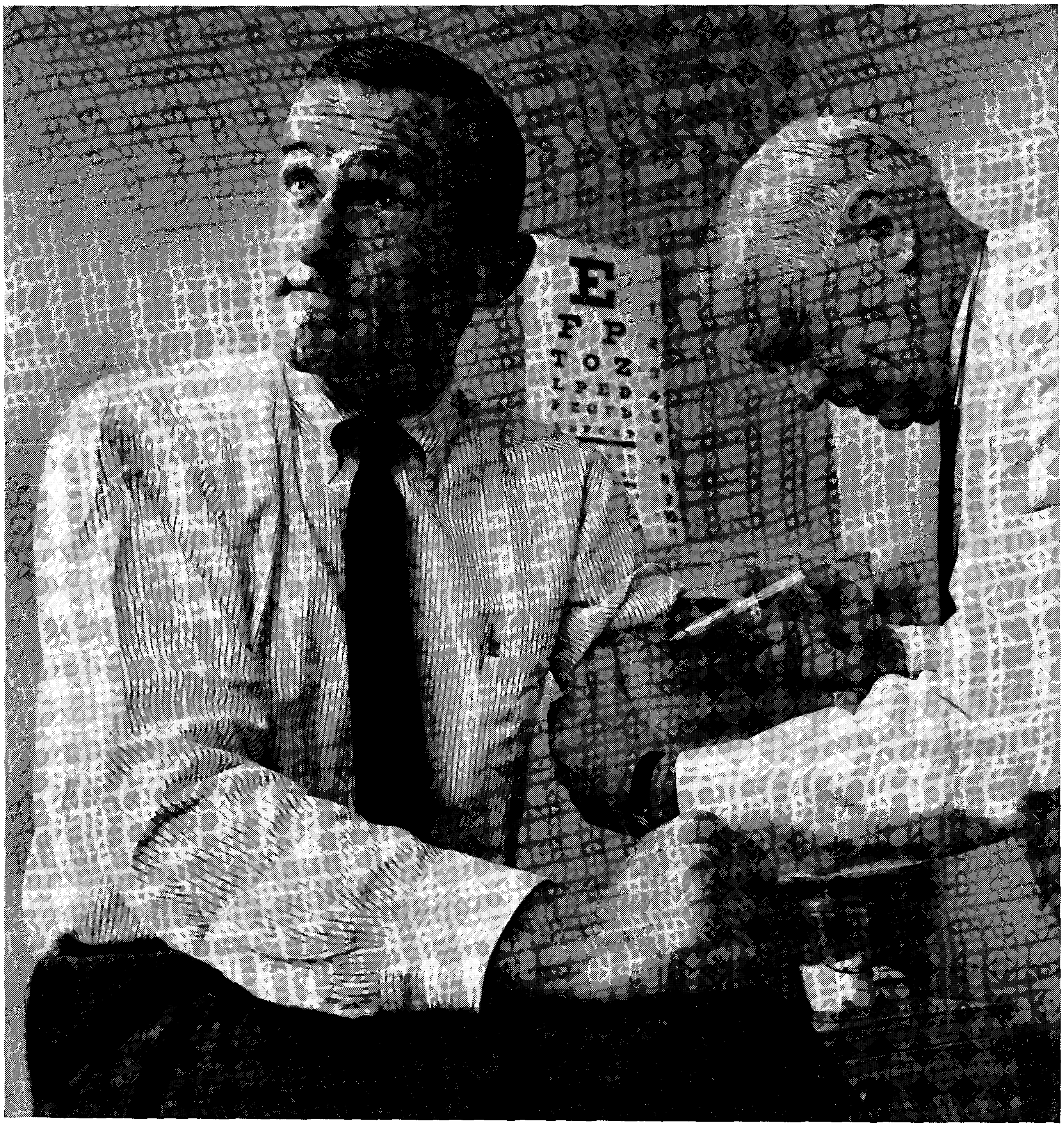
February 19th statement of Senator Kennedy—a debate that dramatized the impossibility of publicly discussing complex issues, especially amid the intricacies of high politics. Kennedy stated that an acceptable compromise would involve "a share of power and responsibility" for the Vietcong, shaped to avoid the possibility of "domination or internal conquest," with "international guarantees to back up agreement," while the political process would be placed "under the rigorous supervision of a trusted international body." Our willingness to accept the "uncertainties of election" would be matched by a clear demonstration that we would not permit conquest by force. The record of debate does not sustain the impression that Kennedy withdrew from this position in the fire that followed. There were, however, misreadings, followed by attacks on the proposals as thus interpreted. In fact, he did little more than elaborate what Senator Fulbright had said unnoticed to Secretary Rusk the day before: "I do not recall . . . we have ever made it crystal clear that we will support an election supervised by an appropriate international body, and that we will accept the results. . . . It is also not clear that we are willing to allow any participation of the National Liberation Front either in a provisional government or at any time and, therefore, there is no alternative for them but surrender or annihilation." When the cannonade of comment is sifted, and then stripped of imprecations, accusations, zeal to be in the front ranks of anti-Communism, and the fervent but always risky effort to read the unspoken thoughts of the President, the discussion does not seem to leave the administration position far from this. But the debate did, for just a moment, throw a ray of light on inner differences of temperament and attitude. It seemed that Secretary Rusk closed the door when, the day before the Kennedy statement, in answer to Fulbright's dogged pursuit of the alternative to the "possibility of participation" by the Vietcong, he said, "They do have an alternative. They are the front of Hanoi. They do have an alternative of quitting, of stopping being an agent of Hanoi and receiving men and arms from the North." McGeorge Bundy added to the confusion two days later by asserting, "The administration does not take the view that admitting the Communists to a share of power and responsibility would be a useful or helpful step," and then, lapsing into the most painful possible rejoinder, quoted President Kennedy



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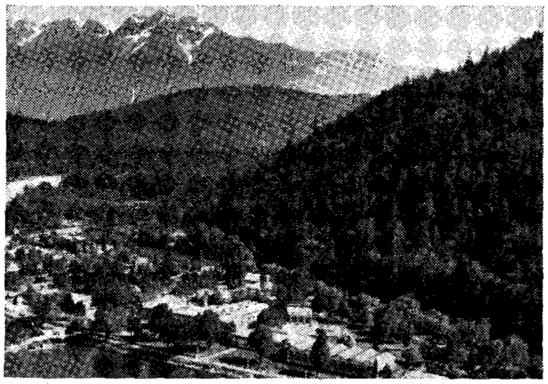

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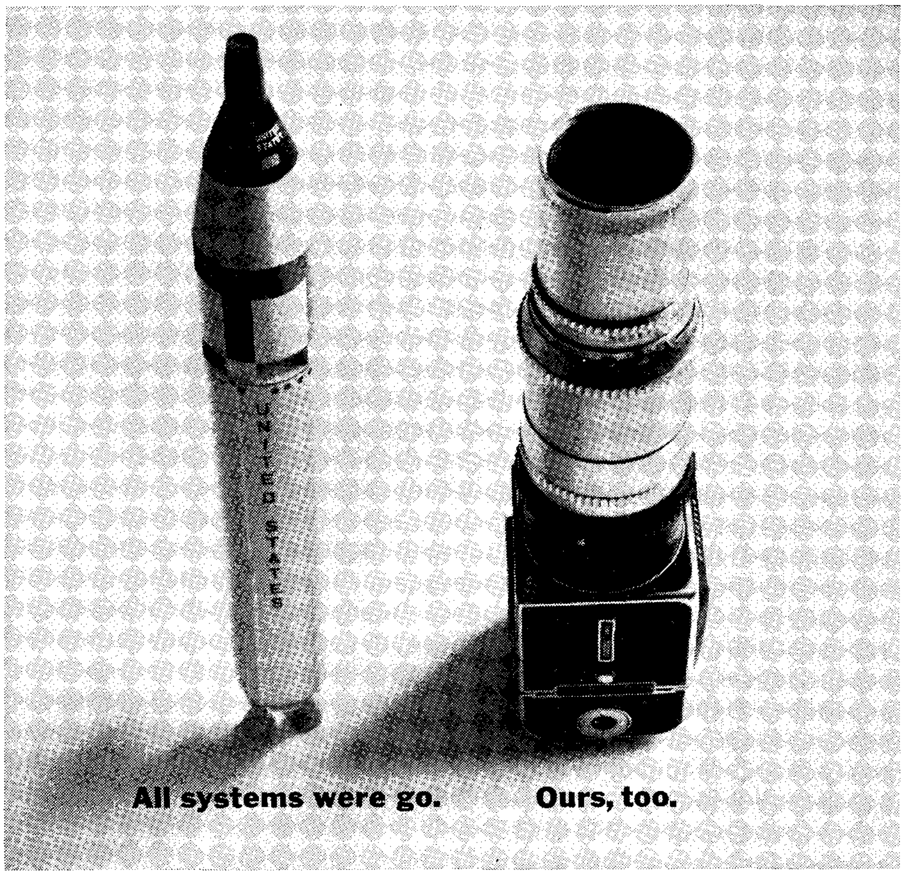

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against his brother on the wholly irrelevant problem of popular fronts in Europe. (Closer to the problem—if past heroes are to be invoked—is President Kennedy's response to a question about the dangers of coalition government in Laos: "We are taking a chance in all of Southeast Asia. . . . I can assure you that I recognize the risks that are involved. But I also think that we should consider the risks if we fail, and particularly of the possibility of escalation of a military struggle in a place of danger.") Once the verbal torrent diminished, it was clear that the President had not embraced the Bundy view. In public speeches and press conferences, he carefully avoided saying anything against the approach of Fulbright and Kennedy. We would "honor the result" of an election, the President said—presumably even if the Communists should win. And the makeup of an interim government, according to Ambassador Arthur Goldberg and the White House, would "be left to the negotiating parties"—which keeps the door open for compromise. The structure of such a compromise (or the many possible variants of compromise) and our willingness to communicate specific proposals to Hanoi are left to future actions and decisions.

Is there a possibility of such a settlement? Hanoi has proposed four points for negotiation. Secretary Rusk, in setting forth fourteen points of his own, said that "the effect of those four points . . . would be to give away the very purposes for which we are fighting and to deliver the people of South Vietnam against their will to the domination of a Communist regime." Yet the substance, if not the intention, of the four points is not impossibly distant from the Secretary's own program. It is generally agreed that only the third point, calling for a settlement of the affairs of South Vietnam "in accordance with the program of the National Liberation Front," is totally unacceptable. Although that program has shifted over the years, its essentials have remained constant. Once past the unflattering references to "gangster-style U.S. culture," it calls, in its fullest 1961 version, for "a new constitution," "a new National Assembly through universal suffrage," "all democratic liberties" (including freedom of speech and worship), land reform through "purchase from landowners," "a foreign policy of peace and neutrality," the elimination of all foreign military bases, close unity with "peace-loving and neutral countries" (first of all, with "neighboring Cambodia and Laos"), the over-

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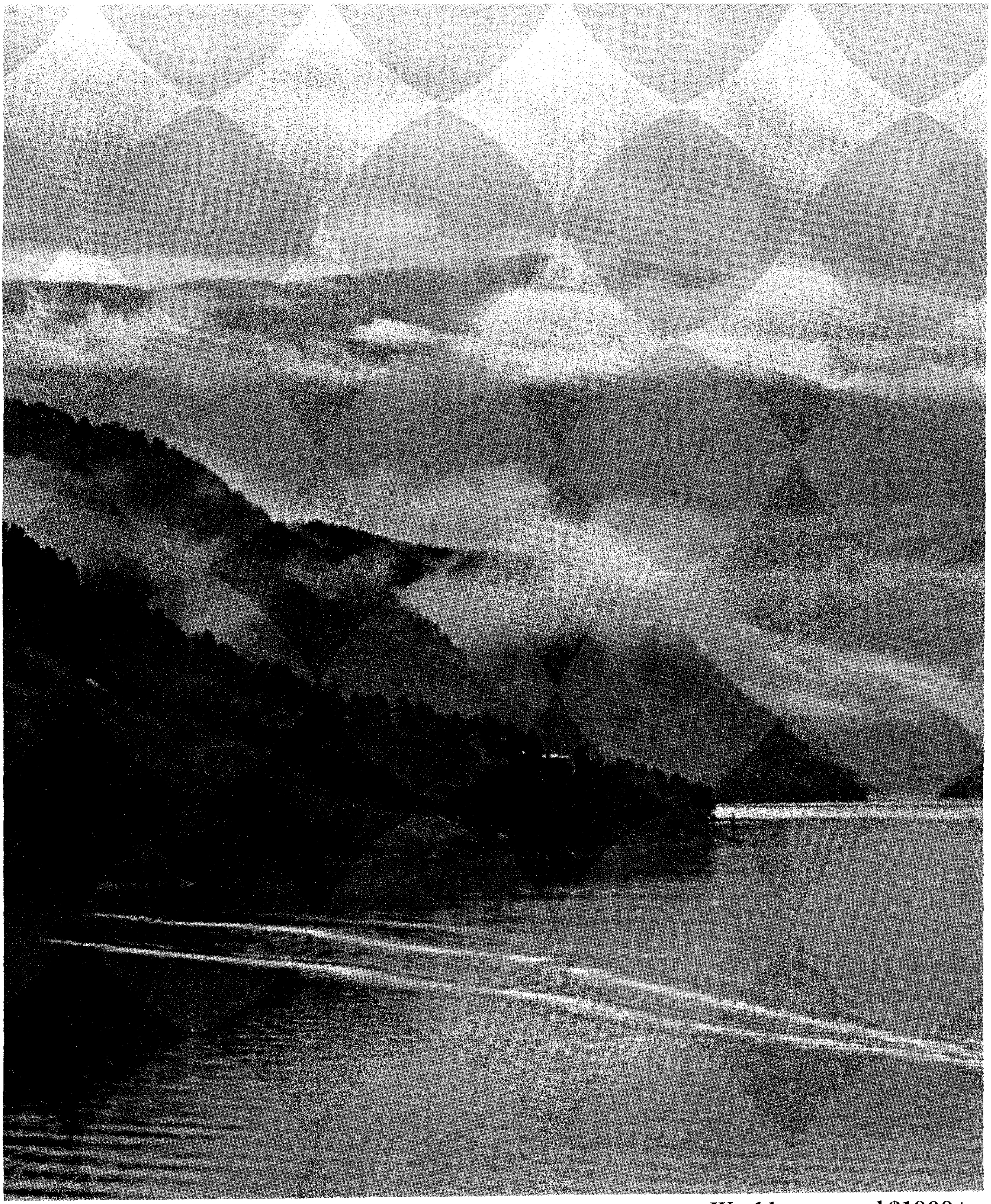

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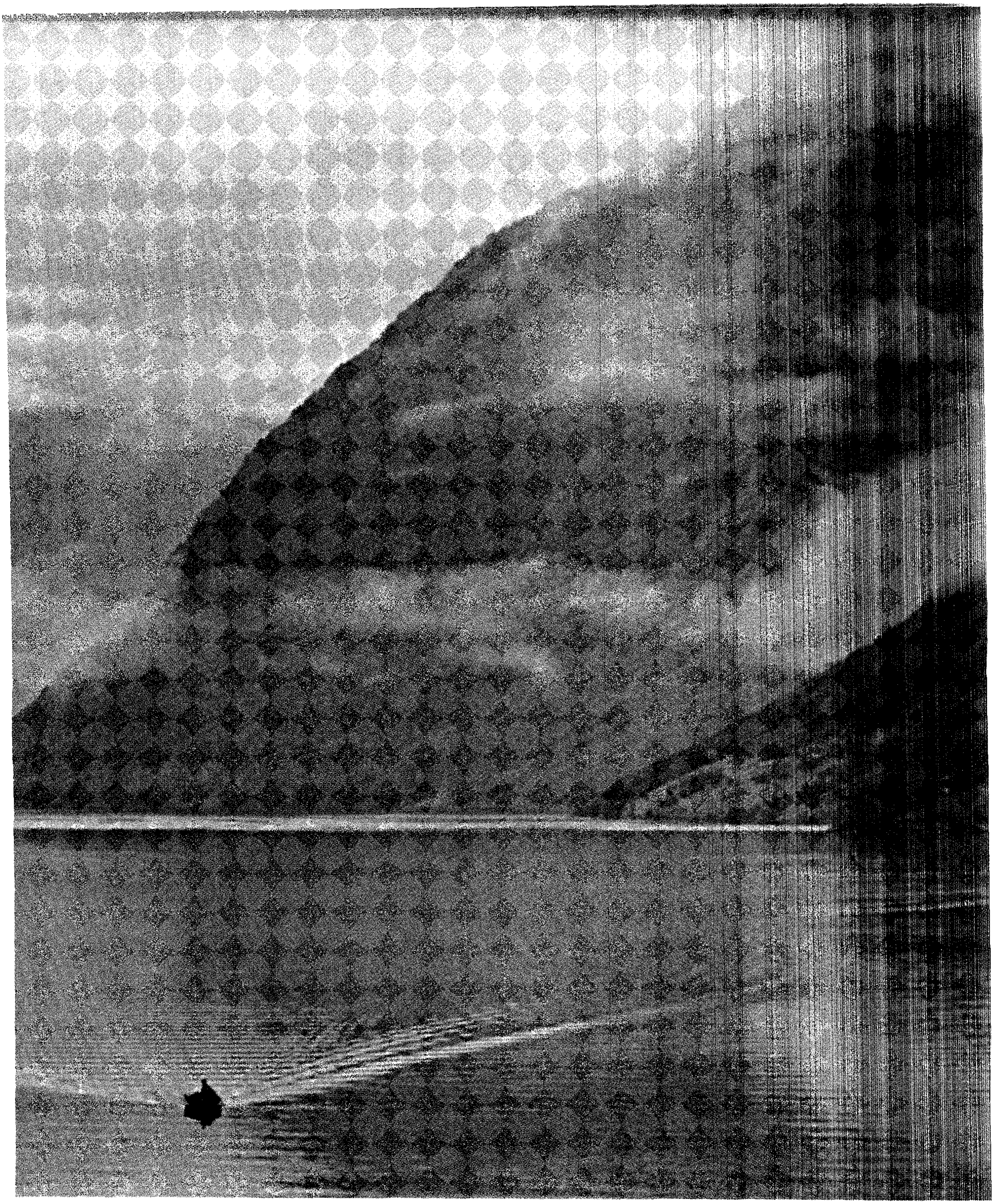

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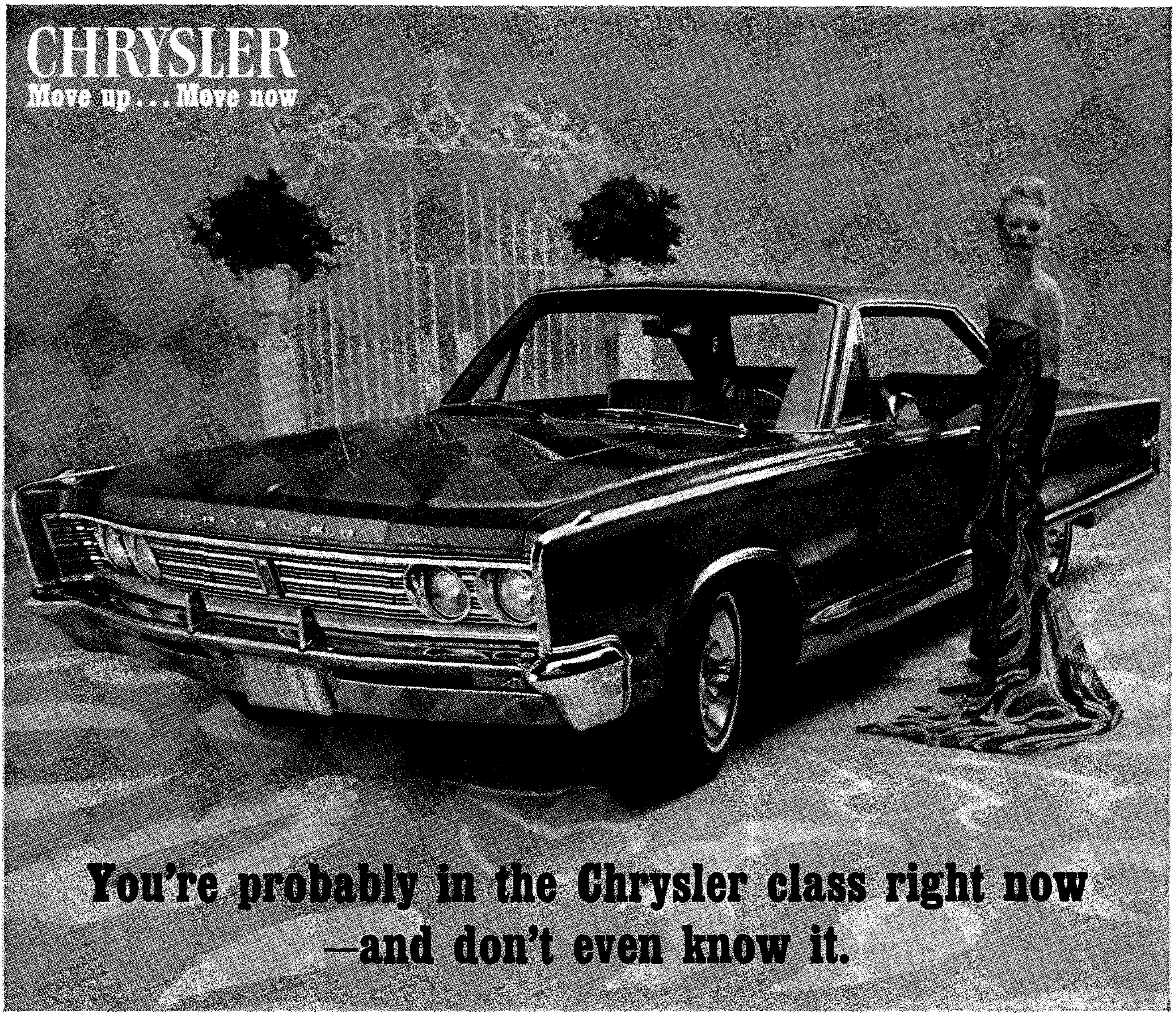

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throw of the Diem regime (since accomplished), and the establishment of "a national democratic" coalition administration, and so on. Of course, there are hidden traps and dangerous ambiguities, such as a granting of freedom only to "patriotic" political parties, a call for reunification by negotiations rather than through elections (although the negotiating government would be elected, and although this year Hanoi proposed reunification through elections), and an absence of international guarantees for elections. It would be naïve to think that the program was not intended to move toward a Communist takeover. Yet in the main, when the ritual curses have been excised, Hanoi's four points, including the Front program, sound much like ours; the expressed differences are no greater than those in many productive Cold War negotiations. Perhaps this is all propaganda; perhaps victory, not settlement, is the real goal. Yet, whatever Hanoi's reaction, the time has come for the United States to formulate a fair and detailed outline of settlement. Of course, we cannot, as George Ball has said, "first announce it to a television audience and then . . . sit down at a bargaining table." Fruitful discussion will begin in secrecy, where it can be free from political pressures, from critics, and from the corrosive compulsion toward simplicity which marks public debate. The essentials are there: a cease-fire, a laying down of arms so that the entire country can be governed, and an end to bombing; a structure to guarantee elections and also peaceful accession by the victors; a withdrawal of foreign forces, and neutralization; free elections, with Communist participation. Such proposals, couched in the most specific possible terms, should be communicated to Hanoi, accompanied or quickly followed by a meeting between a high United States official and a top North Vietnamese. Negotiations, even in the lofty chambers of international politics, cannot be conducted successfully by notes and messengers. Only men confident of their authority and their ability, and fully aware of the implications of their own proposals and the proposals of others—in other words, no more than half a dozen men in America—can hope to bring such negotiations to a successful conclusion, or even bring an accurate account of them to the President.

It does not illuminate reality to say, as some have said, that we cannot "dictate to South Vietnam" what form a settlement should take. It is not conceivable that the United States should

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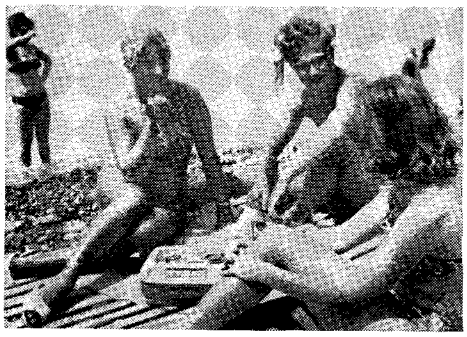

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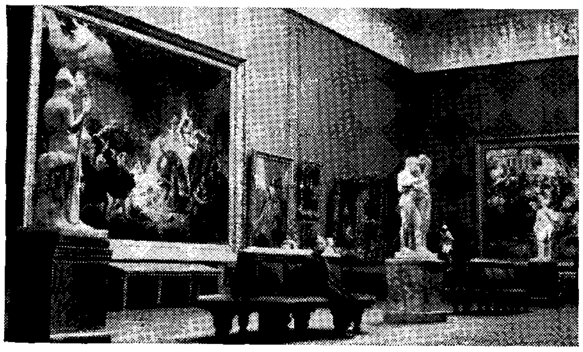

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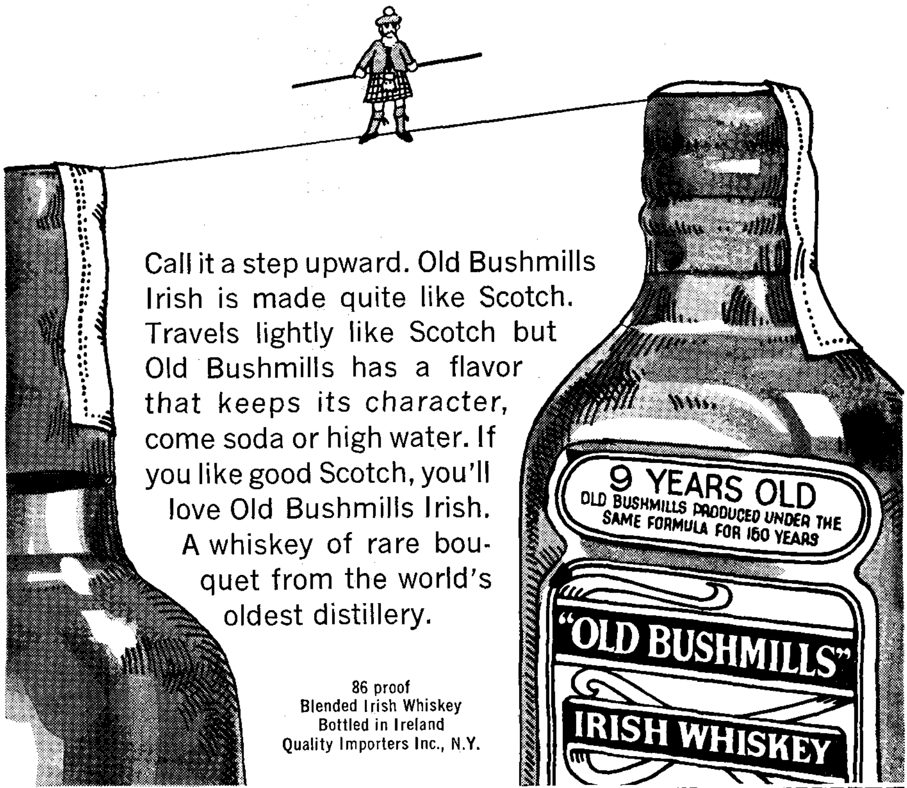
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continue a major war simply because the temporary chieftain in Saigon did not agree with our position. Nor can any South Vietnamese leader hope to withstand determined American pressure toward a settlement.

In the inevitable political instability of a peaceful South Vietnam, there is always a risk that the Communists may ultimately win political power—that the fox may insinuate its way, or be voted, into the chicken coop. It is this danger that stiffens some people's resistance to negotiations. It would indeed be an unfortunate outcome, but, measured by our vital interest—avoiding military defeat—it would not be fatal. It is no more than the chance we are constantly taking all across the world in Cold War competition. The only way to compel the Vietcong to a settlement that does not involve such a risk is to crush them in battle.

That battle now goes on in two wars, separated by the Seventeenth Parallel—the war in the North and the war in the South. The Northern war carries a far more grave danger of a larger, bloodier, and increasingly devastating struggle. On the objectives of the war there has been a subtle change of direction among many of those responsible for its conduct. Less than a year ago, our objective was "a stalemate." Once the guerrillas were convinced that victory was impossible, they would come to the conference table. Now important voices, publicly and privately, are lifted in favor not of a standoff but of victory. On March 3rd, Secretary McNamara told a Senate committee, "We win if North Vietnam leaves South Vietnam alone [translated: if the Vietcong stop fighting]. . . . We believe we can win in the sense I indicated." Two weeks earlier, on February 17th, General Taylor testified that the time to negotiate is not "until it is quite clear their course of action is a losing one"—a flat contradiction, as Senator Aiken reminded the General, of the President's expressed desire to negotiate now. Other officials are proclaiming it our intention to "destroy" major enemy units, or to break Hanoi's "will to fight." It is a mistake to read too much into individual statements and speeches, plucked out of the careless and ceaseless verbal flow of official Washington, but the absence of contradiction, the growing lack of caution, the obviously planted news stories, and the other evidence charged with significance for the insider (an official in the highest ranks of foreign policy said that the *Life* article called

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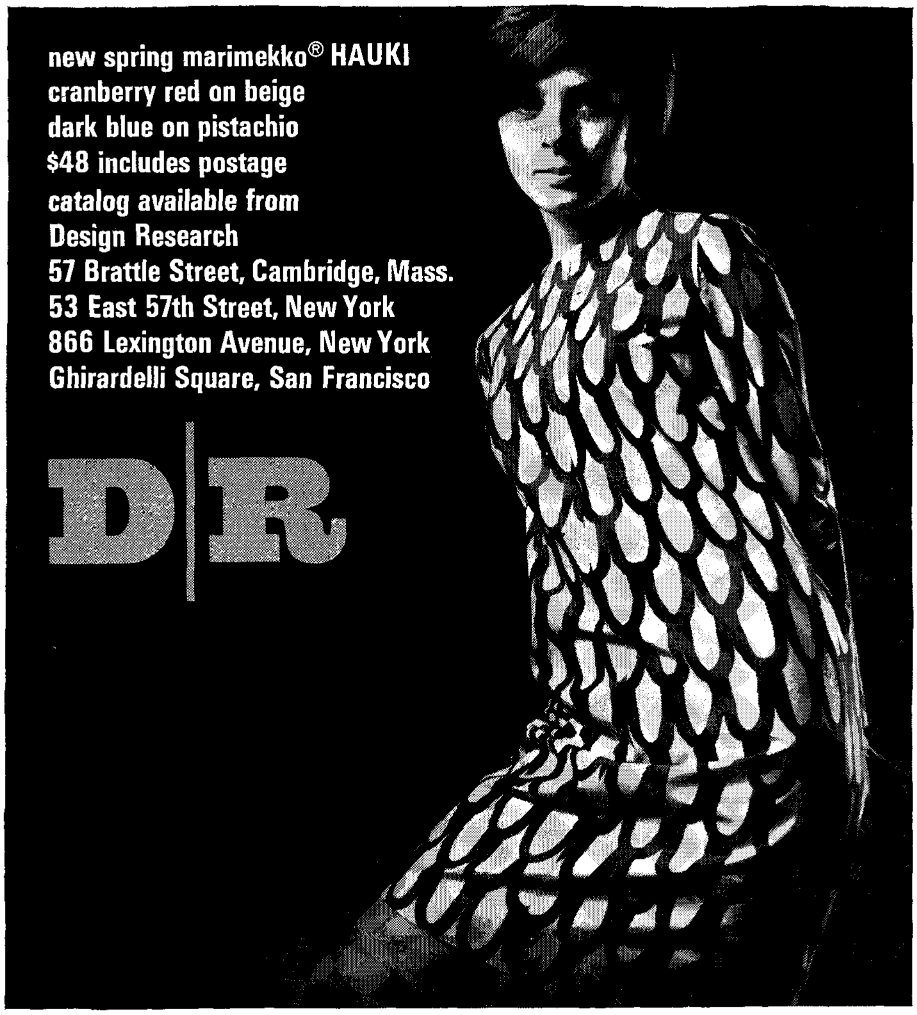
"Vietnam: The War Is Worth Winning" was one of the most helpful he had seen) all strongly indicate that a substantial section of the community of power believes that military victory is our principal, perhaps our only, objective. I myself am convinced that this belief is growing, but it is significant, and heartening, that the President has not called for armed triumph.

Victory in the South may be possible, with the major Communist units destroyed or broken up, morale shattered, and the guerrillas laying down their arms, asking for amnesty, or peacefully returning to their homes. We are, after all, killing greater and greater numbers of Vietcong. One high official estimates that the "kill rate" may average a thousand a week throughout the year. (Like nearly all the statistics of this war, such an estimate is necessarily flawed by doubts and inadequate information.) The defection rate is increasing, too (now at a weekly average of three to four hundred), although it does not yet match desertions from the South Vietnamese Army. Areas that once provided the guerrillas with secure sanctuary are now constantly menaced by descending helicopters and mobile troops. Yet many heavy clouds obscure the view toward "victory." Past misjudgments impose a fierce skepticism about promises—however faint and tentative—of military triumph. Since the early nineteen-fifties, they have always been wrong. Recently, we were told that the "tide" was turning—a phrase that accidentally echoed the Pentagon pronouncement of May, 1963, that "the corner definitely has been turned" toward victory. In 1962, McNamara said that the "ratio of killed and captured" was much more favorable; while a year later General Harkins proclaimed encouragingly from Saigon, "The Vietcong are losing because we are steadily decreasing their areas of maneuver and the terrain over which they can move at will." With a change in dates, these statements would fit unnoticed into many of today's briefings and releases. It is natural for men whose business is to fight wars to believe they can win, just as any good politician secretly believes he can win an election no matter how unfavorable the odds. Past mistakes are no guarantee of future error. There is a possibility that they may be right this time, but history teaches a reluctance to hazard great things on such predictions.

Moreover, it is unclear what victory means. The Secretary of State has said that our only commitment is to stop armed attack from the North—that if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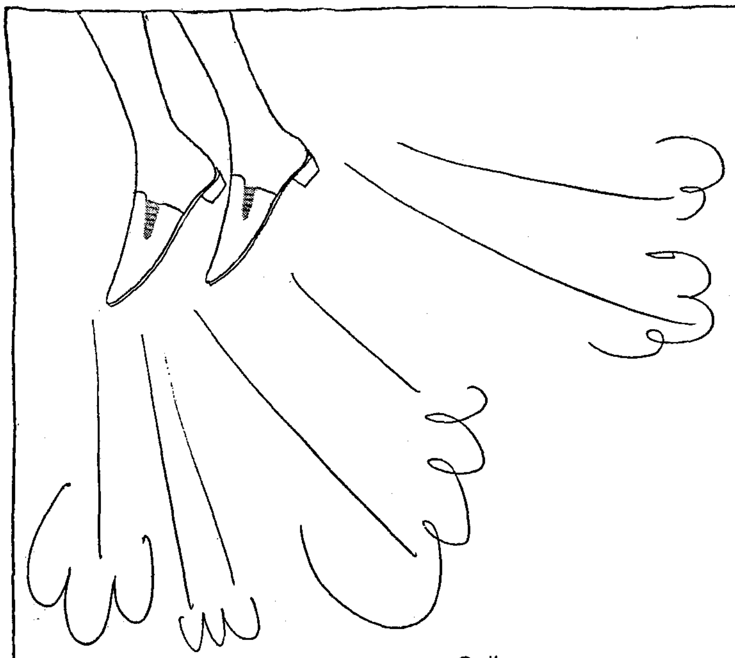
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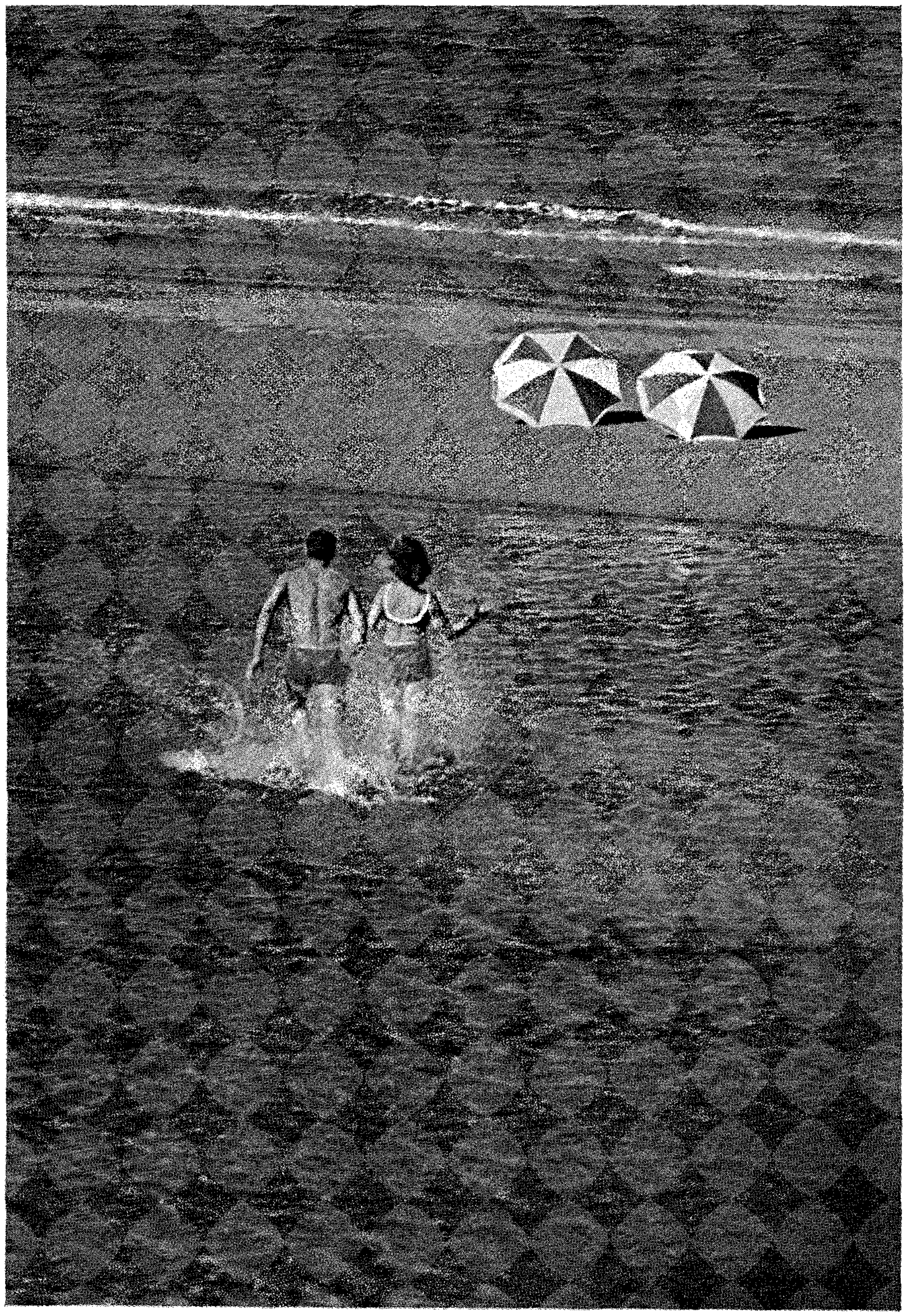

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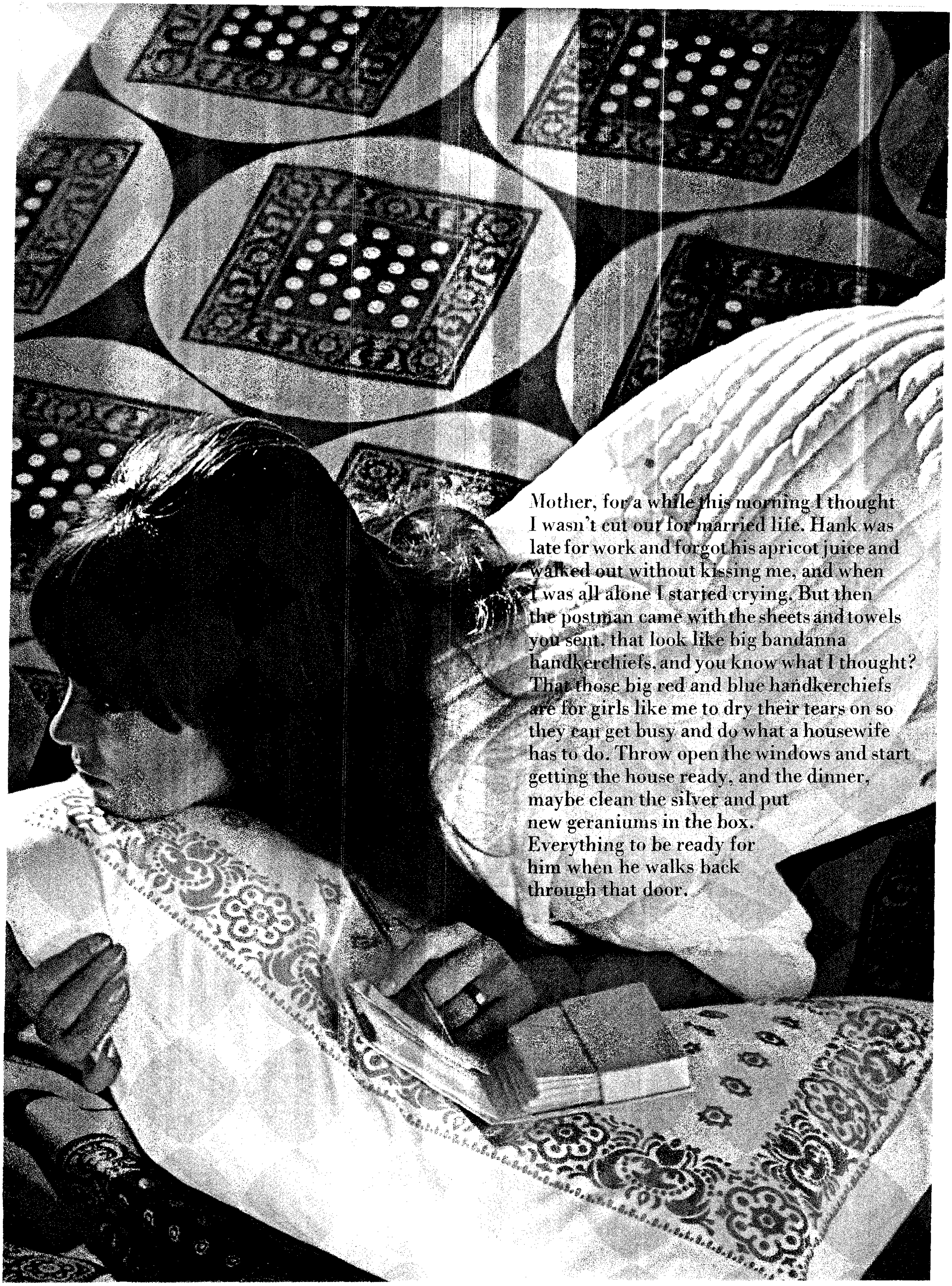

Mother, for a while this morning I thought I wasn't cut out for married life. Hank was late for work and forgot his apricot juice and walked out without kissing me, and when I was all alone I started crying. But then the postman came with the sheets and towels you sent, that look like big bandanna handkerchiefs, and you know what I thought? That those big red and blue handkerchiefs are for girls like me to dry their tears on so they can get busy and do what a housewife has to do. Throw open the windows and start getting the house ready, and the dinner, maybe clean the silver and put new geraniums in the box. Everything to be ready for him when he walks back through that door.

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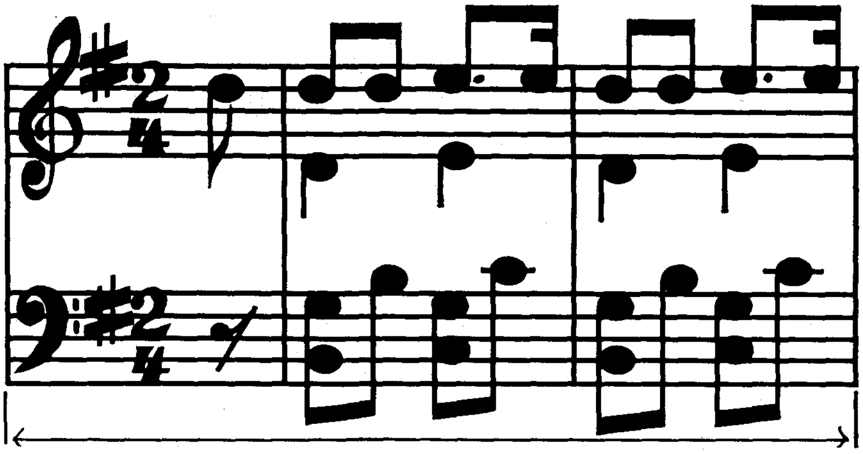
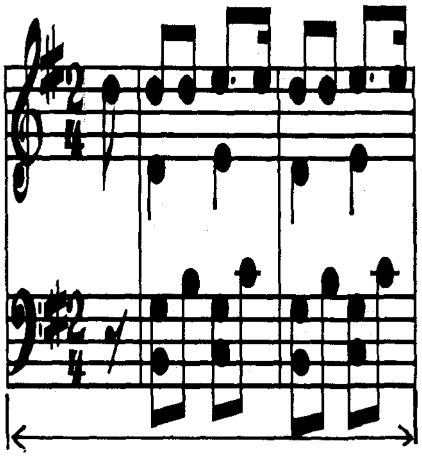
the North Vietnamese "were to show the slightest interest in withdrawing their regular armed forces and infiltrators, we could move to peace very quickly and the United States could withdraw its forces." How easy it is to become captive of the incomplete view that the Vietcong are "simply . . . the military arm of North Vietnam." A withdrawal of all infiltrators would leave more than a hundred thousand trained guerrillas in South Vietnam, and there would be no certainty that Hanoi could completely stop the fighting or that such an order, if it should be obeyed at first, would not soon be ignored. Unless a negotiated settlement gives the dissidents a role in the political life of the country, a peaceful outlet for their ambitions, hopes, and protests, we must remain—as well we may—occupiers for many years. That possibility, resting on uncertainty about the nature of a victorious or independent South Vietnam, is further strengthened by today's still unsettled turbulence. The demonstrations, many of them conducted by young men who have never lived in a country free of terror, civil strife, and the cruelties of war, remind us that the last few months of political quiet in South Vietnam were a rare interlude. To the extent that Communists have inspired division, the anti-government protests show alarming influence in cities we have long claimed to control. To the extent that they flow from local discontent, they reflect division about the future of South Vietnam and weariness with war, and indicate the mounting price in anti-American feeling we must inevitably pay for the growing weight of the American presence in that tiny land. Whatever the outcome, however, unless events sweep away our influence altogether, it is unlikely we will permit any government to come to power which would inflict on us what some would see as the "humiliation" of requesting our withdrawal.

Some people justify their optimism about victory in terms of "breaking the will" of the Communists to continue the fight. It is true that there are more and more defectors, and that prisoners arrive more and more tired, dejected, and hungry. But the battle goes on; despite our growing force, Hanoi seems more militant, and infiltration seems to be increasing as our own numbers increase. We cannot know the will of men we do not understand. From Thermopylae to the Japanese-infested islands of the Pacific and Hitler's Berlin bunker, history is full of individuals and fighting forces who chose to fight





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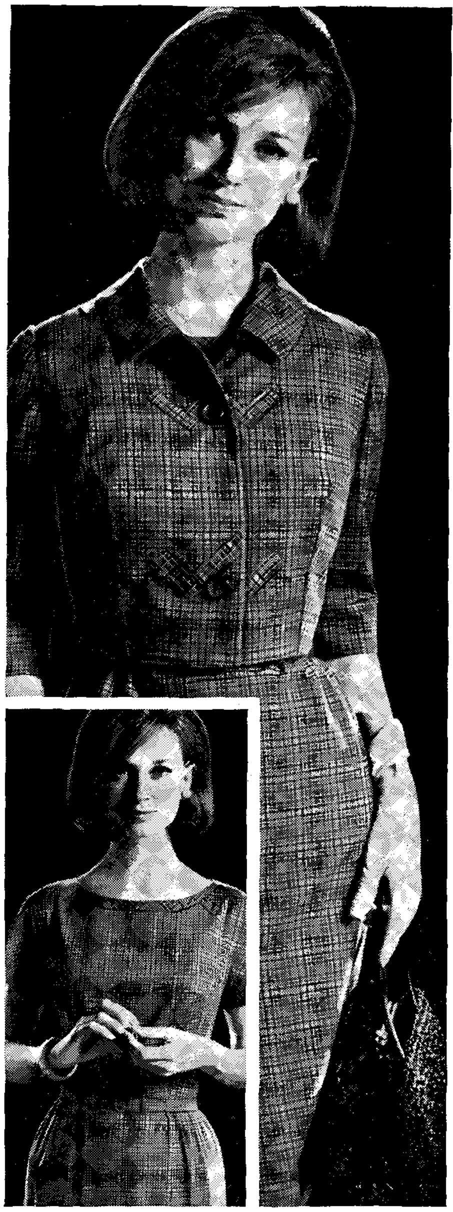

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against impossible odds and accept certain death. Nor can we measure the determination of an aging Communist leader who has been waging war for almost a quarter of a century. It is a guess built on an assumption resting on a hope. Aggressors though they are, many of the Vietcong believe they are enlisted in the ranks of justice. Mai Xuan Phong wrote in his diary, "The most precious thing for a man is his life. . . . My whole life, my whole strength have been devoted to the most elevated and the most beautiful cause—the struggle for the liberation of mankind." The demonstrations in South Vietnam show either an increasing weariness with the war on our side or a far greater Communist penetration of the cities than we have cared to admit. The Communists' will to fight may dissolve tomorrow, but one should not wager many American lives on it.

Even if we win countless battles, our victory will not be assured. Success in a guerrilla war, as our experts have repeatedly told us, is not measured simply in deaths and prisoners but, for the most part, in areas of the country pacified and population controlled. There is no clear proof that our control over the population is increasing. General Taylor, at one point in his testimony, indicated that sixty per cent of the people were under friendly control instead of the fifty-three per cent of six months before. Other testimony shows this figure to be uncertain, probably unknown, or perhaps completely unjustified. Although the Vietcong controls fewer areas than before, there is no firm evidence that a single square mile has been "pacified"—that is, cleared of guerrillas, protected against future attack, and set on the road to economic improvement. Nor has the United States reached the end of its commitment. Our two hundred and thirty-five thousand men are, General Taylor admitted, "not sufficient." The probable conclusion—the simple arithmetic—of Secretary McNamara's March 3rd testimony before the Senate is that the United States plans to have at least four hundred thousand troops in South Vietnam by the end of the year. They will be needed if we intend to keep up the offensive against enemy forces that can increase by eight thousand a month while we kill four thousand or less—and even this estimate of enemy increase rests on the highly speculative belief that no more supplies can be smuggled into the South than these troops require, or about a hundred and fifty tons a day. If we are wrong about this—and we may well be wrong—the

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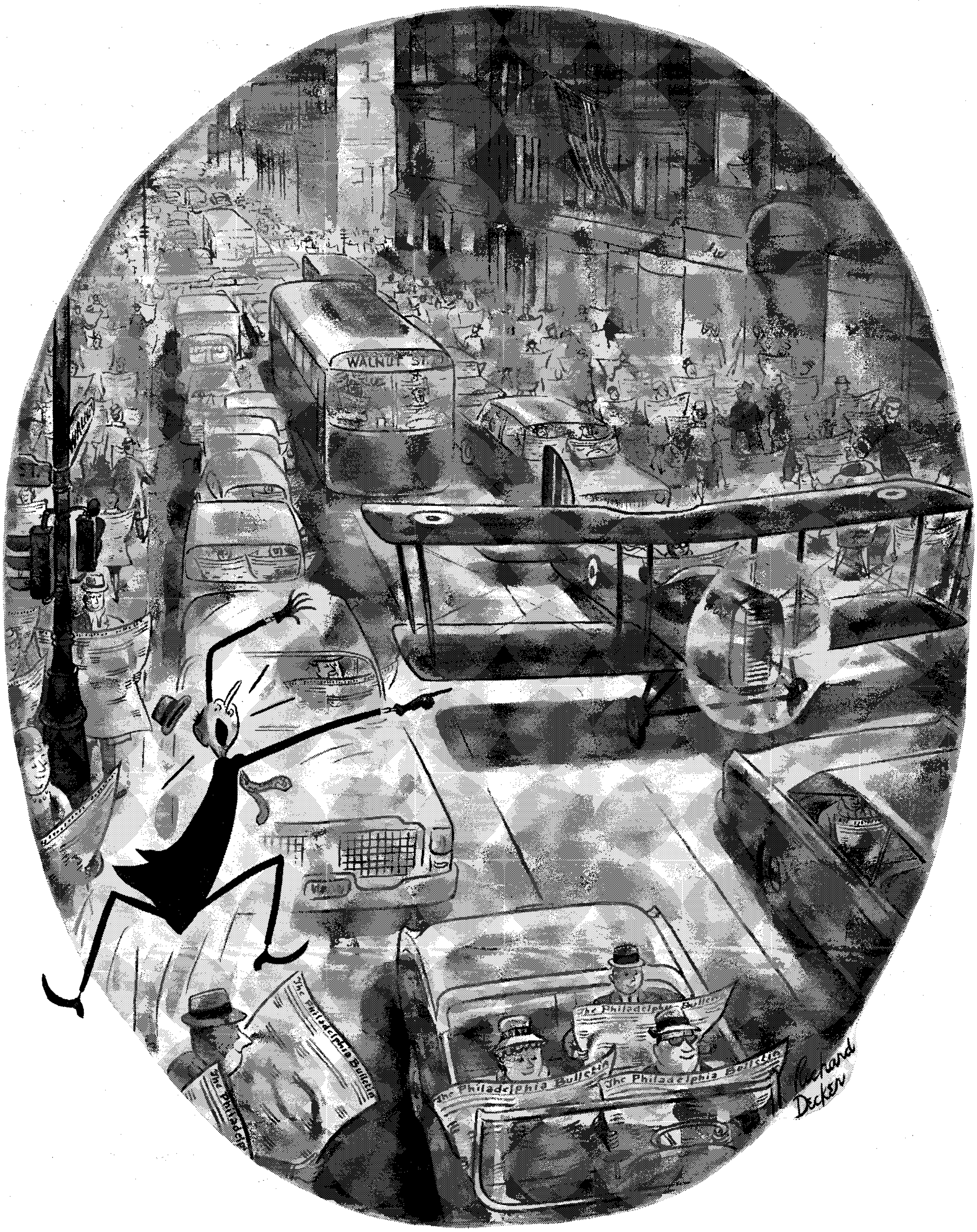
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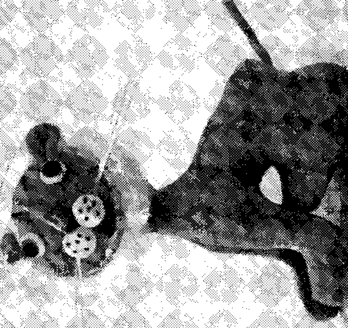
number that can infiltrate could grow enormously, along with the number of our own troops. (We need four or five men for every enemy soldier, and South Vietnam is nearing the limit of its manpower.)

The hope of victory, however, is not just a harmless foible of some generals and their few State Department allies. It carries the enormous danger that in pursuit of that shining, elusive prize we will enlarge the war in the North. As the Southern conflict continues unabated, pressure for more aggressive attacks on North Vietnam will steadily mount—pressure from public opinion frustrated by an endless battle, pressure from politicians seeking to discredit the administration's will and courage, pressure from those still searching for that one untaken step which will bring success. I hope, and I believe, that the President will resist such pressure, for no one is more painfully aware than he of the immense hazards of enlarging the war in the North.

Since February 7, 1965, we have been bombing selected military targets in North Vietnam—roads and bridges, ammunition and supply dumps, and gathering points for guerrillas. The bombing began with the aim of restoring crumbling morale in South Vietnam and in the forlorn hope that North Vietnam, quaking under the punishing assault, would come to the conference table. Its present purpose, according to Deputy Secretary of Defense Cyrus Vance, is "to interdict the infiltration of men and material," or, as it is more expansively viewed by General Taylor, "In a very real sense, the objective of our air campaign is to change the will of the enemy leadership." There is little evidence that the bombing has either had serious effect on the flow of supplies or eroded the will of the North. Infiltration did increase during the pause in the bombing. It also increased before the pause and it has increased since, and we have no figures to prove that bombing has made any important difference. Bombing, it is claimed, imposes "a higher price" for infiltration. It is unclear what this means. The border between the two Vietnams is mostly jungle crossed by trails and waterways. The price of carrying supplies and of repairing roads and bridges is high in terms of human labor, but there are huge numbers of willing unemployed. The travel of men and supplies since the bombing is longer and more difficult, but the North Vietnamese have time and they are used to discomfort. Of course, the bombing has some effect, but there is no compelling



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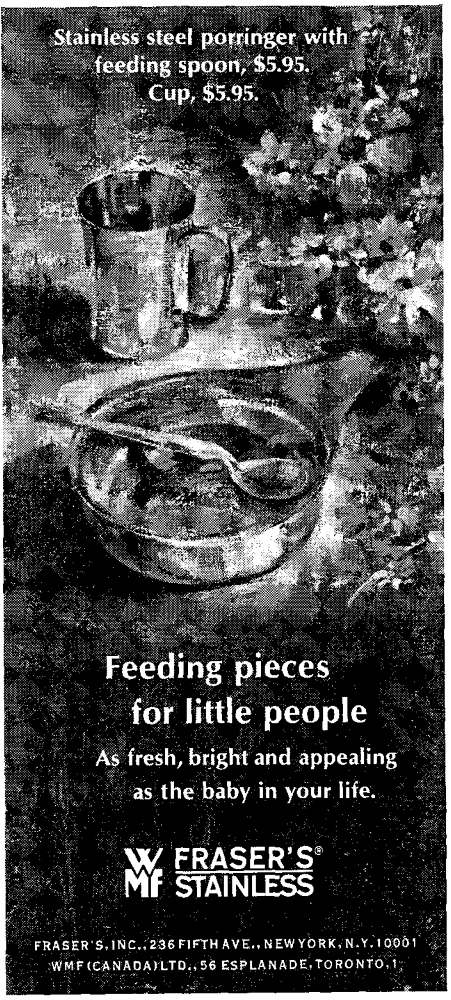

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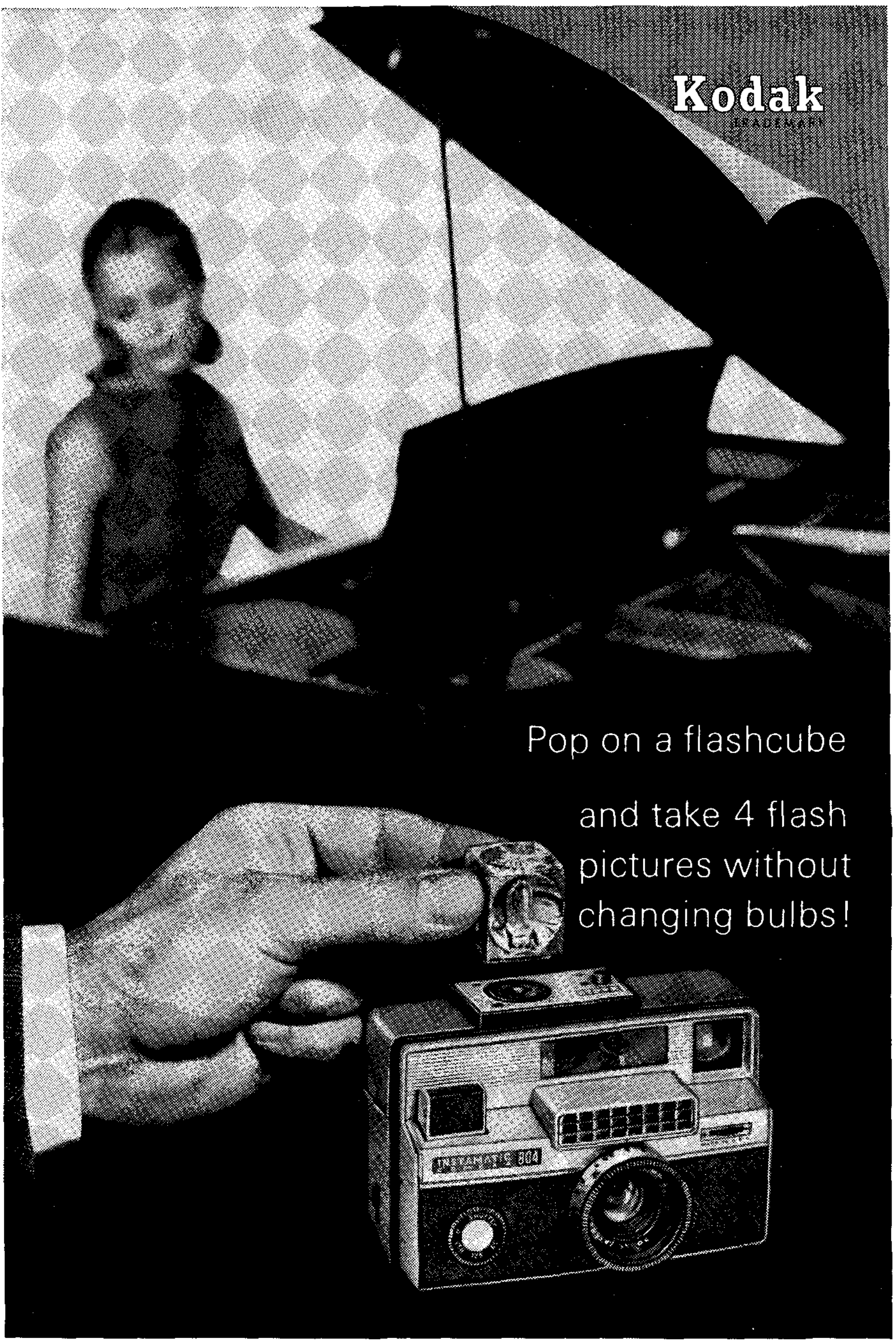
public justification of these costly assaults on military grounds. General Matthew B. Ridgway, our commander in Korea—the last ground war in Asia—has concluded, "It is impossible to interdict the supply routes of an Asian army by air power alone. [In Korea] we had complete air mastery . . . we clobbered Chinese supply columns unmercifully. . . . But we did not halt their offensive nor materially diminish its strength."

The war in the North has neither halted aggression nor shattered the "will" of the enemy nor "punished Hanoi" beyond the limits of endurance, yet the Alice in Wonderland response of some is to call for a stepping up of the war. "We should go after more meaningful targets on a slow *progressive* scale," said General Taylor, a highly intelligent military moderate. This will, it is hoped, "provide a sobering reminder to the leaders in Hanoi that progressively they must pay a *mounting* price for the continuation of their support of the Vietcong insurgency."

The President has given a more restricted basis for the bombing—"to slow down aggression," "increase the confidence of . . . South Vietnam," and help "convince the leaders of North Vietnam—*and all who seek to share their conquest*—[that] we will not be defeated . . . grow tired . . . [or] withdraw." The bombing has helped strengthen Southern resolution, and it has also helped convince any reasonable adversary that armed conquest is inconceivable, though the combat troops we have sent to the South since the bombing began are a more compelling proof.

The objectives set forth by the President are limited ones, and they have largely been accomplished. However, the grander and more spacious desire to end the enemy's capacity for making war, destroy his will to fight, and punish him for wrongdoing opens limitless horizons of expansion. Moreover, this desire invokes judgments that are not military judgments. The will of a nation, the punishment it can take, the strength of national pride and feeling and resistance are not matters that military specialists or computers or the Rand Corporation can assess. They require an intimate knowledge of the culture and thought of alien lands and of obscurely known leaders. It may even be that, as a careful American study of the war against Germany indicated, bombing strengthens the fighting spirit of a people. A leading political figure recently said to me, "After all, if we were being bombed, we'd never give in." Even the purely military justification, unsupported by any civilian offi-



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cial, is insignificant, marginal, perhaps nonexistent. Should we destroy every *fuel depot, power plant, and factory* in sight, the necessary hundred and fifty tons of supplies could probably, with the help of Russia and China, be scraped together if the North Vietnamese were willing to sacrifice some of their urgent civilian needs. There is, of course, some chance that increasing the war in the North will force Hanoi to yield. Against this unsure speculation must be matched the fact that we can easily protect our vital national interest—avoiding military defeat or humiliation—by means of combat in the South, while also avoiding the soaring menace of wider war which attack on the North brings.

The belief that you must punish your enemy or break his will is insatiable. Every step that fails calls forth not an admission of miscalculation but a demand for something more. It is the whole history of this war. Now some people are asking us to mine the harbor at Haiphong, and thus threaten to destroy the ships of a dozen nations. In the background is the further demand that we wipe out port facilities, piers, and fuel dumps near civilian centers. Next will come power plants, water-storage areas, factories—the fruits of a decade of labor. After that, the cities must go, for their destruction will create chaos, topple the government, eliminate the enemy. This process will not necessarily begin—or, if it does, will not necessarily follow this precise course. Yet it is a growing possibility. And each step along this path will increase the danger of a bigger war. Stalemate, compromise, or even defeat in the South is probably tolerable to Hanoi and Peking. They will live to fight another day. Increasing destruction in the North is another matter. North Vietnam cannot stand idly by and accept its own destruction. As we widen the net of devastation—as the Northern "hostage" is shot—the pressure on North Vietnam to send its three-hundred-thousand-man Army into battle will mount, thus calling a million and more Americans into war. Nor can China easily watch in idleness while we destroy North Vietnam; to do so would wreck its claim to leadership in Asia and to the first position among the Communist parties and nations. If China intervenes, even on a limited scale, most probably we will have to bomb her major facilities, and even her cities. Certainly we would not fight an unending torrent of Chinese soldiers in Southeast Asia; and there are, as the Secretary of State has reminded us, "no more sanctuaries." Fi-

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nally, there is the dilemma of the Soviet Union in such a case, forced to choose between China and America. China may be hated and feared, but for Russia to permit its conquest or devastation by the United States would mean the end of the idea of world Communism. The rest can be left to the imagination.

I do not know whether any of this will happen if we extend the Northern war. No one knows. No one can predict with certainty the actions or intentions of other countries. Calculations of rational self-interest are not enough. Under-Secretary Ball said when he was asked about the possibility of Chinese intervention, "The decision . . . is going to be made in Peiping and not necessarily by the standards or reason or logic with which we are familiar." Those who remember Hitler's invasion of Russia might add that reason and logic of any kind are not always the controlling instruments for irrational man. However, this is the realistic range of hazard involved in the Northern war—a sober reminder, and a warning restraint on aggressive temptations and proposals.

The psychology of war makes it difficult to turn back—even from mistakes. The ability of people to accept and adjust to even the most horrifying realities means that continuing our present level of activity probably involves only a small increase in risk. Therefore, I should think a realistic as well as sound political-military strategy would draw a firm line at any further widening of the war in the North. It would do no harm—although it would be politically and psychologically difficult—to slow down or halt the present bombing of the North. It might be a good idea for the President to assure the nation that, in the absence of a major North Vietnamese attack, he intended to limit the war in this way. Such a speech would bring some minor comfort and relief to the enemy, but it would enormously ease the growing, restless apprehension that we may have embarked on a limitless course.

In the South, we have no choice but to continue the war. We are under attack, and withdrawal is impossible and unwise. Here we must commit the forces needed to hold our positions, erode the enemy ranks, and clear guerrillas from the countryside. The objective, however, should be not to crush the Vietcong in pursuit of an unlikely surrender but slowly to retake key areas of the country, mile by painful mile. Neither manpower nor money nor energy should be spared in the top-priority program of pacification. Once an area is conquered, garrisoned forces,

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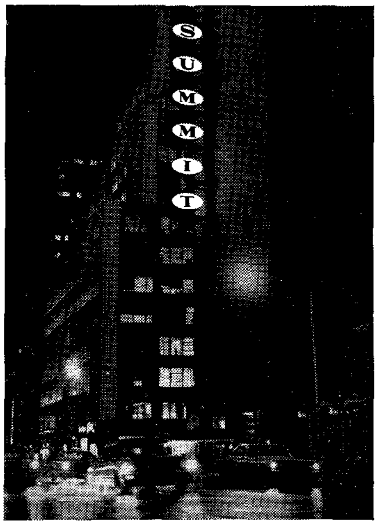

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if necessary, should assure continued security while we begin the work of social organization and economic investment, along with measures for education and the improvement of health, the harnessing of water power, and an increase in the yield of the land. If we now lack the manpower for this most important task—and we do—then both Americans and Vietnamese might well be recruited, or even conscripted, for it. Such a course might limit our battles and our deaths. It would prove our determination far more effectively than leaping across the country looking for guerrillas to kill, and would clearly demonstrate our willingness to help build a sure base for a society in which, to reverse Mao Tse-tung's famous image, "the fish" of guerrilla armies cannot "swim." Here, too, the President might well tell the American people that the outcome is uncertain—that we may turn a sudden corner and find victory but that it is far more likely that we will see only a long, bloody, inconclusive war of attrition, until returning sanity brings a political settlement. For if the talk of victory is allowed to swell, the political consequences of failure and the pressure to expand the war will also mount.

SECRETARY RUSK, when he was asked by Senator Pell if he saw any end to the "corridor we are following," replied, "No; I would be misleading you if I told you that I thought that I know where, when, and how this matter will be resolved." A few minutes later, he added, "The nature of a struggle of this sort . . . is, of course, substantially determined by the other side." Such a terrifying admission of futility—an advance absolution—only conceals the truth that this enormous nation is not helplessly in the grip of events, that the future, like the past, will be shaped largely by our own judgments. It is easy, and it would be wrong, to be apocalyptic about a conflict that is still so strictly limited and so full of hopeful possibilities for settlement. We have emerged safe and strong from many equally dangerous enterprises. Yet not long ago an important politician, intimate with the processes of power, told me he thought that if large-scale war ever comes, it will come not in a burst of Strangelove madness or a Fail-Safe accident but through a long series of acts and decisions, each seemingly reasonable, that will slowly place the great powers in a situation in which they will find it impossible to back down. It will be no one's fault. —RICHARD N. GOODWIN

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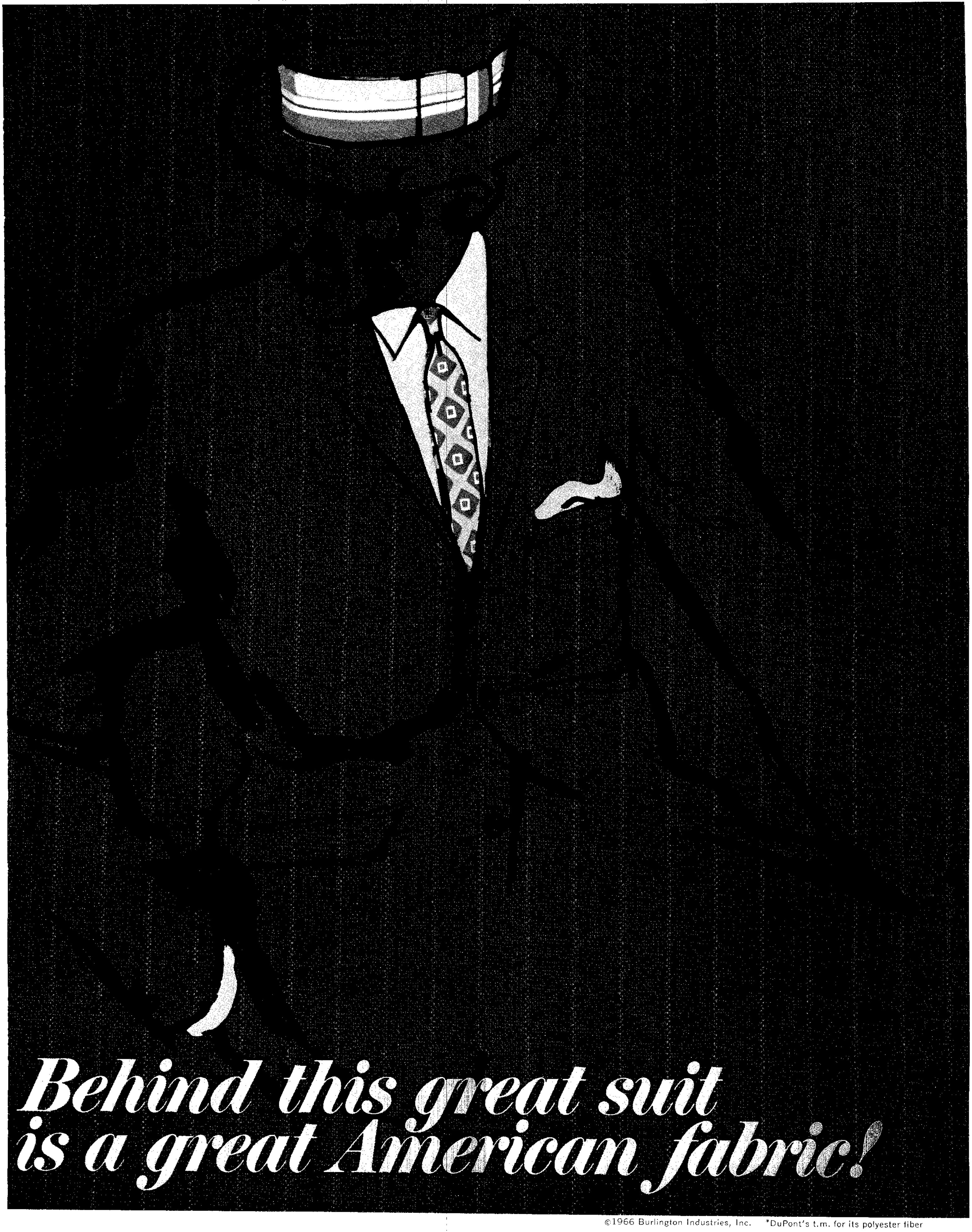
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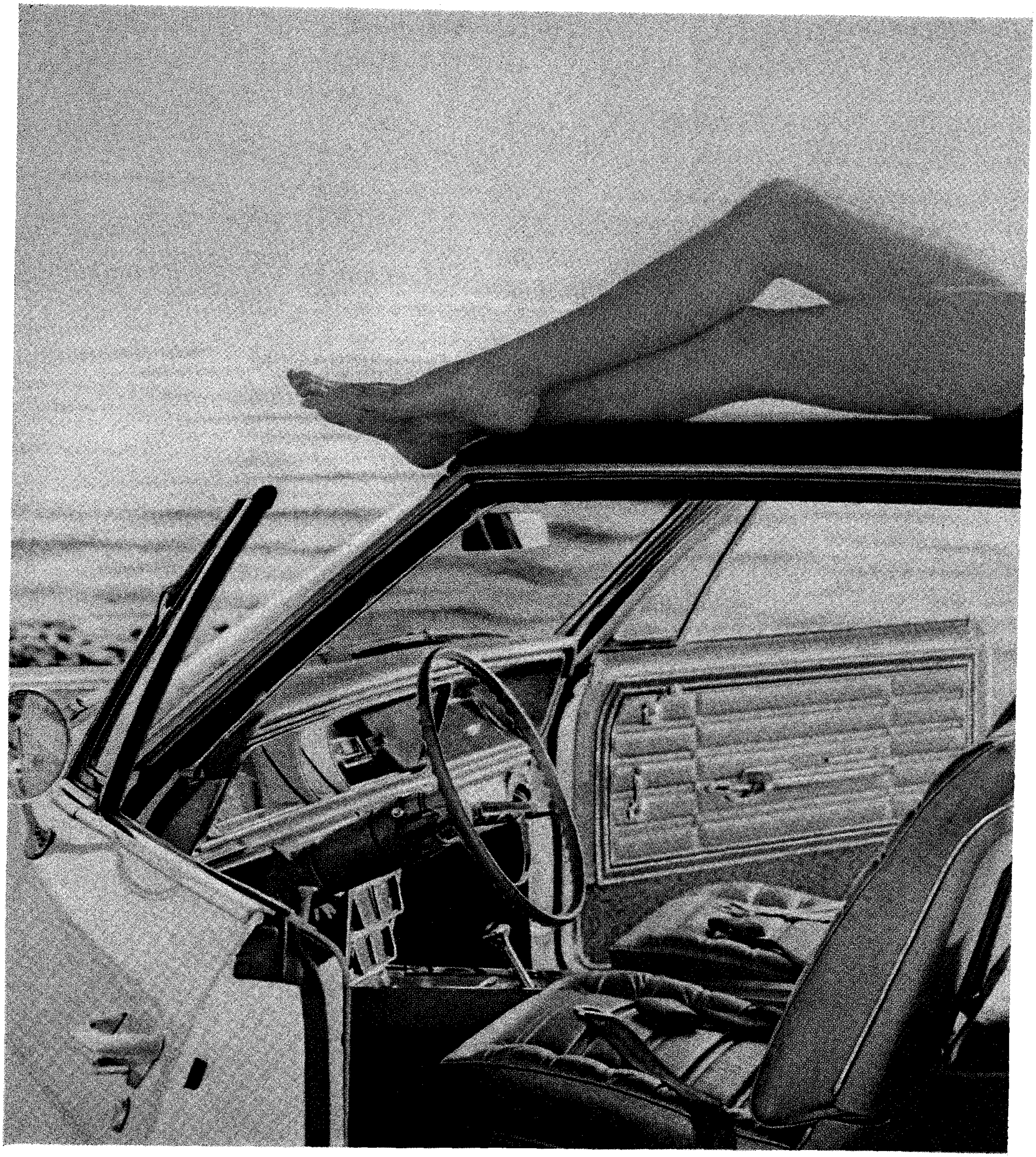

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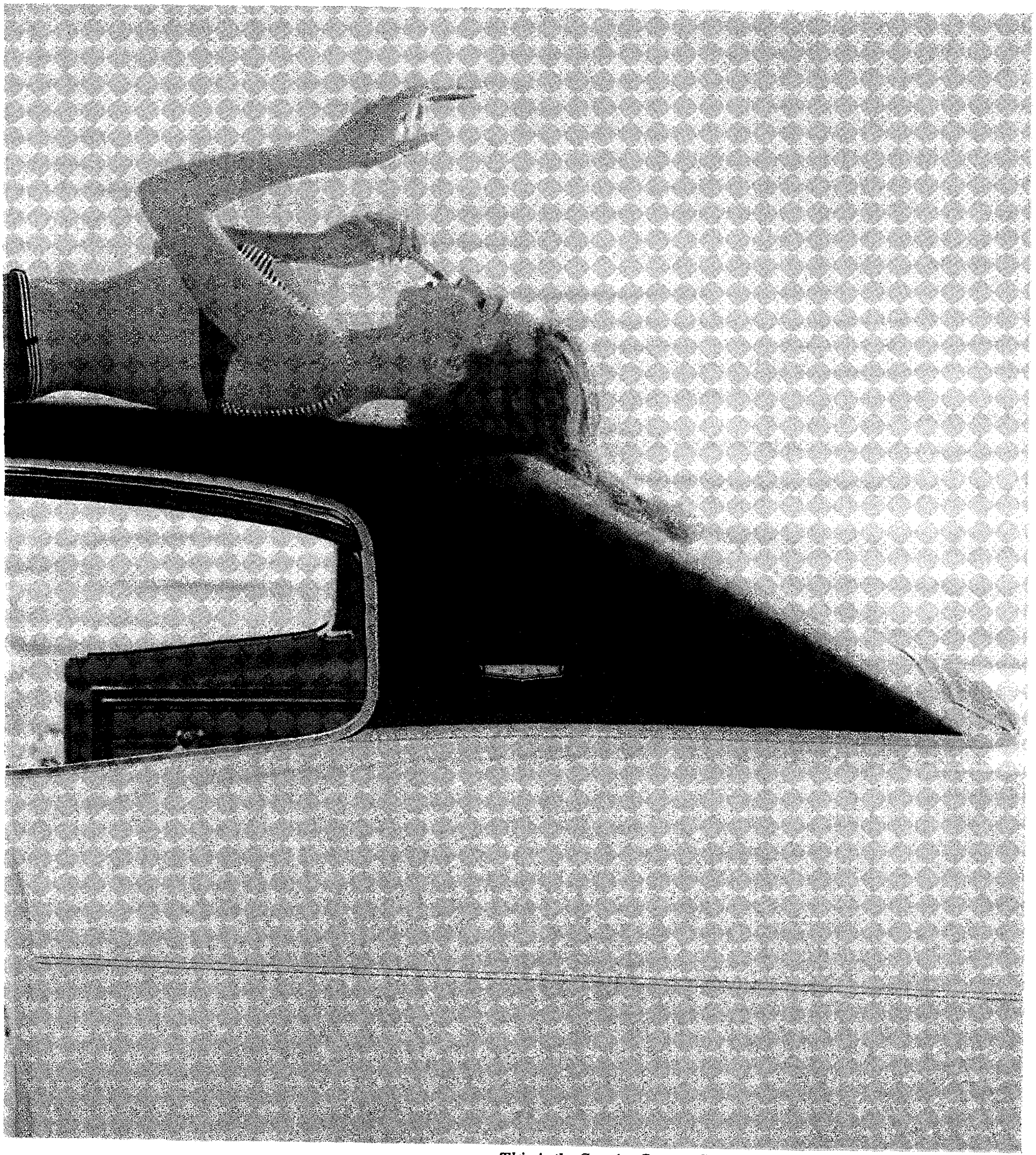

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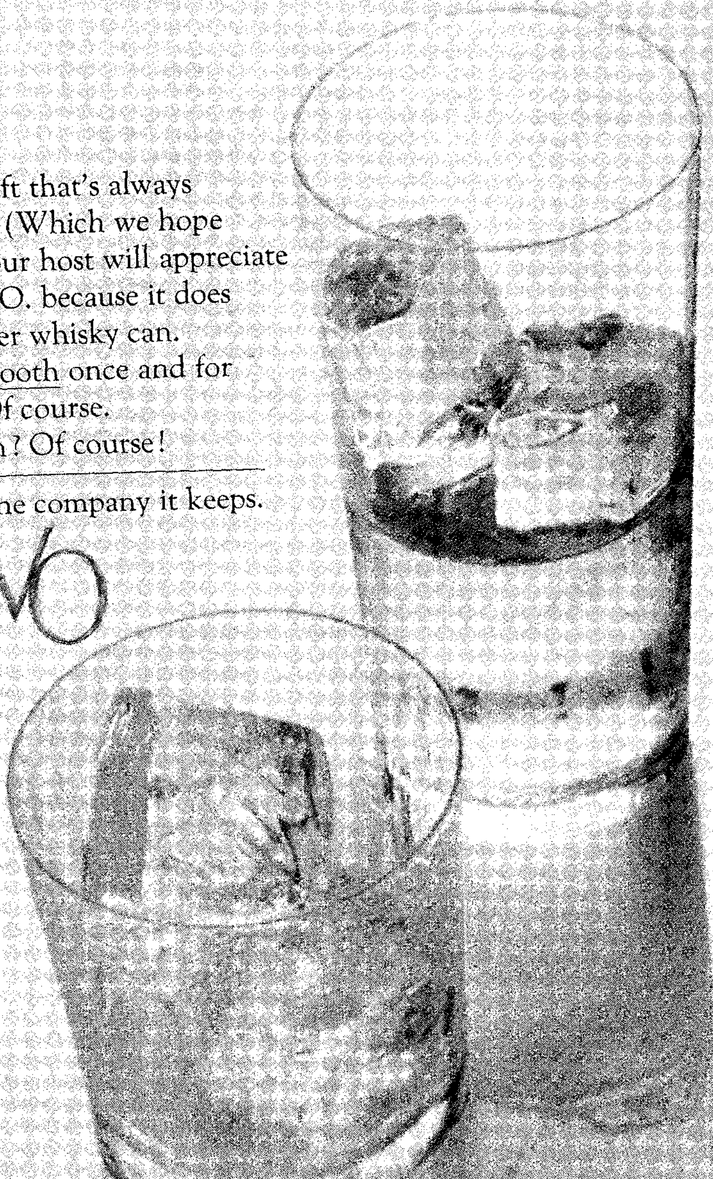

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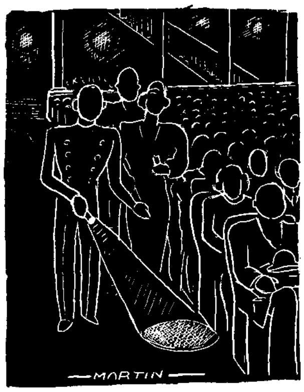
THE CURRENT CINEMA

On Parade

“John F. Kennedy: Years of Lightning, Day of Drums” is a documentary created by the United States Information Agency for showing abroad, and a special Act of Congress was required to permit it to be shown in this country. The movie was produced by George Stevens, Jr., and directed by Bruce Herschensohn, who also wrote the narration and composed the musical score; the narration is spoken by Gregory Peck. The picture is being released by Joseph E. Levine’s Embassy Pictures, and Mr. Levine has announced that whatever money the movie brings in above the costs of distribution will go to the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, in Washington. Since the movie was intended not as a commercial venture in entertainment but as a means of winning friends for our government overseas, the tactful thing would perhaps be for me to pretend that it eludes the accepted grounds for criticism and, having announced its presence among us, fall silent. But the fact is that the picture deserves to be seen and therefore must risk being deplored. The burden of my complaint is simple enough; it is that, however successful the movie may be as propaganda, it isn’t very successful as a portrait of Kennedy. We cannot help being grateful for all these vivid glimpses of him as President, on what appears to be almost incessant official display, and we cannot help being grateful to possess, for the renewal of our sorrow, an ample record of his funeral. Here is the public personage, still so invincibly youthful in his middle forties, after so much physical pain and in the midst of such crushing responsibilities; here are the celebrated smile and unruly hair, the celebrated Irish-American voice, in whose tone (as in the fiercely hortatory rhetoric of his speeches) is preserved forever the Kennedy-family conviction that to do is nearly always better than to be. But as the picture goes on, we begin to feel suffocated by too many parades, too many gleaming cars, too many flags. We long for more glimpses of the Kennedy behind the President—that high-strung, mocking, emotionally inaccessible man, who must often have speculated wryly on the discrepancy between the cheering of the crowds and the gravity of the problems he had promised them to solve.



There will be many more documentaries on Kennedy, and for this reason I feel obliged to mention that the narration of the present work is a model of how *not* to tell his story. Despite Mr. Peck’s properly matter-of-fact approach, we are always aware that we are in the presence of some mighty fancy writing—the title of the documentary is characteristic—and mighty fancy is mighty bad. Kennedy himself had a curious, old-fashioned predilection for high-flown grammatical constructions (“Ask not what your country can do for you . . .”); it was a comparatively harmless failing in him, but it is an inexcusable failing in anyone who writes about him.

I CAN pay “Cinerama’s Russian Adventure” a backhanded compliment by saying that it isn’t nearly as grim as I feared it would be, and that some of it is actually quite appealing. Our “host” on this occasion is that unexpected geographer, demographer, architectural historian, woodsman, and balletomane Bing Crosby, who chatters on about Russia in an inoffensive fashion, presumably reading from a very large blackboard somewhere off-camera the very large figures with which the statistics of Russia bristle. No Cinerama picture is complete without a race that seems to threaten the viewer’s own life, and here it is a race held north of the Arctic Circle, in sleighs pulled by reindeer. We also watch a wild-boar hunt in the Muyunkim Desert, a wild-antelope roundup on Barsakelma Island, a bloody and distressing whale hunt in Antarctica, and people skin-diving off the Kamchatka Peninsula. The spectacle, filmed with great élan by Russian cameramen, lasts two hours and twenty minutes, which is awfully long, but the shots of the Moscow State Circus and the Moiseyev Dancers are well worth waiting for. My favorite indoor performer was the superb clown Oleg Popov, and my favorite outdoor performers were three men steering a log raft down the flooded Tisza River;

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their skill and courage reminded me that I once dreamed of becoming a master of the peavey. Old dreams die hard, but for the sake of my loved ones perhaps I had better remain on dry land and off logs.

"FANTOMAS" is a silly and dated French comedy-melodrama about an archcriminal capable of assuming an infinite multiplicity of disguises. A gallant newspaper reporter and a radically ineffectual police inspector attempt to track the villain down, but at the end of the picture they are at sea and he is elsewhere; a sequel is presumably to be looked for, though not, I fear, by many. The picture stars Jean Marais, as the reporter, and Louis de Funes, as the inspector. A couple seated behind me in the theatre had even more reason to be disappointed in the picture than I. They had read the newspaper advertisements for it much too hurriedly and were expecting to see Jeanne Moreau, not Jean Marais. —BRENDAN GILL

•

So let us collect if it brings us happiness, for we live in a strange world where all is not what it seems. Color is NOT inherent in anything. Every object is BUSY eternally absorbing and reflecting. Time actually does not exist. We have no time above our atmosphere, no day or night, no morning or evening and that is little more than 200 miles away. We rush along, air and earth, at 18 miles per second or 65,000 miles an hour. Still we made Time to rush us some more. We abide on a "rolling cemetery" of all the breaths and thoughts and life-forms. But collecting brings us the full sunbeam showered upon all objects, each of its own odd molecular structure, absorbing what it wants, and repelling the rest. EVERYTHING IS BUSY doing this. We think of grass as a still thing—and how lucky for us that it isn't, for grass would be black if it absorbed ALL the sunbeam's rays, and repelled none. Isn't it all really wonderful?—*Adv. in Hobbies.*

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•

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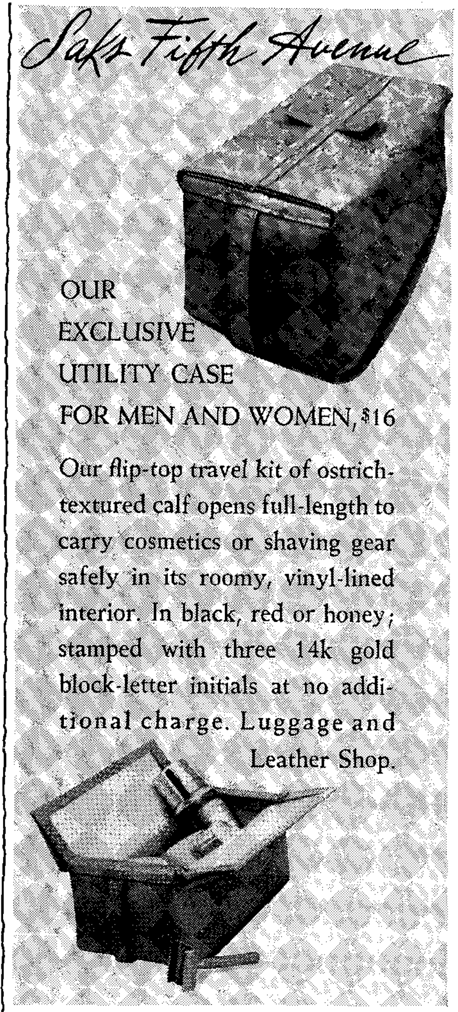

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THE RACE TRACK

Down They Go

THE event of the week at Aqueduct came off on Good Friday, when Priceless Gem, winner of the Futurity and one of the three top two-year-olds of 1965, led all the way in the Prioress Stakes, her first appearance under colors this season, and sailed home by six lengths, only to be disqualified for bumping. She'd hardly passed the winning post when the red "Inquiry" sign flashed on the tote board, and, following a study of the film-patrol movies of the race in slow motion, the stewards ordered her placed last. The pictures showed that shortly after the start she swerved, slamming My Boss Lady against Amerala, causing Amerala to stumble and unseat Ycaza. After that, Priceless Gem galloped on, doing the six furlongs in 1:10⅗. When the numbers were changed, first place went to My Boss Lady, who paid $18.80, second went to Squeeze, and third to Spearfish, a star at Santa Anita last winter. My Boss Lady, owned by Ogden Phipps, was the twelfth stakes winner Eddie Neloy has saddled since he took over the Phipps and Wheatley Stable horses last December. Queen Empress was expected to make it thirteen in the Barbara Fritchie Handicap at Bowie last Saturday, but she was beaten by Tosmah.

The result of the Prioress was a stunner for Hirsch Jacobs, who trains Priceless Gem (it was his sixty-second birthday, by the way), and for the crowd, who made her odds-on in the betting. The filly has grown into a sizable individual, though not too tall for her length, and I thought she was quieter in the paddock than she had been last autumn; she used to get awfully fidgety when people gathered round her at saddling time. If she takes on Impressive, Indulto, and other colts in the Gotham Stakes this weekend, she'll wear blinkers to keep her going straight.

THERE was an even bigger surprise at Keeneland on Saturday. The theretofore unbeaten Moccasin, who was rated one pound better than Priceless Gem in the Experimental Free Handicap, finished fourth in a sprint at six furlongs. From all accounts,

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she got away slowly and was boxed in by the other runners until it was too late for her to close the gap. Stealaway, the winner, who had clear sailing, is owned by Darby Dan Farm, which also owns Graustark. Earlier on the program at the Lexington track, Graustark really turned it on in one of those betless exhibition races, doing six furlongs in 1:09⅗ and leaving the two other runners down the course. If he continues this sort of thing, there won't be many starters in the Kentucky Derby.

TO get back to Aqueduct, which had another five-million-dollar handle in the mutuels last Saturday, the Excelsior Handicap that afternoon wasn't much of a race. Choker made every post a winning one, finishing four lengths ahead of Point du Jour, with Quita Dude third. Approaching the far turn, Cordero tried to send Turn to Reason through a narrow opening on the rail, which wasn't a bright thing to do, and Ussery, who rode Choker, blocked him. Of course, Cordero lodged an objection, but the stewards dismissed it.

ROAMING around and about Belmont Park one morning last week, I saw Buckpasser. He couldn't look better, and as for that quarter crack that sidelined him, he steps out now as though there were no such thing. In fact, Eddie Neloy hopes to have him ready for the Preakness at Pimlico on May 21st. Bold and Brave, who had bad luck in the Florida Derby, was to have made the trip from Miami with him, but the noise of loading the plane apparently got on his nerves and he went into a frenzy, breaking his halter and throwing himself against the sides of his stall. How serious his bruises are won't be known for sure until he runs again. I also sized up Bold Lad, who has grown into a handsome sprinter. You'll see him under colors one of these days. Altogether, Neloy has more than forty horses at Belmont. Half of them are two-year-olds, of whom two caught my eye—Successor, who is a full brother of Bold Lad, and Great Era, a gray filly of beautiful quality. I'll string along with her.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Delegates were shocked to hear reports that 1,024,785 Canadians in a population of 20 million are "punctually illiterate."—*The Times.*

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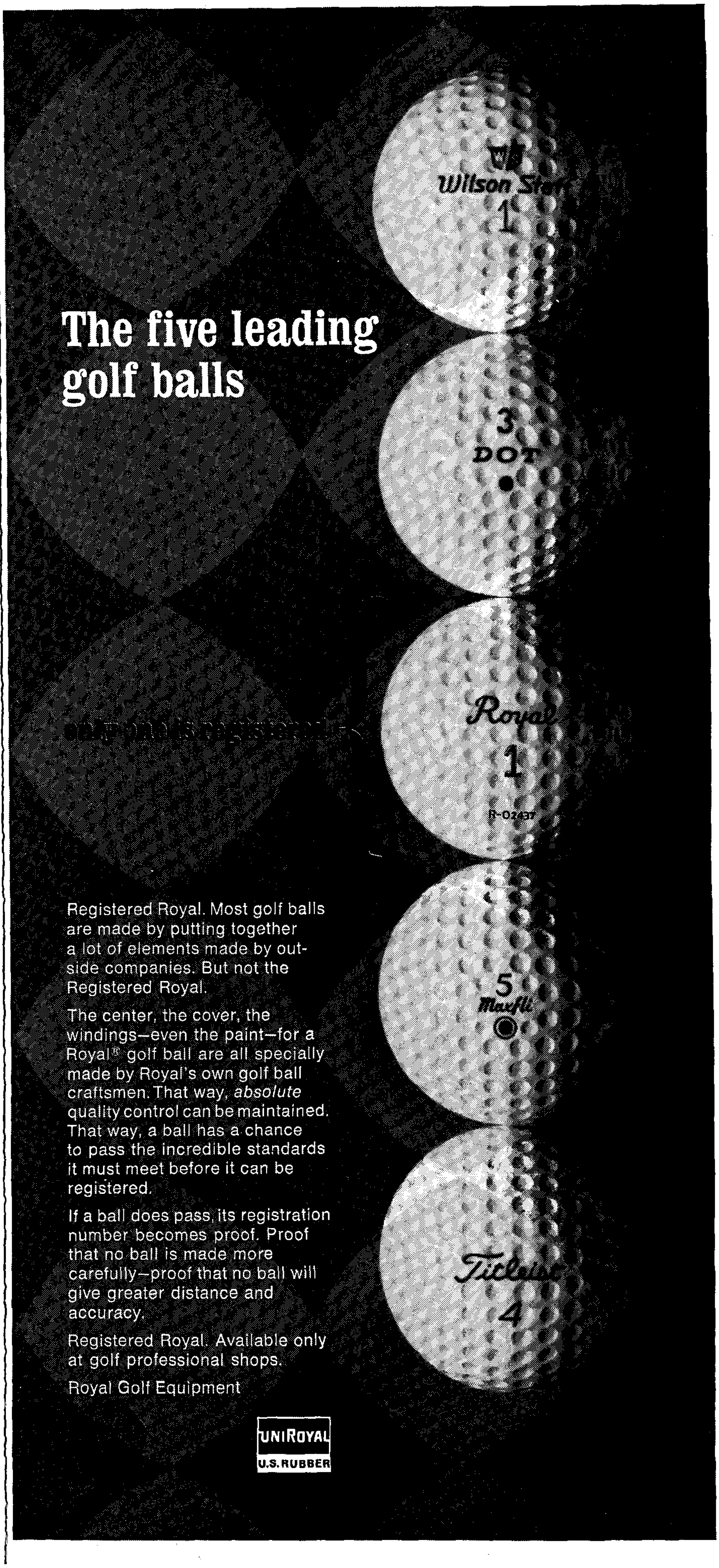
MUSICAL EVENTS

Newcomers

THE London Symphony Orchestra is not exactly a stranger hereabouts. It first appeared here in 1912, and two years ago, after a long absence, it turned up again. If, like me, you have some difficulty in identifying the various extremely good orchestras that blossom and fade from time to time in England, this is the oldest of them, the one that elects its own conductors, and the one conducted just before his death by Pierre Monteux. It turned up in Carnegie Hall a week ago Saturday night. I missed its first two concerts, but I attended the ones last Wednesday and Thursday nights, and was much pleased with what I heard. I have remarked before on the peculiar smoothness and refinement of the brass and woodwind sections of this orchestra. But such virtues are apt to depend to a great extent on the man with the baton, provided he has players of the first rank to work with. Up to last week, I had never been quite as impressed with this orchestra's strings as I had been with its winds. But this time it arrived with a new conductor, Istvan Kertesz, and under him the strings have taken on new lustre. I am told that Mr. Kertesz miscalculated some details in his earlier Carnegie Hall appearances, probably because of unfamiliarity with the auditorium or of nervousness before a new audience. By the time I got to hear the orchestra he had apparently conquered any difficulties of this sort, and his performances were exceedingly smooth, accurate, knowing, and inspired. Mr. Kertesz is a middle-sized roundish man—or perhaps it is merely his face that is round, in the Hungarian manner—with an unself-conscious, earnest, slightly homely way of conducting. There isn't a trace of exhibitionism about him. He uses both arms in unison from time to time, and he occasionally gives beats and cues that are not strictly necessary. But all this is just a part of his entirely untheatrical manner. His way with the orchestra is gentle yet firm, and he is capable of drawing a beautiful tone from all choirs and of bringing forth interpretations of great eloquence.

The London Symphony brought along another special attraction in the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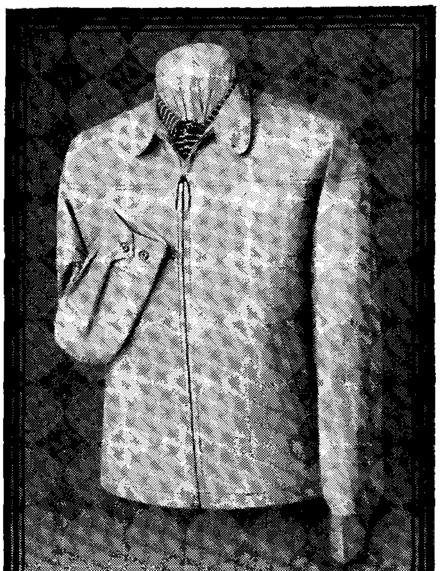
Soviet pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy, who performed at most of its concerts during the week. Mr. Ashkenazy is a wiry little man, a sort of bantamweight pianist to the eye, but there is certainly nothing bantamweight about his playing. He is a magnificent technician; he has a powerful left hand, which, except when it pounds a little, seems to be that of a much bigger man; he has a cultivated style in many kinds of music and immense authority as an interpreter. He is not perfect. Few performers are. Sometimes he blurs rapid runs with the pedal, and, as I just said, he sometimes pounds. But usually these imperfections arise from the impetuosity of the moment. In short, he is really a formidable pianist, and one whom it is exciting and rewarding to listen to. On Wednesday night, he played Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3 in C Minor, Opus 37, in a masterly manner, and on the following evening he played the solo part of Mozart's Piano Concerto in E Flat, K. 271, with brilliant technical clarity and a great deal of poetic insight. He is still in his twenties, and he is obviously an artist to watch.

When he was not accompanying Mr. Ashkenazy, Mr. Kertesz's performances remained lively and interesting. He gave a particularly inspired and idiomatic performance of Dvořák's Symphony No. 7 in D Minor, Opus 70, on Wednesday night, as well as a sensitive performance of Benjamin Britten's Four Sea-Interludes and Passacaglia from "Peter Grimes," though the latter seemed to me somewhat dull as a symphonic item torn from its operatic moorings. On Thursday night, he conducted a superbly flashy interpretation of Berlioz's flashy "Le Corsaire" Overture, and a superbly contemplative interpretation of Vaughan Williams' Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis. His work as an accompanist to Mr. Ashkenazy was impeccable. Altogether, he proved to be a find among those European conductors who have recently appeared on this side of the Atlantic.

I DIDN'T stay for the Beethoven Seventh that closed Thursday night's program, but I wish I had. I went instead to Philharmonic Hall to hear the last part of Bach's "Passion According to St. John," conducted by Lukas Foss with the New York Philharmonic, various choral groups, and soloists—Veronica Tyler, Betty Allen, Charles Bressler, Thomas Paul, Richard Lewis, and William Warfield. Nobody seemed to be in good voice, including the chorus, and what I heard of



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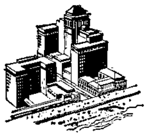

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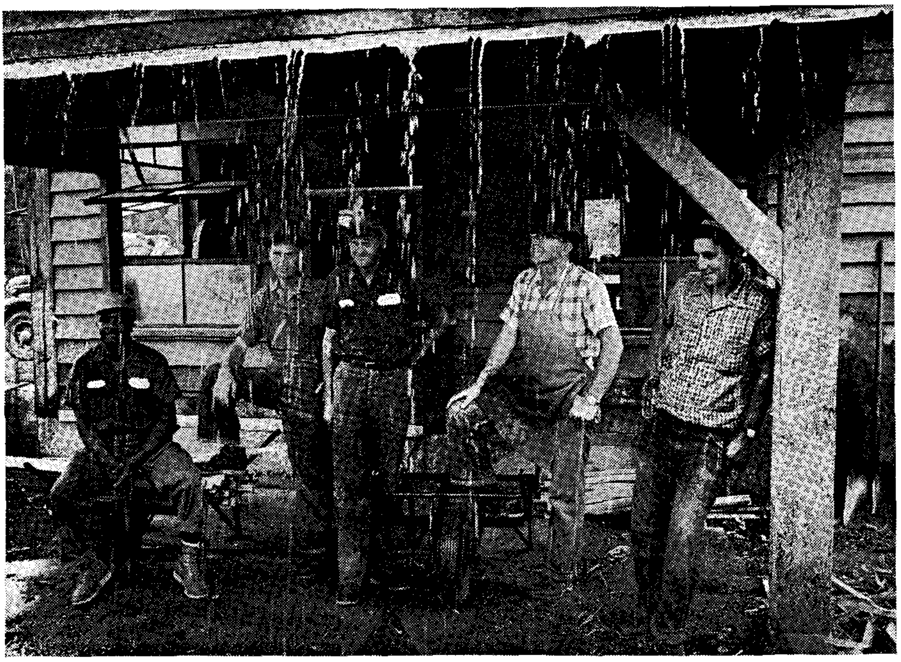
the performance was wretched. When things like this happen, I am inclined to blame the conductor. Mr. Foss had the appearance of a Prussian drill-master, and the music was overdriven, mannered, and exaggerated. The presence of such historical niceties as a lute and a viola da gamba was interesting but contributed little to alleviate the bad points in what was one of the worst professional large-scale Bach performances I have ever heard.

THE mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne is a singer who has nearly everything. Her voice is one of the loveliest to be heard anywhere today. She has a beautifully cultivated bel-canto style, and a range that goes from true contralto to soprano without a break. She has the agility of a coloratura soprano, great accuracy of intonation, and perfect "production," as the singing teachers call it. All this makes her something of a phenomenon. I attended her Carnegie Hall recital on Tuesday evening of last week, and was, like most of her audience, lost in admiration for her spectacular singing of a group of Rossini arias. In one of them, "Ah quel giorno," from "Semiramide," which brought down the house, and had to be partly repeated, she negotiated scales through two octaves, and skips up and down of exactly an octave and a half, in a manner that can be matched by few of today's singers. She also sang Purcell's seldom done "Mad Bess" with a great deal of dramatic style, and showed a wonderful feeling for the long line in "O too lovely," from Arne's "Artaxerxes," and "Bel piacere," from Handel's "Agrippina," as well as Marcello's "Il mio bel foco." I found her singing of Schumann's cycle "Frauenliebe and Leben" entirely pleasant, though there was nothing very German about it. It was sung in a bel-canto style, which is not precisely right for lieder, and its emotional subtleties were not brought out with the feeling that a great lieder singer would have exhibited. However, the sheer beauty of the sound that she produced made some amends for this shortcoming. A concluding group of seven songs by Manuel de Falla, sung in Spanish, was more successful, and somehow more idiomatic.

ON Friday night, I went to the State Theatre to renew acquaintance with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the evening-length ballet by Balanchine, which has always seemed to me one of his greatest creations. Some changes have been made in it



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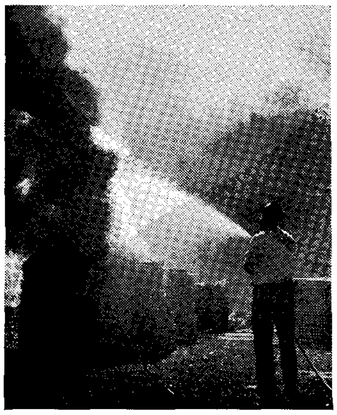

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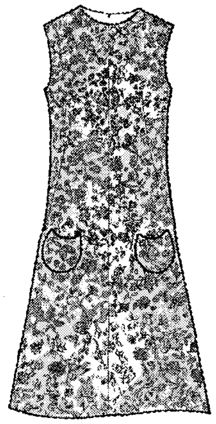

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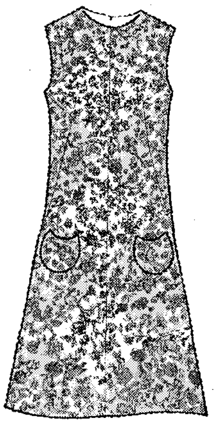

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since it was first done here, all of them to the good, and it remains a wholly beautiful, poetic, and engrossing spectacle. To me, one of the wonderful things about it is the fluidity of its choreography, which avoids all the tedious formal parading and pantomime that evening-length ballets are likely to have. There is dancing—and brilliant dancing—every moment. In this respect, although the comparison will undoubtedly horrify Mr. Balanchine, I think that he has achieved something analogous to what Richard Wagner did when he eliminated the old conventions of recitative and aria, and created a fluent style that contained something of both and led to a more dramatic and closer-knit continuity. This comparison applies at least to the first half of the ballet. The second half is built, rather freely, on the old ballet convention of the divertissement finale, but the treatment is anything but literal, and, again, every moment involves dance. Most of the company's finest dancers were in the cast the other night, led by Suzanne Farrell as Titania, Edward Villella as Oberon, Arthur Mitchell as Puck, Mimi Paul, Patricia McBride, Nicholas Magallanes, and Roland Vazquez as the quartet of lovers, Gloria Govrin as Hippolyta, and Allegra Kent and Jacques d'Amboise as the participants in the Act II pas de deux. Everybody was in fine form, and the evening was a total delight.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

> NEW YORK (AP) — Mayor John V. Lindsay today swears in George F. McGrath of Boston as city corrections commissioner to replace Anna M. Kross.
>
> McGrath, 49, has had 30 years' experience in the field of beautiful girls against scenic crime prevention with the federal and Massachusetts governments.

—*Northampton (Mass.) Daily Hampshire Gazette.*

Sounds like a good man.

•

An Irish army demolition squad will blow up the stump of the Nelson Column in Dublin today, the government said. Anti-British saboteurs blew off Lord Nelson's statue and the top 40 to 60 feet of the 134-foot-high monument early last Tuesday. Police planned to seal off and evacuate the heart of the city in preparation for today's controlled explosion. It will bring the number of Lowenstein mills to 15.

—*The Wall Street Journal.*

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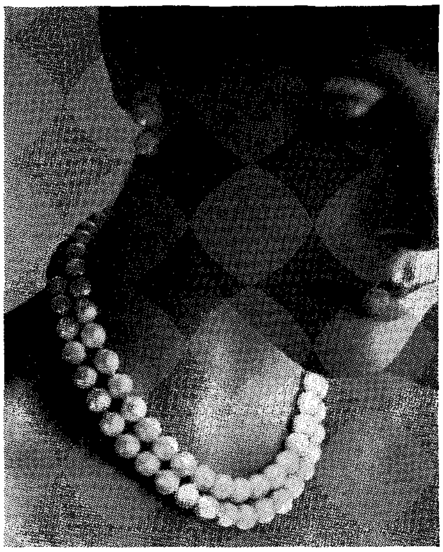

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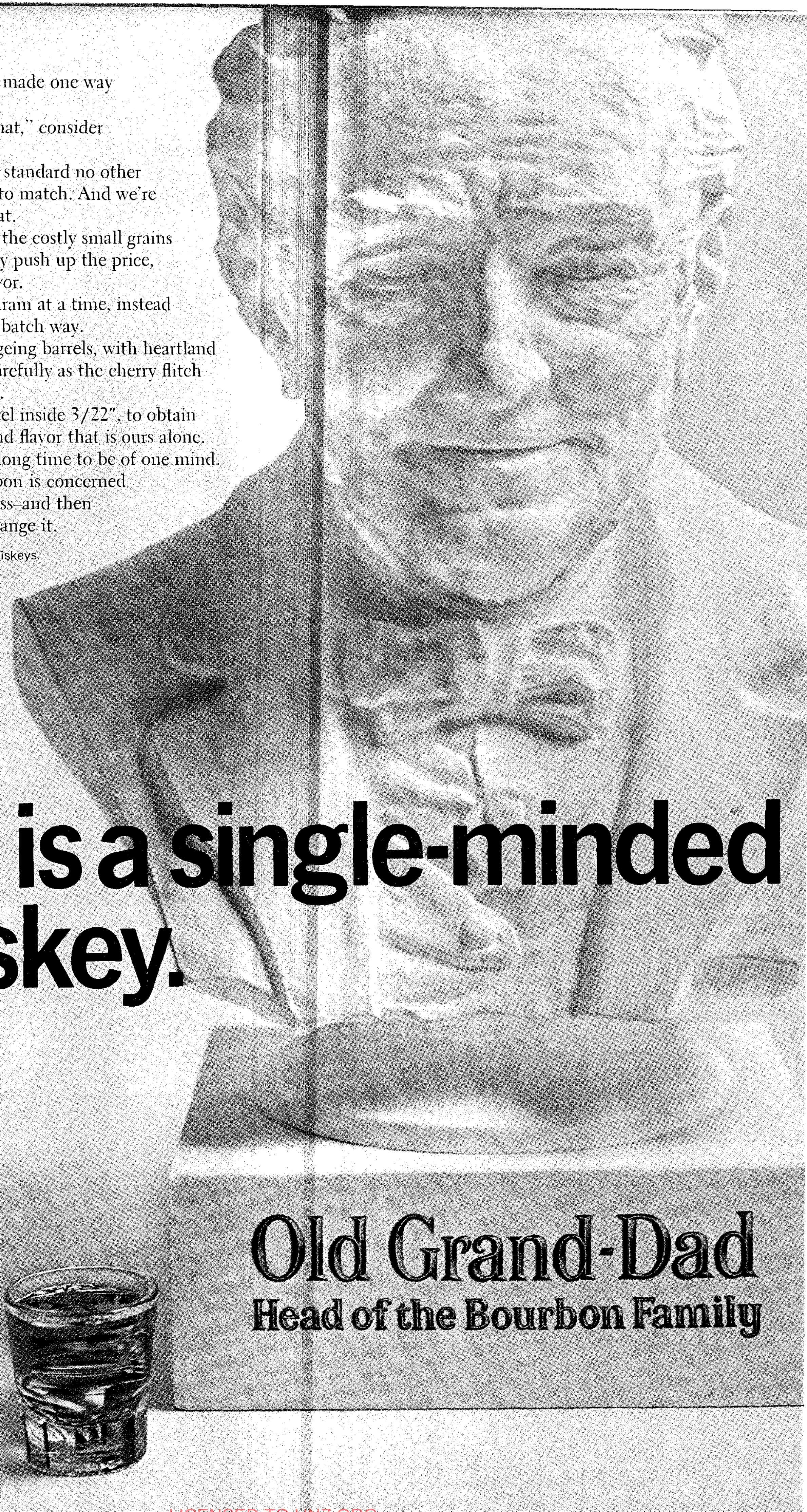
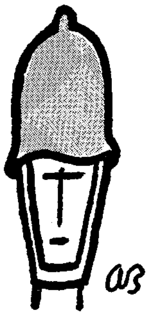


LETTER FROM LONDON

APRIL 5



THE election that last Thursday gave Mr. Wilson's Government a now unmistakably positive vote of confidence was a strange one in many ways. Possibly the fact that it was the nation's second dose of electioneering in seventeen months accounted for so many people's feeling that the campaign had lasted just about as many months by the time the three-week slanging match on television was over. Though public meetings up and down the country were said to be packed, attentive, and lively, the larger public who followed the arguments from their own firesides were, to judge by citizens' exasperated comments, bored by the stream of political bias, insults, and promises that flowed from the various party figures appearing before them. For the first time, perhaps, a lot of television was seen to be a dangerous political thing. The surprising drop in the number of voters, who had been expected to record an exceptionally heavy turnout but in fact slumped from around seventy-seven per cent in 1964 to around seventy-five per cent this time, was attributed by some commentators to overcomplacent Labour voters' failing to go to vote, like bettors not troubling to place their money on a too heavily fancied certainty. It could be equally accounted for, one would guess, by surfeited TV listeners' being goaded into calling a plague on all three parties' houses and staying home on Thursday.

Even the normally brilliant performers did not always show up impressively in the broadcasts. The Prime Minister was, for once, unusually dull in a medium in which he generally shines. Mr. Heath—until just before the end of the campaign, when he suddenly found in his final TV appearance what those who know him say is his real intelligent, humane, and human form—appeared a somewhat wooden figure to many people casting their eye thoughtfully over him as an alternative to the better-known stocky, gray-haired image in the more seemingly unremovable raincoat. It seemed a rude public gesture toward the party leaders' TV performances that, according to a sample analysis the B.B.C. made

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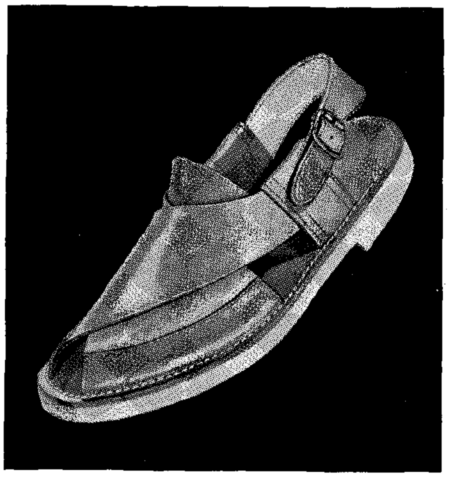

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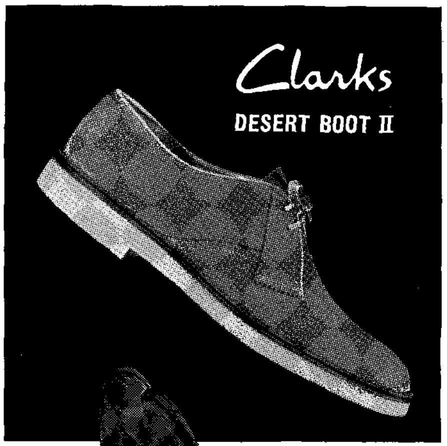

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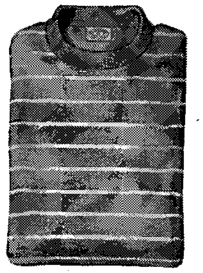
during the campaign, the staggeringly popular figure turned out to be Ludovic Kennedy, the broadcaster and writer—a Liberal who was not even standing as a candidate this time, and who delivered, apparently to more ears than were turned receptively toward Mr. Wilson's speeches, a cautionary tale on the theme of broken Labour promises.

Right up to its close, the election was oddly without drama or excitement. It was, after all, a foregone conclusion, arrived at before it began by all the public pollsters, who differed merely in predicting by how much Britain would swing toward Labour. Only the Conservative leaders, who naturally went on declaring with passionate mechanical conviction that they could win, and obstinate believers in last-minute changes of heart stood out against the tide. Even the Election Night crowds were quieter and less jocular than usual, and distinctly small in Piccadilly Circus, at any rate, where at one moment the police on duty in what looked like needless profusion around boarded-up Eros seemed almost as numerous as the thin scatter of people leaning over the barrier rails on the pavements to watch the results flashed on a screen above the old Criterion Theatre. Winking red electric stars and less frequent blue ones raised hardly a cheer or a groan from the watchers, some of whom had come along armed with election-constituency lists torn out of the newspapers. On these they scribbled majority figures and ticked off Labour's fast-mounting gains, and the effect was studious but low in temperature, like the night air.

The Conservatives extracted a little wan satisfaction from pointing out that the ninety-seven-seat majority that Mr. Wilson will have comfortably behind him in the new House of Commons was something short of the overwhelming national landslide calculated by one or two of the polls. There is not much consolation for them elsewhere in the changed picture. When Parliament reassembles, their own reduced benches will be short of many of the old familiar faces, several ex-Ministers and—a far more serious loss for Edward Heath—brainy, younger radical-minded Tories of the Heath stamp having been lost along the way. The movement against the Conservatives was universal, though less in country districts, where the politics of the big house die hard even if the day of the big house has gone. They did not succeed in taking a single seat from Labour; it was undoubtedly a bitter blow that Labour's solitary casualty was inflicted by a Liberal. To



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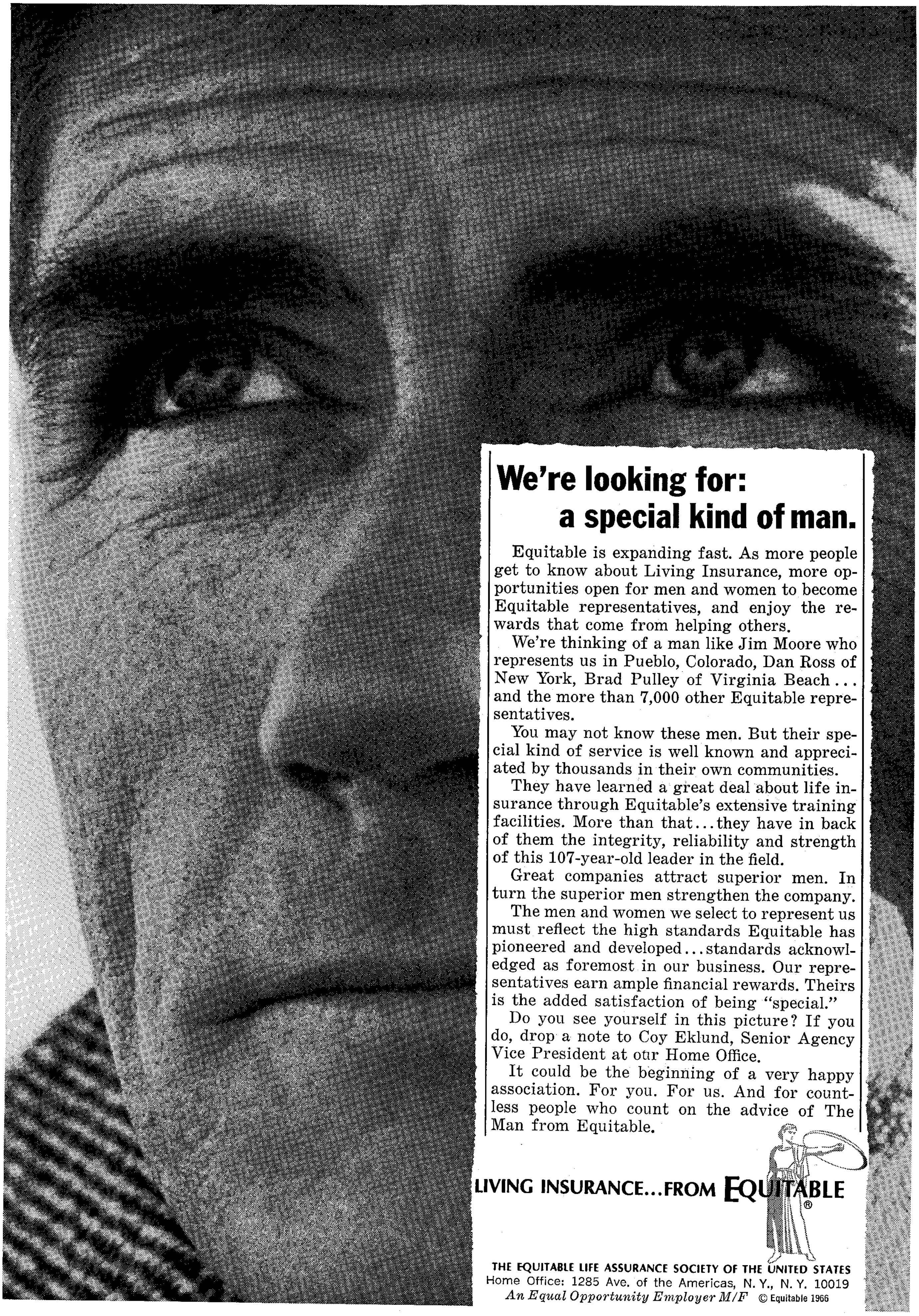

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many Conservatives, the most alarming feature of their defeat was the steady, significant crumbling of their vote in places considered in the past to be impregnable strongholds. Even if these places did manage to return the Conservative man as usual, they did so by a much damaged majority and must in future rank as unsafe seats that might easily go in another fight.

NOBODY denies—naturally not the jubilant Labour supporters, and not, however reluctantly, his opponents, either—that this was Mr. Wilson's remarkably personal victory. He chose, with his shrewd tactical sense of timing, exactly the right moment for the election, cannily inviting the electorate throughout to regard it as merely the second act of the same work they had commissioned in October, 1964, and had sat in on, however grudgingly. His TV speeches sounded less telling than usual because they were purposely repetitive. He repeated again and again to the nation that Labour had not had time to show what it could do, whereas the Conservatives (he did *not* fail to point out) had been given thirteen years and had wasted them. The argument appears to have struck voters as reasonable. In the opinion of many discerning and not ill-disposed commentators, Mr. Wilson's campaign references to the country's economic situation—the most critical of all the issues he must tackle with his new authority—were rather less than frank and were certainly couched carefully, so that no possible Labour voter's flesh would creep. When he did mention it, he promised that strong measures would be taken but omitted to say what these doubtless unpopular steps would be. Instead, he left an impression that jobs and wages would somehow be preserved while asking his audiences to note thoughtfully that the Conservatives were the wicked old party that would, if it could, be in favor of sending full employment out again into the bitterly remembered cold. The coming budget will, it is figured, be a good deal more harshly explicit now that the election euphoria is over.

It is probable that many of the new, younger voters who gave Labour such a ringing answer were disappointed, as were pro-Europeans in the other parties, by the lack of warmth in Mr. Wilson's references to the rumors of a better atmosphere across the Channel for Britain's once more trying to enter Europe. In his inadequate speech in Bristol on the subject, he sounded more like a businessman sharply scrutinizing a

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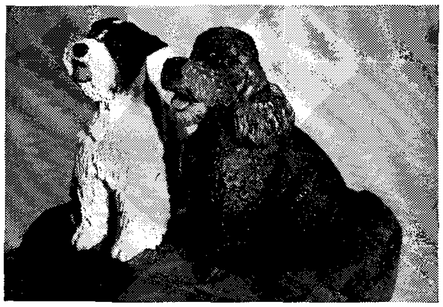

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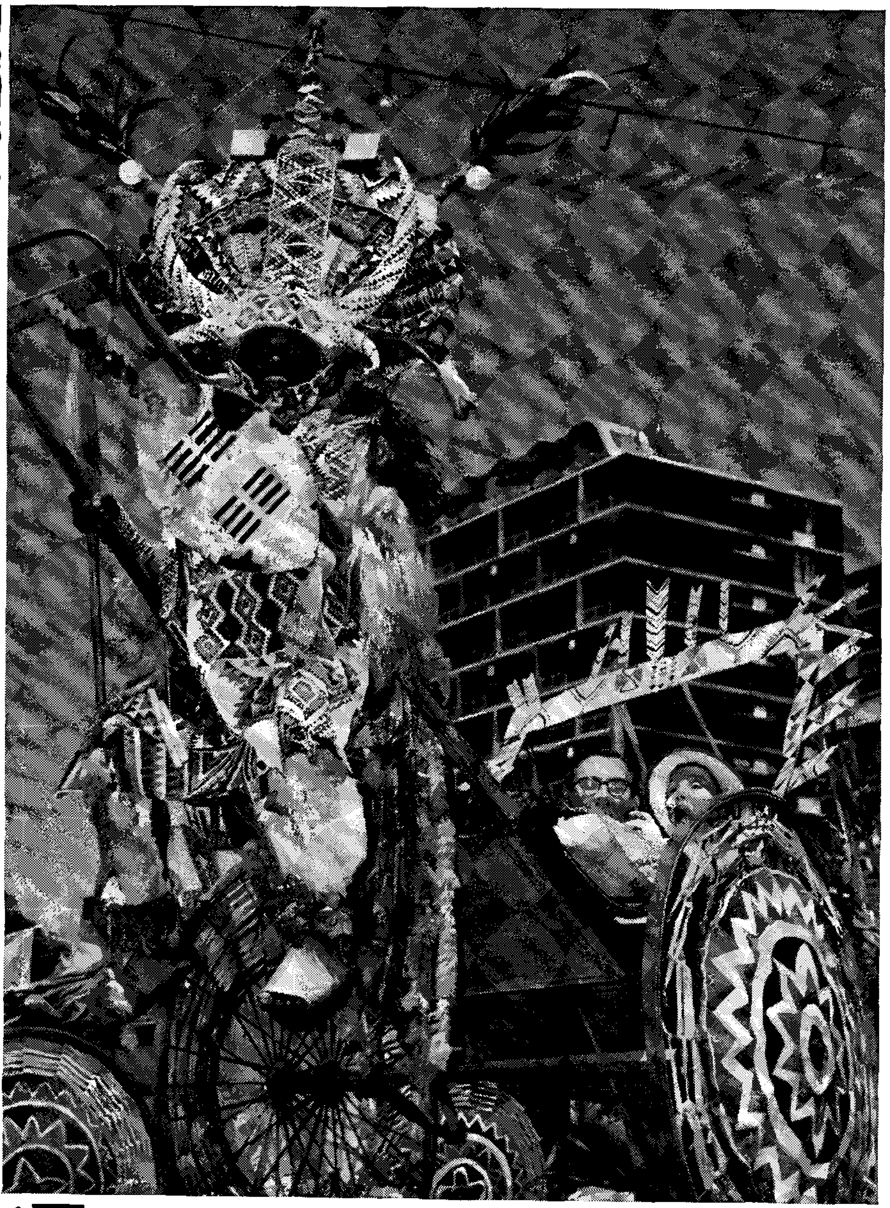
sales contract for flaws than like a statesman hopefully welcoming history. Probably his most dependable winning card with the public was that he and his administration are known. In 1964, many doubtful Britons regarded the new Government as inexperienced men without faces, who possibly might have Marxist horns and tails into the bargain, and were surprised by their moderation. One thing that this election has shown strikingly is that the old idea of the Conservatives' possessing—by experience, class, and some sort of divine right—a superior expertise in handling the affairs of government has gone. It may be, as some think, that it marks the end of the Conservatives' long aristocratic chapter and a turning toward what Britain seems to want—the moderately left-wing modern government that many more people this time felt they saw in Mr. Wilson and his carefully classless appeal.

Mr. Heath began the campaign as an unknown quantity to the public, and also to many in his party, but the three weeks were like a gruelling, intensive crash course in the art of leadership. Many Conservatives think that if he had been as consistently good all through as he was in the closing stages, they would have kept votes that drifted off elsewhere. He and the Liberals made all the radical running—too radical by half, possibly, for some of the Tory old hands—while Labour cautiously stayed in the middle of the road and guarded its gains. Although the air rang with violent Conservative as well as Labour controversy when Mr. Heath (on behalf of Harold Macmillan's Government) was trying to negotiate Britain's entry into the Common Market, he boldly took Europe as a main election theme, saying that his first act, if he was elected, would be to send



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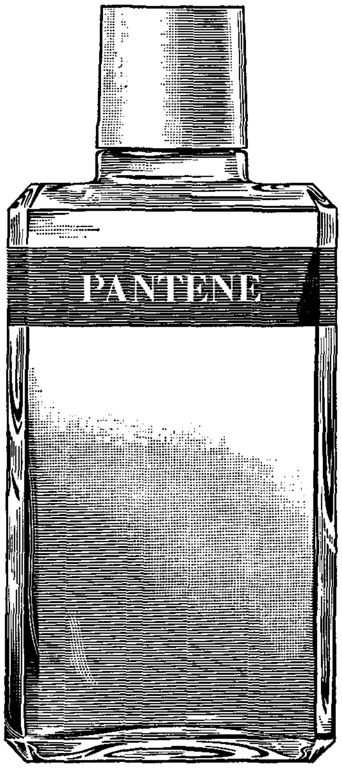

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a Minister to start new talks—to Paris, he said, which led to Mr. Wilson's much resented gibe at him as one who was ready to become General de Gaulle's spaniel. His strong pro-European and pro-Common Market ideas are certainly backed enthusiastically by younger Tories, but the farming community tersely registered its continuing objections.

The Liberals, who also fought a pro-European campaign, had a mixed bag of success and failure. They pushed up their handful of M.P.s to a round dozen and gained urban seats this time, showing that their appeal lies not only in the usual Celtic grass roots, where Liberalism has always traditionally flourished. Though they polled fewer votes than in 1964, it is clear that they are still the chosen voice of those who are attracted to a radical party that speaks its mind unhampered by any prospect of office. It is also less cheerfully clear that the young business and professional people who moved over to the Liberals and made much excited talk about a Liberal revival a few years back were often voting Labour this time. During the election, the Party leader, Mr. Grimond, said that a sizable Liberal contingent in Parliament would be the best safeguard to keep a check on a Labour Government. The support or opposition of the Party was indeed vitally important to Mr. Wilson when his majority in the House was three. Now that the Government is in no need of the Liberals' tiny makeweight, their influence must decline.

LABOUR won without much help from the press—nothing new, since the national newspapers are mostly Tory in sympathy. The only rather comical surprise was the behavior of its former best friend, Cecil King's lively little *Daily Mirror*, which suddenly became its severest critic as well, with a series of lectures to Mr. Wilson delivered in lambasting tones that sounded rather more the style of the *Times*' editor, Sir William Haley. Early in the campaign, the *Times* ran a much discussed lead editorial listing twenty-six reasons "why the pound is weak"—because, it said, Britain is still in hock to the foreign lenders, because no Government has had the courage to tell the country the whole awful truth without softening it, because no Government (which goes for Labour, too) has really been able to control the trades unions, who know it, and so on. The *Mirror* promptly reprinted the *Times* piece (the *Daily Mail* did, too) and warned Mr. Wil-

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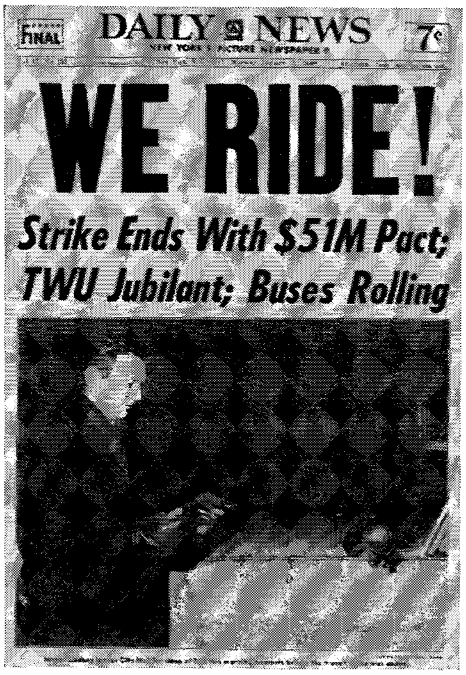

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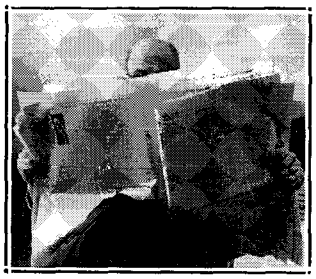

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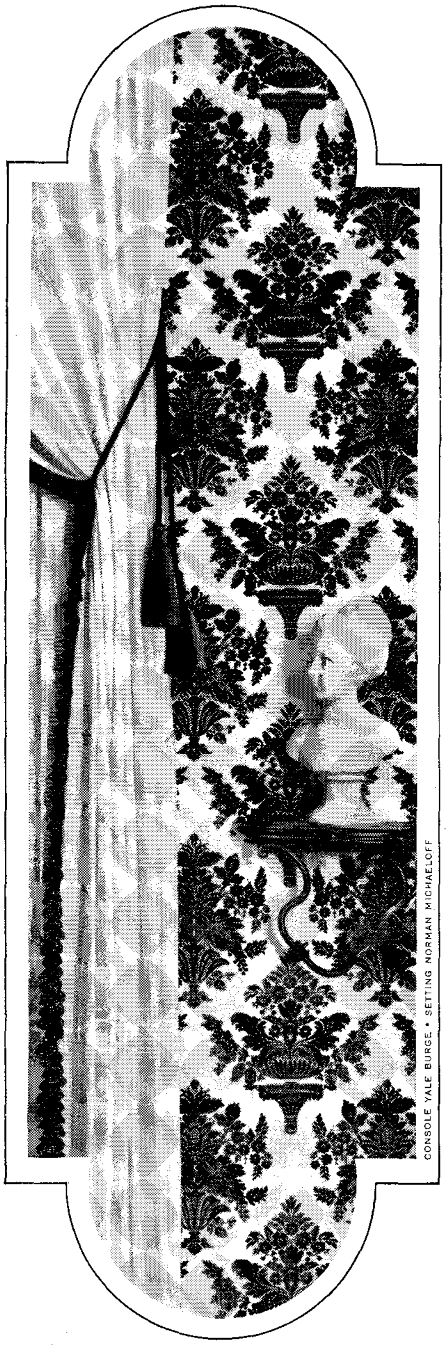

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son trenchantly that he would have to "tackle with new resolve and no alibis" the problems of getting Britain out of the red and headed in the modernizing direction of the Common Market as quickly as possible. Then it advised its readers to give their votes, as usual, to Labour. But nothing that anybody read in any of the newspapers can have made much difference anyway to a national movement of such power that had made up its mind where it was going long before the day.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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gray as rock dust,
leaves branching out,
each plant
a neat ideogram
for fire.

A different blue,
it tugs at
the driver's eye.
Biff! Whoom!
The cars pass.

A survivor of accidents,
I crawled as far away
as an island,
and on its furthest tip

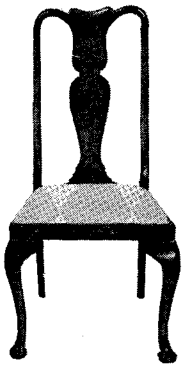
found an owl's skull,
an edge of cookstove,
and the unquenchable blue
of a good gas flame.

The hemlocks testified
(handing out wisps of seaweed)
to somewhat too much
water at high tide

as did the stem—
rubbery, infinite, branching—
from a crevasse in rock.
But what it said was identical:

Survival is not a choice;
equipped, you adapt,
and death
is what keeps you alive.

—RUTH FOX



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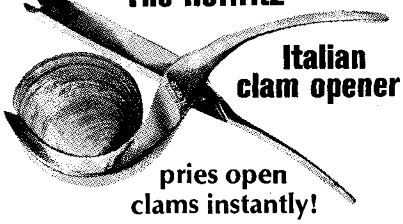

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THE MORPHINIST

WHEN Christmas of 1928 arrived, I was the youngest resident of the medical department in the Hospital of the City of Vienna, and it was not surprising that my seniors should elect me to remain behind while they went off to enjoy the two-day Austrian Christmas. For the first time, I would have the responsibility of the entire department, with its two hundred and fifty patients, and naturally I was frightened.

The day before Christmas, my colleagues left one by one. The chief resident made the afternoon rounds with me to discuss the most important cases. He was already in his ski clothes. "Don't worry, Richard," he said. "I have confidence in you. New admissions are rare during holidays, and if by chance you find yourself in trouble, you can always look things up in the Schnirer." "Medizinal-Index und Therapeutisches Vademecum," by a Dr. Schnirer, was a medical pocket manual used by generations of Viennese doctors.

We returned to the *Dienstzimmer*—the doctors' quarters—on the third floor, where the chief resident picked up his skis. He would spend the holiday on the Hohe Wand, a mountain near Vienna. In the doorway, he waved agreeably. "Cheer up, Richard," he said. Then he was off.

From the window, I watched him leave the building, his skis slung over his shoulder. My feeling of abandonment was intensified by the curtain of falling snow that all but obscured the buildings across the quadrangle. It had been storming intermittently for several weeks, and snow had drifted in places to make a small range of mountains. The hospital, popularly called Jubiläumsspital, since it was erected during the sixtieth anniversary of the reign of Emperor Franz Josef, was situated in what was then open country, an hour's trip by trolley from the center of Vienna. The city fathers had meant well, building their hospital far from the smoky chimney pots and factories, and, true enough, spring, summer, and autumn were beautiful in that suburb, especially with the nearby expanse of the old Tiergarten. But winter was harsh, and the hospital was often virtually isolated from the rest of the world. It was difficult to walk from one part of the hospital to another, or to the dining room, located in a separate building. Winter of 1928 was one of the worst in memory, and the weather of the Christmas holidays was the worst of the season.

Night fell early that Christmas Eve. In the *Tagraum*—the large social room—a mammoth fir tree rose almost to the high ceiling. For several days, the patients had helped the Sisters of Charity, who served as nurses, to decorate it with tiny doughnuts, oranges, figs, dates, candies, and chocolate bars, all wrapped in multicolored paper. Now it stood gleaming with a hundred candles—red, green, yellow. "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht" sounded through the corridors, and sisters and patients assembled around the tree to pray before dispersing to their rooms.

My evening rounds were about to begin. I set off for the ward where the most serious cases were confined. Sister Pia, the head nurse, awaited me with chart book in hand. She was an elderly woman with a frail, marble-white face and pale-blue eyes, always half closed behind her silver-rimmed spectacles. She was a power in the medical department. Even our chief, a high-ranking internist, would never disregard an opinion pronounced by Sister Pia. She spoke softly, in the dialect of her Sudeten German homeland, and a slight lifting of her head would suffice to stifle any opposition. We young doctors were seldom addressed by her.

I approached her diffidently. She wished me a good evening and turned to lead the way to our first patient. He was a young man in an advanced stage of pneumonia—one of many similar cases in the ward. In those days, pneumonia was the principal cause of death among the acutely ill. Sulfa drugs and antibiotics were unknown, and the disease would take its own prolonged—often fatal—course. As I adjusted my stethoscope, I saw to my embarrassment that my hand was shaking. A short time later, Sister Pia leaned toward me and said in a whisper, "Don't be afraid, Herr Doktor. I remember many, many young doctors in these past forty years who were not so sure of themselves when they started out. Now they are old professors with long, gray beards." She lifted her thin brows and with fragile fingers

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stroked an imaginary beard. I took a deep breath.

As we walked from bed to bed, Sister Pia made notes and occasionally whispered advice. We continued through the remaining wards until she warned me that it was nearly eight o'clock, when the dining room closed. I could hardly believe that I had already survived several hours.

"Don't rush through your supper," Sister Pia said. "There's a long night ahead."

After dressing in my heavy boots and overcoat for the short trip to the dining room, I pushed out into the snow, which seemed to be falling faster. Perhaps none of my colleagues would be able to return, I thought despondently. In the dining room, only one of three waitresses was on hand to serve during the holidays. Like me, she was the youngest and had been left behind. She was in a peevish mood and looked pointedly at the clock. "It's Christmas Eve," she said, "and I would also like to be with my family."

I promised to eat quickly, and she grudgingly brought the first course—a bowl of chicken soup. As I lifted my spoon, the telephone rang. The waitress answered it and nodded toward me.

The admitting physician, Dr. Kreisler, was on the other end of the wire. "Sorry," he said, "I know you must be eating. Well, an ambulance is on its way with a morphine-poisoning case. Better come over and take a look."

I gestured helplessly at the waitress, and climbed back into my boots and coat. I had not yet reached the door when the phone rang again, and again it was Kreisler.

"Stay there," he said. "The man died on the way. The ambulance doctor asked if he could leave the corpse in our morgue. I said yes. Do you know the rules? I don't, and I couldn't find anybody in at the office. Anyway, tomorrow a relative or friend, if he has any, will arrange to have the body picked up. Maybe we'll have a *stille Nacht* yet."

My soup had cooled off and was taken back to the kitchen to be reheated. The heavenly scent of *Weihnachtskuchen* wafted through the room as the kitchen door opened, and by the time the waitress returned, my hunger had become quite painful. The minute she placed the bowl before me, the telephone rang. I got up to answer it. I did not dare look at her.

This time, I listened to a throaty voice with a heavy Viennese accent—

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those
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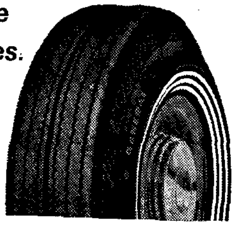

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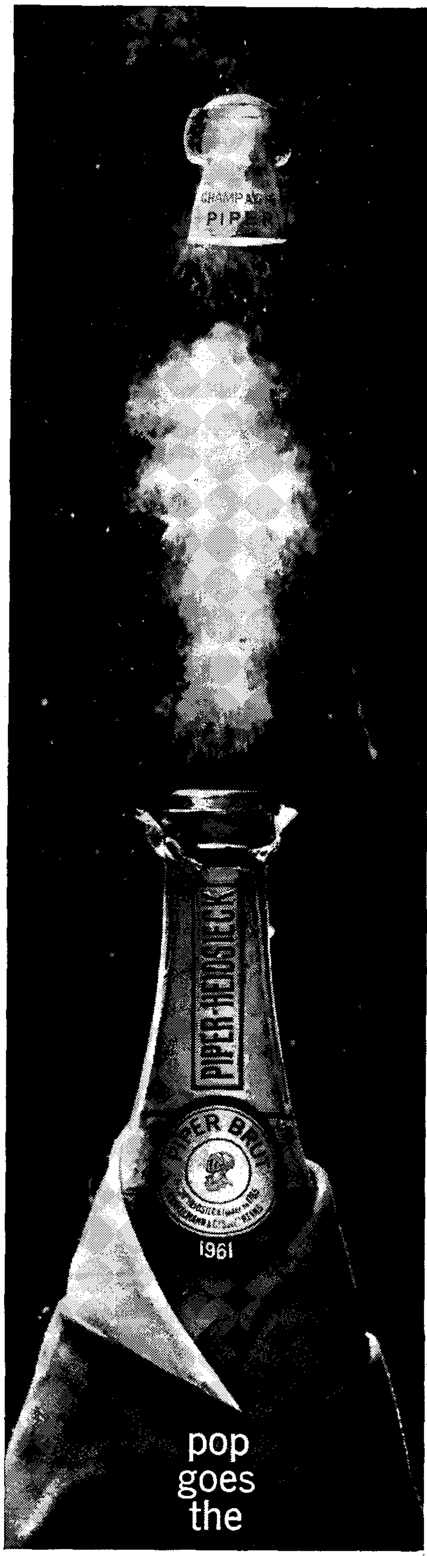

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the night watchman. "Come as fast as you can," he said.

"What's wrong?"

"He's alive."

"Who?"

"The dead man. After the ambulance leaves, I lock the door from the outside—it's the rule. Suddenly I hear a groan. 'Where does it come from?' I ask myself. I listen again. Now I hear a bump. Well, I think, what goes on in there? I go in, and Herr Doktor, I can hardly believe my eyes. The corpse on the table has turned over, and one eye is squinting!"

Was Herr Hasenbichler sober, I wondered. One met him at night while he walked his rounds, nodding his head, a lantern dangling from a soldier's belt. In his faded uniform, decorated with a medal earned in one of the older wars of the Hapsburg empire, he would have made an ideal poster for any veterans' organization. But the watchman was known to like his glass of schnapps. Who would deny him an extra glass or so on Christmas Eve? I phoned Kreisler for advice.

He laughed. "Don't be a fool, Richard. Hasenbichler, that old *Frosch*. Look—the ambulance doctor told me he found twenty empty two-c.c. ampules of morphine on the patient's night table. And an empty syringe. Forget it."

Kreisler was a senior resident, but still . . . Improbable as it was, I could not afford to ignore Hasenbichler's account. "Please," I said to the waitress. "Five minutes more. I'm sure it's a false alarm."

I dressed rapidly and pushed through the snow the three hundred yards to the morgue, arriving quite winded, just in time to find Hasenbichler locking the door.

"Too late," he said.

So, I thought, I had fallen for his story. I would be the laughingstock of the hospital.

"He is on his stomach all right," Hasenbichler continued, "and the blanket has fallen to the floor. Suddenly he moans and gasps. Like this—'Ahhhh.' Now he's *really* dead."

"Unlock the door," I said sharply.

The morgue was dimly lighted. Several corpses lay on dissection tables, covered by linen. I followed Hasenbichler to a table where a man in a white cotton shirt and wrinkled khaki trousers lay—on his stomach.

"Wasn't he on his stomach to begin with?" I said rather sternly.

Hasenbichler slowly shook his head. "No, Herr Doktor."

"Let's turn him over," I said.

The man's arms fell limp as we did

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so. I switched on my flashlight and lifted his eyelids. His pupils were pinpoints. With a start, I thought, Those of the dead are dilated to a maximum. But when I applied my stethoscope to the man's chest, I could hear nothing. I *held the stethoscope in place while* I tried to puzzle out the contradiction. Suddenly I heard a faint beat, like rain striking a distant windowpane. There was a long pause, and then it was repeated. Was I hallucinating? I looked at Herr Hasenbichler. He stood motionless, his lower lip touching his mustache. I glanced around the whitewashed walls and up at the ceiling. Nothing moved. I held my breath. I could hear my own heartbeat. Was it that? I placed the stethoscope again on the man's chest. Now I heard it distinctly—a beat, a pause, a beat. I timed the beats. Only *ten in one minute*. Six seconds between beats. It seemed impossible. I took a mirror from my pocket and put it at the man's mouth. When I removed it, I must have shouted.

Hasenbichler jumped. "*Was is' denn los*?" he said.

I showed him the mist covering the mirror. At the same moment, I felt triumph and panic. What was to be done next? If I called the medical department, it would take the stretcher-bearers ten minutes to reach the morgue and another ten to return to the hospital. Obviously, treatment had to begin at once. But I had never before been confronted with a case of morphine poisoning. Then I thought of the Schnirer in my pocket. I turned to the chapter on opium poisoning and read:

> Opium and its derivatives depress the respiratory center. The pupils are the size of pinpoints and do not react to light and accommodation. The main symptoms are drowsiness, leading to deep sleep or quasi-unconsciousness, and finally death through paralysis of the respiratory center. Continuous reflex stimulation—slapping, pinching, shaking—can revive the center. Artificial respiration is imperative as first aid. Oxygen and caffeine are the methods of choice.

I also read that the respiratory rate in such cases could diminish to as little as six in a minute, and that the heart rate slowed down accordingly. Was it possible that so sluggish an action could carry enough blood to the heart to keep it beating? I looked up and met Hasenbichler's little eyes, embedded in a thousand tiny wrinkles. You arrogant chap, he seemed to be thinking, you thought you knew everything.

"Give me a hand," I said.

We lifted the man down to the floor

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and laid him on his back. I started artificial respiration with one hand, and with the other I slapped and pinched the man's face.

Hasenbichler coughed to catch my attention and said, "Excuse me, Herr Doktor, allow me."

I stood up. With hands as big as shovels, Hasenbichler seized the patient's arms high and then dashed them down to his chest, almost crushing it. I watched in wonder. It had sounded much easier in the Schnirer. The man's color remained gray. After a time, I saw large drops of perspiration running down Hasenbichler's face. Reluctantly, he turned the patient over to me for a short while, and then he resumed.

Eventually, I discovered a slight change in the patient's complexion, which began to show a faint flush of pink and gradually deepened. At once I started to pinch and slap his cheeks. Suddenly a deep sigh came from the man, and his chest began moving in and out. I ran to the phone and called my department, asking for Sister Pia.

"Thank heavens," she said. "There you are. It's after ten."

I told her the story, trying to conceal my elation.

"For pity's sake," she said when I finished, her voice rising ever so slightly. "Why didn't you call me at once? The man needs oxygen and more oxygen, and caffeine. But, Herr Doktor Berczeller, what were you thinking of? We are in a hospital!"

I stuttered an apology.

"Never mind," said Sister Pia, once more composed. "The man is alive, and that's all that matters. I'll send a stretcher."

When I returned to the patient, he had just opened his eyes. They were bloodshot, and fluttered with the effort of accommodating to light. His face was puffed, his lips swollen. "Leave me alone, please," he whispered.

"No, sir," said Hasenbichler at my side. "You don't make a fool of me a second time."

Nevertheless, the patient closed his eyes. His breathing instantly dimin-

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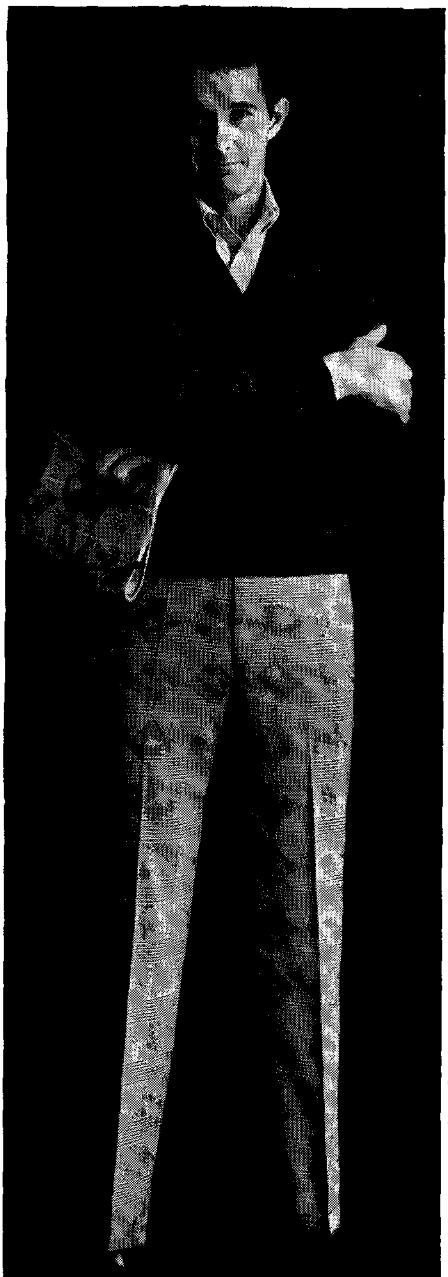
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ished. I shook him, and he looked up again. "You must stay awake," I said.

Two attendants arrived with a stretcher, and only when the patient had been placed on it did I realize he was an exceptionally tall man—probably three or four inches over six feet. Fortunately for the bearers, he was also slender. We made a strange procession through the snow—the stretcher first, followed by me and Hasenbichler, holding aloft his lantern.

"Herr Hasenbichler," I said. "How do you feel after saving a human life?"

He chuckled with embarrassment. "Morphine—imagine. How the world has changed. In the old days, fancy people used the shotgun. Do you remember Crown Prince Rudolf and the Vetsera? How could you? You were not even born. Poor people, of course, used the rope. And young maids in lover's grief drank lye. I remember a girl . . . Well, it was long ago."

At the hospital door, he said good night. I saw his lantern bobbing through the snowfall as he resumed his rounds.

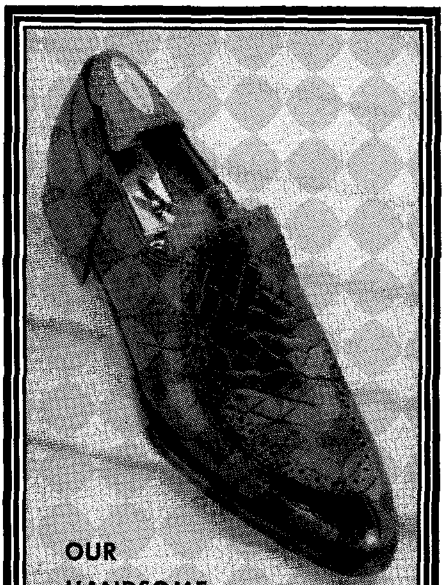
THE stretcher barely fitted into the old elevator. It was one of those archaic, cagelike structures that projected from the wall. From the ground floor, one could see the moving loops of cable and the jerking ascent of the car. There wasn't room in it for me, so I walked up the three flights of stairs beside the shaft, nearly keeping pace with the car. Sister Pia was waiting at the elevator door, and the patient was swiftly carried to a bed made up in the *Tagraum.*

"Is this the only space we have?" I asked timidly.

"It's better here," she said. "There will be a lot of activity, and why disturb the other patients, Herr Doktor?" She immediately strapped an oxygen mask around the patient's mouth and handed me a syringe filled with caffeine. The patient had again lapsed into unconsciousness, and I began to think that Hasenbichler's gymnastics might have been in vain. But the oxygen and the stimulant worked with surprising speed. In fifteen minutes, the patient opened his eyes again. Meanwhile, Sister Pia questioned me closely about the episode in the morgue. "What do you suppose happened?" she asked. "A man in his condition doesn't spring to life."

"I don't know," I said. "According to Hasenbichler, he was just lying there."

"Those ambulance men, I suppose," she whispered. "They handle the dead



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like sacks of potatoes. They probably threw our giant on a table, and it must have produced the reflex stimulation to his respiratory center—no?"

I nodded my head, astonished. I had never thought of that possibility.

The Sister's prominent nasolabial folds smoothed out—as close as she could come to a smile.

We still had many other patients on the critical list to attend to, and after putting a nurse in charge of the morphinist Sister Pia led the way to the wards, with a lift of her seagull hat.

When we returned to the *Tagraum*, our patient was fighting the nurse, who was trying to keep the oxygen mask around his mouth. His eyes looked clearer to me, and I decided to experiment without oxygen. He continued breathing evenly, and his pulse had increased to fifty beats a minute. He still had difficulty accommodating to even the weak light in the room and squinted repeatedly. Each time he closed his eyes, I shook him—a sequence that became routine for the next hour. He would look straight into my face and mutter, "Leave me alone, Herr Doktor." Even these few words were enough to reveal a refined German used by upper-class Viennese.

Now that his appearance was returning to normal, I could see that he was a handsome man—about fifty, with thick, graying hair and an oval face. Sister Pia was observing him closely, too, waiting for the moment when she could get information for the admissions office. Finally, he seemed sufficiently awake, and she said she must ask him a few questions.

He turned away from her. "Must it be?" he said mournfully.

"Yes," she answered. "Your name, please."

There was a pause, and then he said, "Bauer, Alfred."

"Your age and occupation?"

"Please, Sister . . . "

Sister Pia pressed the chart to her chest. "We have our rules, Herr Bauer," she said. "Four hours after admission, at the latest, we must have personal data—although we must grant you are here under somewhat unusual circumstances."

I suppressed a smile, but I saw that she did not intend humor.

"You must stay alive. God gave you life, and you should be grateful," she continued, lifting her brows.

"All right," he said wearily. "I'm an electrical engineer—if I find a job. I'm fifty-five. I live alone. I'm single. My nearest relative is a cousin

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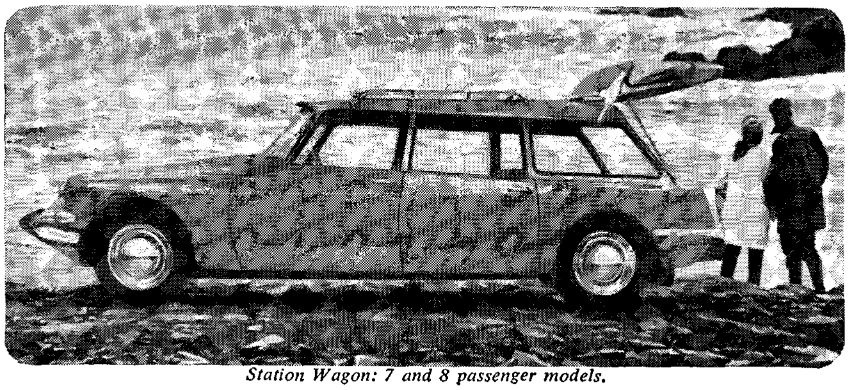

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who lives in Linz. Now may I rest, please?"

At this point, I took over for an examination. He could sit up without help, and apart from the effects of the drug he was in perfect physical health. I noted a large scar with irregular edges at the upper part of his abdomen. It looked to me like the mark of dum-dum bullets often seen on the wounded of the First World War. I touched it with my finger.

"It's old, Herr Doktor. What does it matter?" Bauer said.

I continued to make notes on the chart. "Do you use morphine habitually?" I asked. "Was it an accidental overdose, or did you—"

Bauer had closed his eyes. I shook him.

"Doktor, are you a gentleman?" he said.

"You must stay awake."

"A gentleman minds his own business."

Sister Pia whispered into my ear, "It's enough for the time being."

It was two o'clock. In the quiet, one heard only the shuffling steps of the patients walking to and from the lavatories. "Herr Bauer," I said, "you must stay awake. It will be better for both of us. Let's talk. What are you interested in? Politics? Music? Art?"

"I am interested in nothing."

"All right," I said. I had read in my Schnirer that the peripatetic method could be used to foster circulation. (This has long since been abandoned in the medical profession, because it is in fact supposed to cause a drop in blood pressure.) "We're going to take you for a walk."

After the expected protest, Bauer stepped down from his bed. He was indeed a giant—almost a head taller than I—and Sister Pia, who supported his first steps, looked like a tiny child beside him. "What a pity!" she said, looking up at him as though he were a tree.

We began our promenade around the room, walking first in one direction and then in the other. I now understood why Sister Pia had prepared the bed in the *Tagraum*. I told medical anecdotes and tried to interest Bauer in the doctor's problems of keeping people alive. I don't know how long our marathon went on, but suddenly I was too tired to walk another step. Still, the patient had to be kept occupied. I thought of a card game.

Sister Pia produced a pack of cards from a cabinet, and I sat down at a table, inviting Bauer to take the seat opposite. "What will you have?" I

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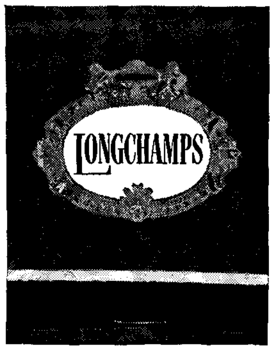

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asked, shuffling the cards. "*Einundzwanzig? Mariasch?*"

He chose *Mariasch.* I cut the cards and dealt. After a few plays, I discovered that Bauer was trying to nap behind his cards.

"Would you rather walk?" I asked in warning.

Little by little, his interest grew—at least, enough to have a reasonably intelligent game, although occasionally when he lifted a card to make a play his hand would freeze in midair. I would wake him, review the play, and the game would continue. I also tried to get more data on him. "How did you get onto morphine?" I asked.

He was shuffling cards. He looked at me in surprise. "You saw the scar. I spent most of the war in hospitals. I got lots of morphine. After the war, I used it off and on, mostly when there was trouble. I was in and out of jobs. You know . . . "

"And the trouble this time? A woman?"

"Oh, no. Why do you want a reason? Don't you believe a man can wake up one day and decide he's had enough?"

He became agitated, dealt too many cards, and had to begin again. To regain his humor, I suggested we bet a groschen a play. He took this up, played with great intensity, and won thirty hands in a row. By this time I could hardly concentrate, and my forgotten hunger was burning into my stomach. I recall looking at the darkened corner where the Christmas tree stood, and the next thing I knew someone was shaking my shoulder. I looked up into the smiling face of Bauer. "Your move, Herr Doktor," he said.

Sister Pia had come into the room. She stopped in front of me. "Doktor," she said, "take a brief rest—even for a half hour."

"Good idea," said Bauer, collecting the cards.

I knew that I should stay at my post—I was responsible for everything. And yet, if only I could close my eyes for a few minutes . . .

"I'll keep an eye on things," Sister Pia assured me.

I gave a final, appraising look at Bauer. Then I staggered off to the *Dienstzimmer.* There I collapsed, fully clothed, on the bed and passed immediately into a deep slumber.

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eyes, I saw first a burning candle and then the pale face of Sister Pia.

"Doktor," she whispered, "the morphinist."

I leaped up. Sister Pia accompanied me to the *Tagraum*, where patients stood around in their hospital robes waiting, apparently wakened by the crash. Early daylight showed through the window. The morphinist's bed was empty. "Where is he?" I asked.

"There," said Sister Pia, leading me to the staircase. "He broke away from me. . . ."

The space between the staircase and the elevator formed a wide shaft. I looked down and saw a man's figure sprawled at the bottom. Slowly, I began to descend the stairs.

"Do you need me?" Sister Pia asked.

"No," I said.

I shuddered in anticipation of the bloody, fractured body of the morphinist. By the time I reached the bottom of the stairs, I had involuntarily closed my eyes. But when I opened them there was no blood in sight. The body lay on its stomach, the head turned to one side. I walked up to it. The limbs seemed in normal position, and the facial complexion looked healthier than before. I leaned down. The morphinist was snoring peacefully.

I slapped him smartly on the face. At once he rolled over, stretched his arms, and yawned. In the same instant, I heard a rustling behind me and turned to see Herr Hasenbichler struggling up from a kneeling position. With one hand, he held his hat and with the other he scratched his bald head. "Lately one cannot be sure of one's life," he said, and moaned. "I came in on my morning rounds—it's the rule—and suddenly I feel something heavy falling on my back. Not my back but here." He indicated his right hip. "*Der Strolch*. Why is he picking on me?"

"For God's sakes," I said, "are you all in one piece?"

"Yes," he said, "but my lantern . . ."

The lantern was indeed damaged—the glass broken and the entire metal frame bent. I assured him that he would be issued another, just as good.

I returned to Bauer, who was now snoring on his back. After examining him quickly for fractures, I asked him in a firm voice to wake up.

He opened his eyes and said, "Did you have a nice rest?"

I did not respond, but commanded him to precede me up the stairs. He obeyed without protest. When we entered the *Tagraum*, we saw Sister Pia kneeling at the tree. She finished her prayer, made the sign of the cross in

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slow motion, and rose. She looked very much shaken. Advancing almost timidly, she studied Bauer from head to toe.

"Merry Christmas," he said, bowing.

I recalled a bed in the storeroom—an old structure with a high railing around it, once probably used for psychiatric patients. I ordered it moved to a private room and took Bauer there under the escort of two attendants. I had not spoken to him since his second resurrection.

"Why are you angry?" he asked. At first, he thought the bed was a joke, but eventually he crawled into it. The railing was equipped with a lock, which I secured. "You don't have much confidence in me," he complained.

I couldn't help but smile. Before I left, I pressed thirty groschen—the money he had won in the card game—into his hand.

In the *Tagraum*, Sister Pia was waiting to begin our morning rounds. She was quite recovered, standing erect, her seagull hat crisp and pert, the chart book pressed to her bosom.

THE morphinist was discharged two days after Christmas. For several weeks, I searched for his name in the daily obituaries. He never came back. As for me, when I appeared at breakfast after the holidays my colleagues greeted me with cheers. To this day, whenever I encounter one of the old group from the Jubiläumsspital, the first thing he says is, "Tell me the story of the morphinist."

—Richard Berczeller

◆

Don't use overworked words and phrases. What was once tried and true is now tired and through. Your writing reflects your personality and thinking ability. New ways of saying things show an alert mind. If you use weary cliches, your reader will picture you as an unimaginative follower of outworn custom—a die-hard stick-in-the-mud. Stuffy phrases are makeshift crutches for deficient thinking.—*From Air Force Recurring Publication 10-1, "Air Force Writing."*

Come to think of it, why write at all?

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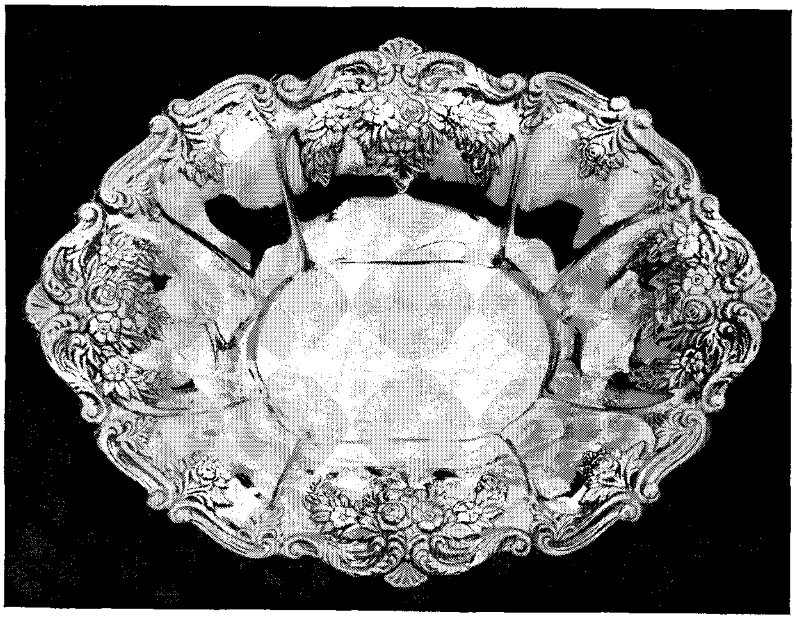

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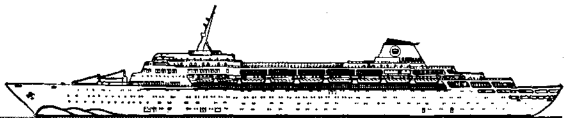

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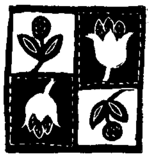
LETTER FROM SAIGON

April 10

THE disturbances of the past month in South Vietnam, though reminiscent in many ways of various other crises in the past three years, are more serious in their effect on the whole American position here. They emphasize, greatly to our disadvantage, the differences between the political and tactical approach to the war taken by the Communists and that taken by the South Vietnamese and by us. To the Communists, the conflict has always been primarily a political one, and the workings of their military machine and their organizational apparatus have been carefully synchronized to achieve clearly defined political goals. We and the South Vietnamese, on the other hand, have consistently tended to separate the war's military aspects from its political ones, or, at best, have made only sporadic and cut-and-dried—rather than constant and flexible—attempts to adjust one to the other. Suddenly, as a result, the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese have come perilously close to winning the war politically by helping to foment a state of insurrection in the major cities, taking advantage of a new move by the Buddhists to assert themselves, and of a fresh power conflict among the ten generals who compose the ruling Directory. The present state of chaos is attributable chiefly to the manner in which the generals' squabble was allowed to start and then allowed to get out of control, and their inconclusive and confusing efforts to establish a legal basis for constitutional and legislative government in the country have done nothing to resolve that chaos.

In the private opinion of many officials and observers here, whether Vietnamese or American, the errors of omission and commission in the last few weeks may very well, in the light of the failure to create any real stability in the government since the overthrow of the Diem regime, in November, 1963, prove irreparable, for deep regional cleavages that have always existed in Vietnam may now produce a new civil conflict within the larger civil war. Most of these observers also believe that the recent mistakes were largely the result of poor or insufficient advice from the Americans to the inexperienced South Vietnamese generals and, especially, to Premier Nguyen Coa Ky. Last year at this time, the big American military buildup had just started, and by the fall it was apparent that a swift and efficient use of American strength had narrowly averted a complete Communist military victory. This year, though we are in a far stronger military position at the beginning of a new monsoon season—meaning a new and more intensive fighting season for the Vietcong—we are also faced with the far more difficult problem of stemming the Communists' political offensive. To a certain extent, this offensive has already proved successful; as the political conflict has mounted, the war itself—in which the Americans initiated some two dozen separate major actions of their own last month—has seemed far away, almost in another country, along with a third war, being waged somewhere else by the South Vietnamese. Meanwhile, in the countryside, a revolutionary new construction-and-development program that was just beginning to get under way has been halted by the confusion and uncertainty. All this has inevitably had its psychological impact. In fact, in many years here I have never seen the morale of both the South Vietnamese and the Americans descend so close to a state of panic.

The present crisis, like the preceding ones, may be said to have occurred principally because the masses of South Vietnamese peasants and workers have lacked any significant non-Communist—let alone anti-Communist—political foundation. It cannot be claimed that the Buddhist *bonzes* (priests) have a mass following, though their most radical and ambitious leader, Thich Tri Quang, has tried hard to create one. Tri Quang, who has played a very important role in the current disturbances, as he did in earlier ones, has, if anything, lost some of his appeal among the generally backsliding Buddhists of central Vietnam, which has always been his area of strength, and from which, in the summer of 1963, he mounted the protest campaign that triggered the successful military coup against Diem. This time, in setting forth new demands for a civilian government, Tri Quang and his supporters in the cities of Hué and Danang were motivated largely by resentment at what they regarded as the undue exaltation, at the Honolulu Conference in early February, of the military regime headed by Ky and Chief of State Nguyen Van Thieu. Ironically, President Johnson and his aides arranged that conference in order to stress social and economic reform and to persuade Ky and Thieu to broaden the base of their government. In Vietnamese eyes, it had no such results. To be sure, a more realistic rural construction program emerged, and, late in February, the Cabinet that works under the Directory was enlarged from seventeen to twenty-six members, including some more civilians and also some more southerners, to answer criticism that there were too many northerners in the government. What was more important, though, was that the generals, and particularly the flamboyant Ky, saw themselves as having been given the President's personal seal of approval. As a result, they became more reluctant than ever to surrender power. The enlarging of the Cabinet was totally inadequate to satisfy the Buddhists and the other dissident groups, who justifiably complained that there were still no clear plans for providing a new constitution or for holding elections to set up a national legislature.



In early March, there took place a succession of events that should be set down in order. In Hué and Danang, Tri Quang and a small group of prominent lay Buddhists who were eager to set up a so-called Buddhist Force, as the precursor of an actual political party, began to shape a new attack against the government. At first, they concentrated on denouncing Chief of State Thieu (largely because he is a Catholic) and General Nguyen Huu Co, the Deputy Prime Minister, who is also the defense chief, and they made the most of the government's obvious weak points—inflation, and the failure to move toward valid democratic processes. The precise aims of the often purposely obscurantist Tri Quang were a matter of debate. In our Embassy, opinions of Tri Quang since the days of his involvement in the overthrow of Diem have in many cases shifted from pro to con, though some of the people who have dealt with him have remained neutral. Other Americans who have talked with him in the past few years, myself included, have felt that, apart from trying to further his apparent ambition to become, if not Prime Minister, the *éminence grise* of a neutralist Buddhist nation, Tri Quang has more often than not followed a line parallel to that of the Communists. In the opinion of a particularly astute and knowledgeable Vietnamese friend of mine—a disillusioned former adherent of Ho Chi Minh—Tri Quang is not a Communist himself but has labored, and still labors, under the delusion that he can outsmart the Communists. This friend

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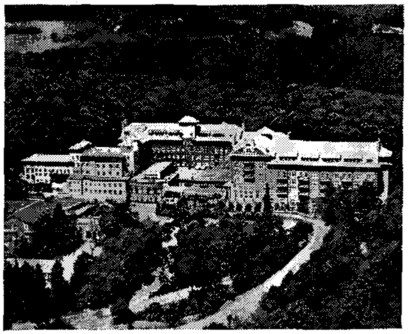
pointed out that the Buddhist community in Indo-China, as elsewhere in Asia, has had a history of flexibility. As early as 1936, he said, the Communists began successfully infiltrating the pagodas, first placing agents in them and later using them as privileged sanctuaries and as hiding places for documents and weapons. "The Communists will always be able to exploit the *bonzes*, but the *bonzes* will never be able to exploit the Communists," he observed. "As for Tri Quang, the Communists will use him to their advantage and then discard him."

Whether or not this prediction proves accurate, events certainly played into the hands of the Vietcong when Tri Quang and his aides began pushing their most recent anti-government campaign in central Vietnam. The most important of these events was the emergence into the open of inner conflicts within the Directory—whose stability, most observers believe, the Americans had tended to overestimate simply because its government had managed to endure for nine months. Honolulu was the ultimate expression of this wishful thinking, yet what Honolulu really did, many people now feel, was to spur Ky to make a rash bid to enhance his own authority. In actuality, he had less power than most of the other generals in the Directory, even though the Air Force, which is under his command, had previously served as an effective deterrent to coups. Ky suddenly decided to take steps against the so-called warlords—the four generals who run the four corps areas in the country and are also "chief government delegates" in their regions, which is to say heads of the civilian apparatus as well as of the military. As Directory members, the four warlords were both making policy in Saigon and implementing it in their own regions as they pleased, regardless of how Ky, as Prime Minister, was telling them to do it. The system was undeniably a creaky and arbitrary one, and in theory Ky was justified in wanting to end it. The trouble was, as everyone now agrees, that he made his move without properly preparing his ground, and that—what was more serious—he picked the wrong time, the wrong place, and the wrong warlord. In the matter of timing, the Directory, if it hoped to ward off disturbances by the Buddhists and others, should then have been busying itself with the creation of some kind of constitutional framework for the country and with a more realistic program to combat the twin problems of inflation and corruption. In connection with



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these, Ky's order to execute a Chinese speculator, Ta Vinh, at just this time was widely criticized—by, among others, the Americans—both because it was unduly harsh and because it was bound to incense South Vietnam's million or so economically influential Chinese; the execution, it was felt, would discourage their economic coöperation with the government and encourage fifth-column elements among them while doing nothing to solve the problem of corruption. As for Ky's choice of place for a showdown, he elected to assert his strength in the I Corps area, comprising the country's northernmost region, where the people have always been independent-minded and where for some time there had been signs of anti-Americanism. For his wrong man, Ky picked the commander of this area, General Nguyen Chanh Thi.

Thi, who is in his early forties, has been the subject of almost as much debate as Tri Quang. There are those who regard him as a born leader and those who maintain that he is only a colorful demagogue. He has been called pro-Communist, neutralist, anti-Communist, pro-American, and anti-American. Some say that he is one of the best soldiers in Vietnam; others claim that his military reputation is greatly exaggerated. As is often so in this country, there are elements of truth in practically all the allegations. Thi is a highly emotional man of peasant stock, without any political background or political sophistication, and he has shown himself on previous occasions to be both unpredictable and opportunistic. Militarily, he is an erratic leader and a periodic innovator. In 1960, he led an unsuccessful coup against Diem and then fled to Cambodia, where he may have come under temporary, and probably not significant, leftist influence. In 1964, he took an important part in the coup that brought General Khanh to power, and in 1965, working with Ky and other officers, he helped overthrow Khanh. A Buddhist, he was formerly close to Tri Quang, but in the past year the two men claimed to have had a falling out, though it is widely believed that their differences were not as great as they declared, and that they maintained some contact. From time to time, Thi has also coöperated with the various long-established political parties in central Vietnam—most notably the Dai Viet and the Quoc Dan Dang, which is ideologically close to the Chinese Kuomintang. Thi has been described by one man who knows him as "a

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smaller Sukarno, who, despite his bluster, is not a bona-fide leader but stands in equilibrium between different forces, siding first with one and then with another but always trying to end up with the winner." In the past year, while maintaining a posture of ardent nationalism, Thi first appeared to veer in the direction of the Americans, coöperating closely with the United States Marines stationed in his area. Since the recent disturbances, he has appeared to move back into a pro-Tri Quang and anti-American position. His colleagues in the Directory, who regarded him as something of a dangerous lone wolf, capable of attempting a coup of his own, may have decided to attack him as the major warlord instead of going after two corps commanders who, for one reason or another, might have been more vulnerable—General Dang Van Quang, of the IV Corps area, in the Mekong Delta, and General Vinh Loc, who heads the II Corps area, on the high plateau just south of General Thi's area. It has also been suggested that Generals Thieu and Co urged Ky to attack Thi—who had never been a friend of theirs—with the dual purpose of eliminating Thi and getting rid of Ky in the ensuing confusion.

One of the dangers that Ky apparently overlooked was the political strength of the Vietcong in the I Corps area, which in recent months had been heavily infiltrated by North Vietnamese. Another was the increasing anti-American sentiment there, which extended even to some members of General Thi's own staff. Late in February, word of how these staff officers felt was relayed privately by a Vietnamese in Danang to an official of the American Embassy, and he passed the word along to his superiors in Saigon, but subsequent events indicate that the warning made little or no impression. In any case, on March 3rd Premier Ky flew to Danang and confronted Thi privately. He accused him of acting like "a feudal lord," of placing his own people in office without considering the wishes of the central government, of trying to curry favor with civilian politicians by appointing them to posts normally reserved for military men, and of playing the civilians and the military off against each other. Next, Ky repeated some of his accusations in front of Thi's staff. Thi angrily demanded "Shall we listen to this little man from Saigon?" but his officers remained oddly quiet, either out of fear that Ky had more strength behind him than they had supposed or, more likely, out of a desire to bring matters to a head, since they would

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have liked nothing better than to be independent of both Saigon and the Americans. The next day, March 4th, an American civilian in Hué who had got wind of the confrontation between Ky and Thi informed the American vice-consul there, and he immediately telegraphed Saigon. Though a showdown was obviously in the making, the Americans, in the crucial next five days, did nothing to avert it, displaying a tendency—fairly evident here in the last few years—to back away from a Vietnamese crisis rather than meet it.

On March 9th, Ky informed Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge that the Directory was in session and that the subject of dismissing Thi—who had flown to Saigon—was being discussed. Ambassador Lodge asked Ky if he had prepared his ground carefully and if he had considered the consequences. Ky replied to both questions in the affirmative, saying that, among other things, Tri Quang had expressed himself as unconcerned over the prospect of Thi's ouster and had said he would do nothing to oppose it. At three o'clock on the afternoon of March 10th, Ky told Lodge that Thi had been fired. Thi, it developed, had agreed to accept the dismissal with good grace when he was promised that he would be allowed to return to Danang to settle his affairs and to take a sick leave before being given another post. Lodge has since privately maintained that he raised warning flags at the time of the firing. Opinion in the Embassy and throughout the American community is that Ky received no firm advice against firing Thi, but that, rather, the official American position was to go along with the action, and even encourage it, in the interests of the ever-elusive "stability."

The firing of Thi presented the Buddhists with just the issue they had been needing to step up their anti-government campaign, and it was immediately apparent that if Tri Quang had told Ky he would raise no objection to it, he had led Ky up the garden path. Support for Thi welled up in the north, starting with a demonstration by high-school students in Hué on March 12th. That same day, Tri Quang, who had been travelling back and forth between Hué and Saigon, met with forty Buddhist leaders in the Vien Hoa Dao, the Buddhist Institute of Secular Affairs, in Saigon, and there a new declaration was prepared. It included a demand that immediate steps be taken to create a civilian government and a suggestion that all the nation's generals, including those who had been thrown out in pre-

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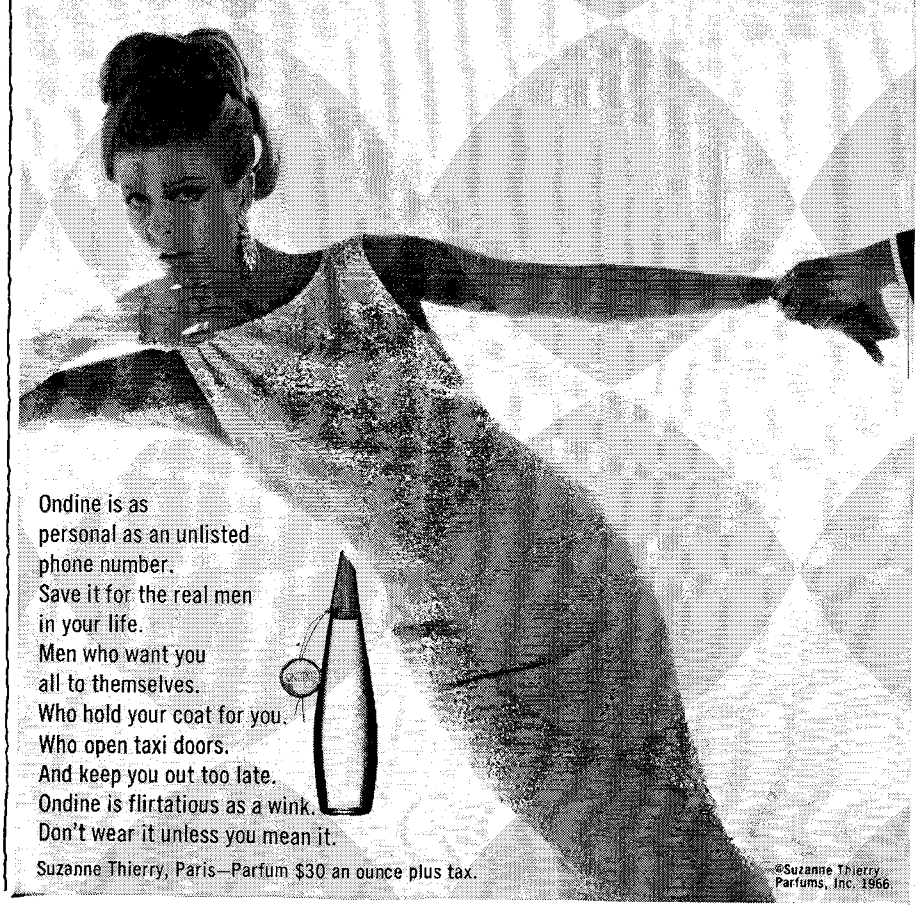

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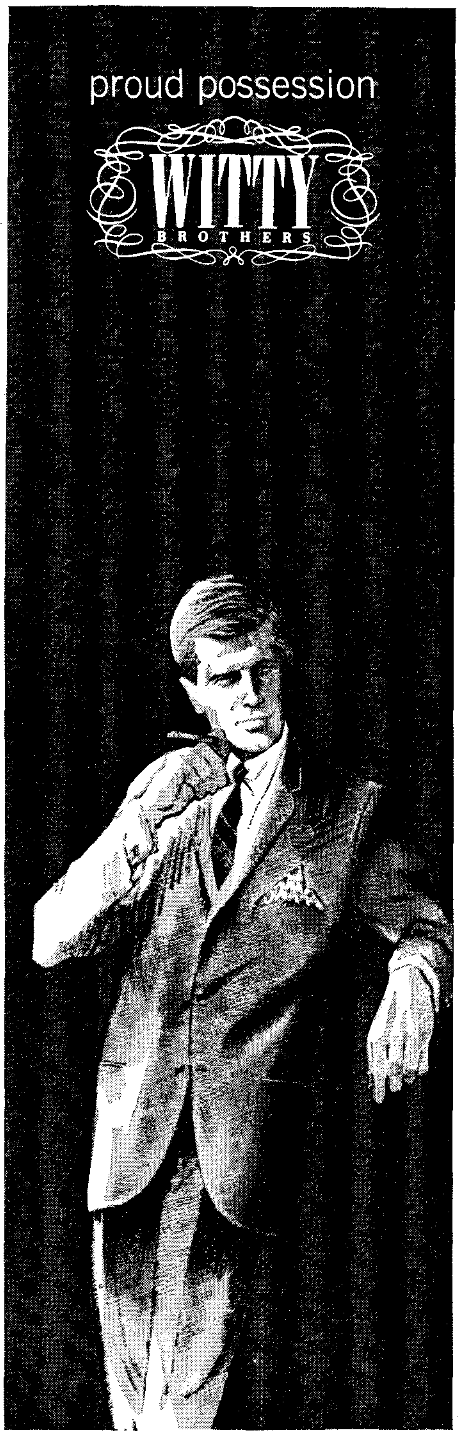
vious coups, should be put back in uniform and assigned to purely military duties. The following day, the thirteenth, the Buddhist machine went into high gear. Students were ordered to continue demonstrations—against Generals Co and Thieu as well as against Ky. In Danang, the shops closed and the dockworkers went on strike. Thi soon became more of a pretext for demonstrations than an object of support, with student demonstrators using his name as a rallying cry. On March 14th, at the urging of Buddhists and of Thi's erstwhile soldiers, who went around in civilian clothes, a general strike was called. The demonstrations rapidly spread southward down the coast, into the highlands of the II Corps area, and, ultimately, to Saigon itself. Crowds of as many as ten thousand marched through the streets of Danang, shouting anti-government slogans. In several cities, including Hué, Danang, and Dalat, demonstrators seized government radio stations and issued a steady stream of inflammatory broadcasts. By the second week after Thi's ouster, anti-Americanism had become an important factor. Communist agents were fully prepared to stimulate it and, in general, create as much dissension as possible. Tri Quang, when it was suggested to him that the effect of the disturbances might be a complete American withdrawal from central Vietnam, replied, "If the Americans do leave, I will have achieved passively what the Vietcong have been unable to do by killing and suffering."

WHILE the Buddhist and Communist campaigns continued, separately at first and then along a single path, another crisis was developing within the ranks of the military. Generals Thieu and Co invited Thi to accompany them on March 11th from Saigon to Danang, where he would formally turn over the leadership of the I Corps to his successor, General Nguyen Van Chuan. At the last minute, though, Thieu and Co had second thoughts about letting Thi go north. Early on the morning of the eleventh, at the Saigon airport, where the three had gone together, he was surrounded, on Co's orders, by soldiers with drawn guns. Thi began shouting, "Shoot me! Go ahead and shoot me, but not in the back!" Then, tearing off his shirt, he cried, "I curse the moment I left my pistol behind! If I had it, I would shoot myself right now!" Thoroughly humiliated, he was taken into custody and conducted to joint-general-staff headquarters, near the airfield.



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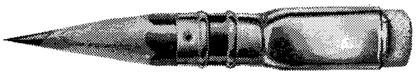
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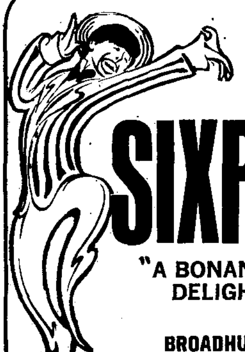
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By March 16th, however, the other generals wanted to use Thi to help quiet the disturbances that they themselves had stimulated, so that day he was put on a plane and rushed north. Once there, amazingly under the circumstances, he did attempt to do the job requested of him, calling upon the demonstrators in Danang to disperse and the strikers to go back to work. In Hué, at a huge rally held on March 17th on the banks of the Perfume River, he received an ovation, which was followed by shouts of abuse against Generals Co and Thieu. Within a few days, Thi ceased to play the role of peacemaker. He was now obviously on the side of the demonstrators, and although he did not formally align himself with the so-called Struggle Force to Achieve the Revolution—the group running the demonstrations in the area—he privately consulted with both its student and its Buddhist leaders, including Tri Quang. It quickly became apparent that most of the soldiers of the I Corps, and also Dr. Nguyen Van Man, the new mayor of Danang, who had been appointed by Thi, backed the movement, which was beginning to espouse outright separatism for the region.

BY now, the crisis involved a tangle of highly emotional issues, complicated by conflicting personalities, by differences between Buddhist moderates and Buddhist radicals, by special demands from Catholics and other religious groups, and by the whole confused question of government reform. Generals Thieu and Ky were busy seeing delegations of religious leaders and politicians and trying to work out a formula for the calling of a council to draft a constitution and plan some sort of elections. The moderate Buddhists, headed by Thich Tam Chau, and based mainly in Saigon, seemed willing to go along with the government's apparently sincere attempts to find solutions, and so did the Catholics and, to a lesser extent, some of the sect leaders. But tension was still high, and fresh disputes were easily touched off. On March 19th, when Ky made a speech attacking "troublemakers," the demonstrators in central Vietnam, assuming that Ky's accusation referred to them, stepped up their attacks on him and his "American advisers."

Thi, though he had made his sentiments in favor of the demonstrators very plain, was living suspended in a kind of limbo, and his successor, General Chuan, was doing a precarious

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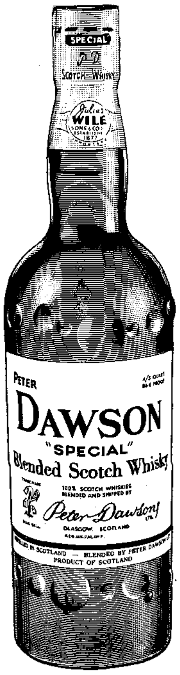

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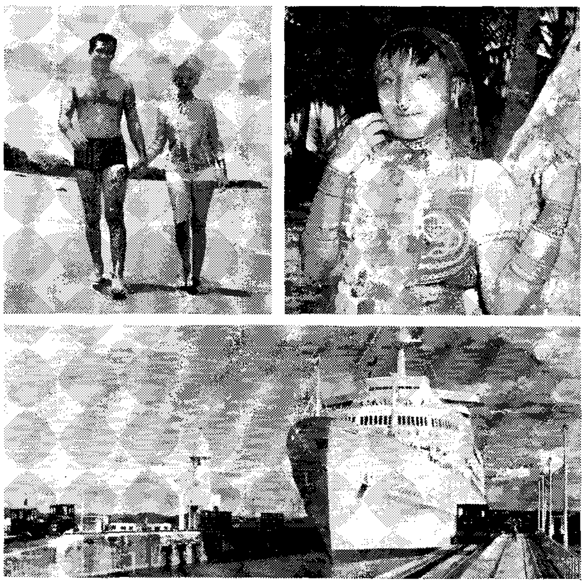

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balancing act, in which he implied that he was not opposed to the aims of the demonstrators, either, but was hoping that the disturbances would die down, so he would not have to take any action in the government's name. On the night of March 31st, the first big Saigon demonstration took place; there, in the central market, pictures of Generals Thieu, Co, and Ky appeared, with demands for their execution. After this, General Pham Xuan Chieu, the Secretary-General of the Directory, flew north to see Thi and ask him to come back to Saigon—a repetition of a summons that Thi had received a week earlier and had ignored. In Hué, Chieu was seized by student demonstrators and forced to ride in a pedicab to the Hué radio station, where he made a speech saying that he agreed with the aims of the demonstrators but not with their speeches, and that he believed the government ought to have more popular support. He then thanked the students for their obvious interest in their country's future and for the ride to the radio station. Chieu was held by the demonstrators until the morning of April 2nd, and then was permitted to return to Saigon. Thi still refused to go there.

In Saigon, that same morning, after a Buddhist student demonstration in which tear gas had been used at 2 A.M. to break up a lingering group of a few hundred youths still clustered in front of one of the city's radio stations, the Directory and the Armed Forces Council, consisting of some sixty officers, held a joint meeting and made three decisions: to take "very energetic and strong measures to maintain security for the people, especially the poor people;" to convene a national political convention, "with the participation of various groups, religions, and all strata of the population," that would lay the groundwork for drafting a constitution; and to make clear the nation's gratitude for the "impartiality and disinterestedness" of various unnamed allies. At four o'clock that afternoon, the Directory—minus General Chuan, who had stayed in the north, ostensibly to watch the situation there, and General Chieu, who was said to be feeling tired after his ordeal—and the Armed Forces Council held a mass press conference. Premier Ky, dressed in his air marshal's uniform, made an impressive, moderate statement outlining the decisions taken and the reasons for them. He denied that the generals wanted to "cling to power," and said he himself would resign if his resignation would "restore stability;" he denounced the increasingly shrill tone and the growing

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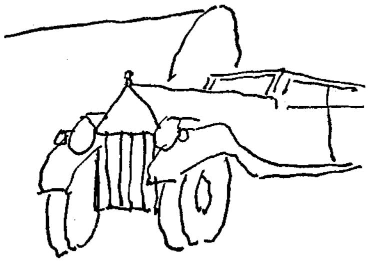

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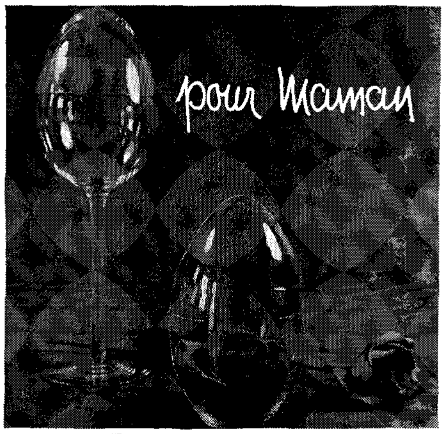

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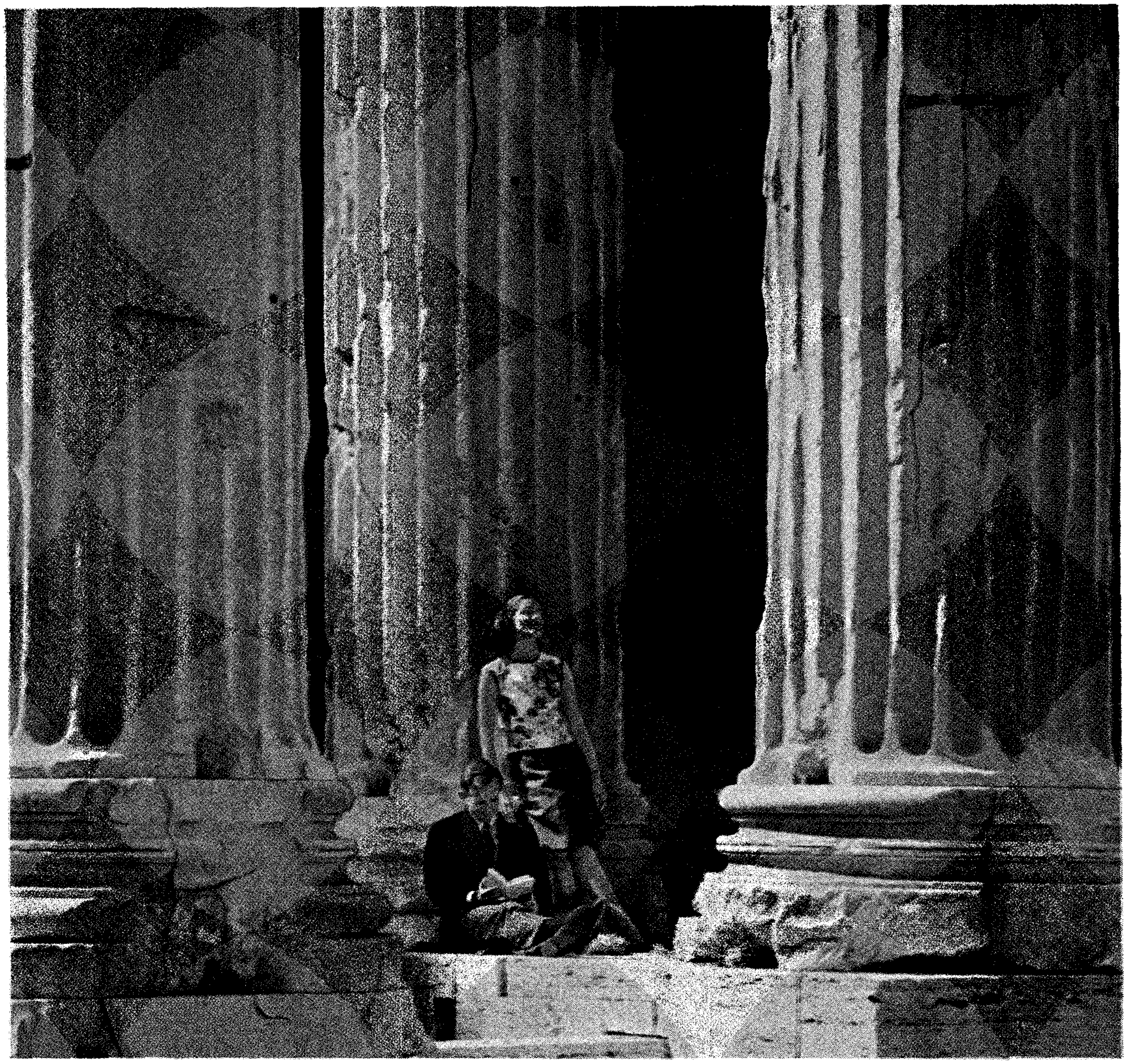

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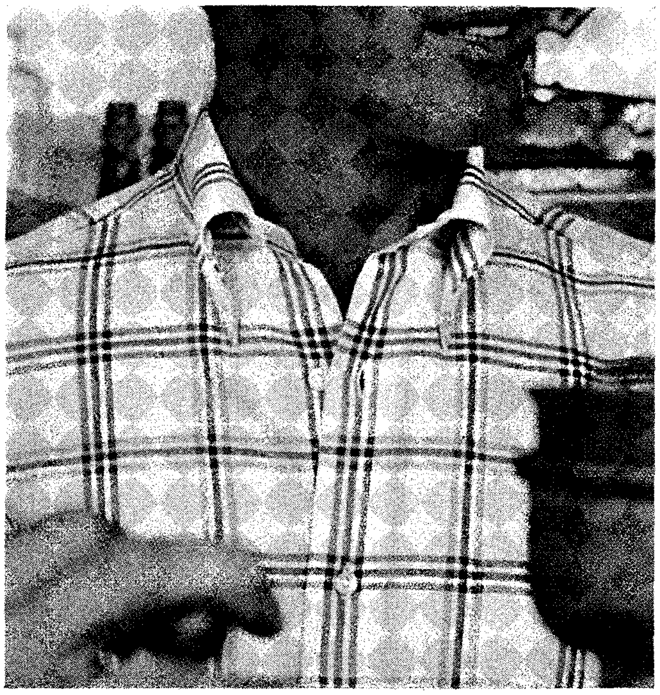

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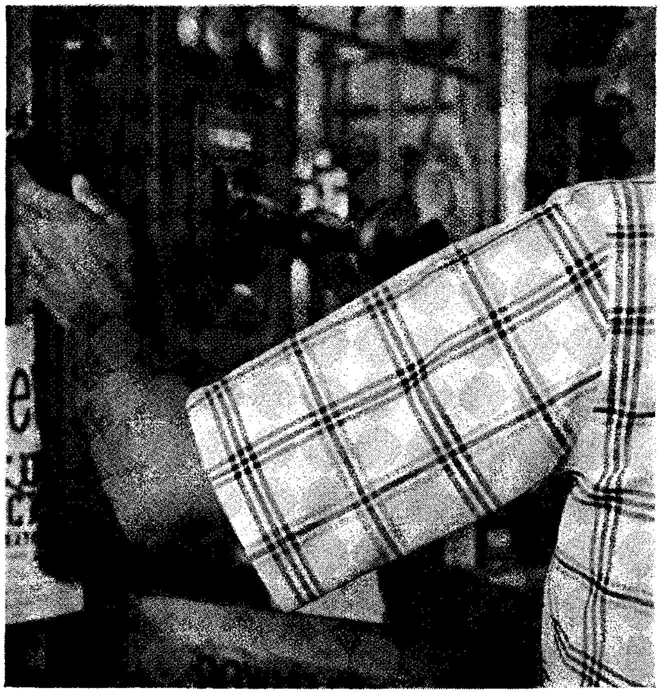

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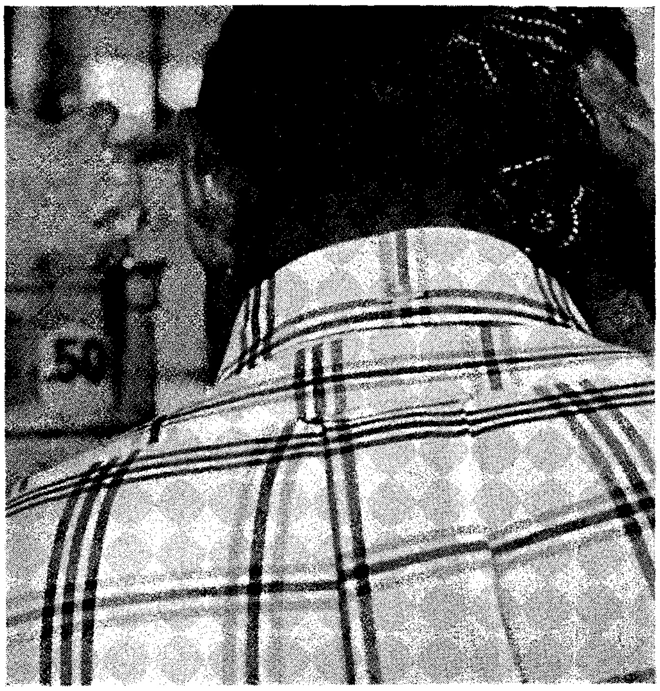

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violence of the demonstrations as "quite inhuman and dangerous," especially in their effect on the economy; and he warned against the rising anti-Americanism, declaring it to be inspired by the Communists. "They try to create a guilt complex among our people while we receive aid from allied countries, especially from the United States," he said. "They center their attacks on the Americans because the United States is our strongest ally. If we believe their propaganda, and think that we are guilty, we then fall into their trap."

It was a good speech, and everything would have been fine if Ky had stopped right there, and not stayed on for a question-and-answer period. Having just said that the government was "determined to exterminate" subversive elements, he now made the mistake of declaring, in answer to a question, that Danang was controlled by Communist rebels and that action would be taken "very soon to liberate it." He accused Danang's Mayor, Dr. Man, of having supported the rebels and said that either the Mayor would be shot or the government would quit. Now a showdown was inevitable, inasmuch as Ky had, in effect, announced publicly that the government was ready to invade Danang. Secret plans had in fact been made to airlift some South Vietnamese Marine and paratroop battalions up north and to move them, under cover of darkness, into Danang and Hué. Having been alerted, the already separatist military forces around the two cities, to say nothing of the Buddhist and student demonstrators, were more furious than ever and began preparations to combat the "invasion." On Monday night, several South Vietnamese battalions were transported to Danang in American planes, but after landing they remained at the airfield. General Thi now openly lined himself up with the dissidents, declaring that if the government troops moved into town he would "go into the streets and tell the people to stand up and fight." Mayor Man was equally adamant, and General Chuan, playing a cautious game, indicated that he sided with them.

On Tuesday, the fifth, Ky flew to Danang and, after consulting with Chuan and others, made a complete retreat. Speaking over the radio, he confessed that he had been wrong in calling Danang Communist-controlled, announced that Mayor Man—whose successor he had already named—could keep his job, and declared that the recently arrived troops would remain at the airfield only until they could be

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flown back south. Barricades had been erected on the roads leading into town, and it was virtually certain that if Ky's troops had tried to enter Danang, South Vietnamese troops would have opened fire on each other.

Next, a nine-o'clock curfew was established in Saigon, and schools were closed all over the country. The demonstrators nevertheless continued their activities, ignoring the curfew, and there were some acts of violence, though fortunately no one was killed. In Saigon, while American M.P.s stood by to keep Americans out of the fracas, local troops and police moved quickly to break up demonstrations with tear gas—a challenge that the demonstrators sought to meet by placing small plastic bags over their heads, giving them the odd appearance of spacemen.

In the following days, as the demonstrations became steadily more anti-American in tone, the government continued its discussions with the various religious and political groups, trying to evolve a means of establishing a civilian system, but little progress was made. When Premier Ky promised to hold general elections "within four to six months," the Buddhists rejected the promise as too vague, and the moderate and the radical factions joined forces to announce the formation of a new Committee of Force headed by Thich Thien Minh, Tri Quang's chief lieutenant, who declared, "We are determined to go to the bitter end even if it means bloodshed." For the moment, however, the new committee called on the demonstrators to stop their activities, apparently out of fear that Vietcong agents and their hired hoodlums were taking over the street demonstrations, as they had during the 1964 disturbances that toppled the regime of General Nguyen Khanh. The Catholics, while condemning the growing violence, made it clear that they agreed with the Buddhists on the need to establish a new civilian government as soon as possible. In central Vietnam, General Chuan asked to be relieved as I Corps commander, and other Army officers demanded the resignation of the government and remained in such open dissidence that several hundred American civilians were evacuated from Danang. At the start of the new week, it was anyone's guess as to what would happen, but trouble seemed bound to continue.

Almost everyone agreed that Ky's own future had been gravely jeopardized. Whether or not he had been egged on by his fellow-generals, he had lost tremendous face as a result of his

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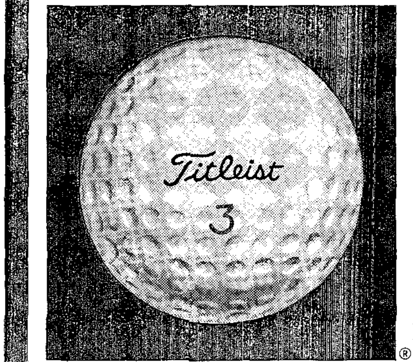

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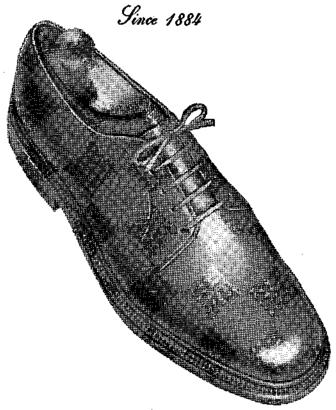

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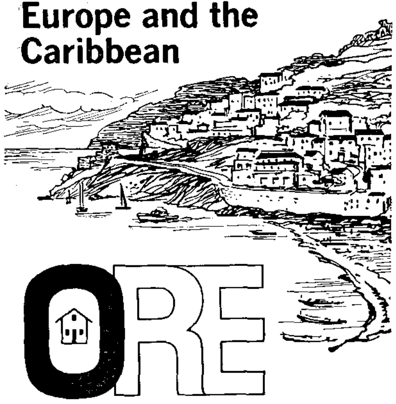

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impetuosity in firing Thi in the first place. He had made another blunder, it appeared, in waiting too long to take action against the demonstrations. (Though the Americans had done nothing to prevent the first misstep, they had urged him to deal sooner and more forcefully with the resulting disorders.) One result of the separatist drive up north had been to inspire similar notions elsewhere, especially in the south, where General Van Quang, the IV Corps commander, had long had ideas of his own, and where there were no American combat ground troops. Anti-Americanism as an issue seems bound to grow, no matter what sort of government takes over; it has, of course, been hammered away at throughout the crisis by the National Liberation radio of the Vietcong.

If Ky and his fellow-generals had been firmer at the outset of the crisis, if they had announced definite plans for civilian rule and had come up with some kind of interim compromise, such as the addition of civilians to the Directory, and if, meanwhile, they had moved subtly and carefully to reduce the power of the four corps commanders, much of the trouble might have been avoided. But things in Vietnam never seem to happen as rationally as this. Now most observers who have watched the fall of previous Vietnamese governments feel that the Americans should have used their influence to make Ky and the Directory take sensible action of this sort immediately after the Honolulu Conference. If, as many people here believe, the United States is faced with the prospect of having to deal with a new alignment, the result of a reshuffle or demi-coup that might bring a combination of old and new generals into power (the name of General Tran Van Don, a leader of the coup against Diem, is being heard, and he has already been invited to join the government), Washington and our Saigon Embassy will have to start all over again on the task of building up relationships. "Maybe then, for once, we won't put all our eggs in one basket and start babbling about 'stability,' " one official here says.

Stability, real or imagined, is not the only thing that has been jeopardized in the current crisis. Observers feel that the real danger lies in the political image of the future projected by this latest threat to the nation's already shaky security. The weakening of the social and political fabric and the rise of separatism and xenophobia are serious in themselves. Still more serious, the observers point out, is the possibility

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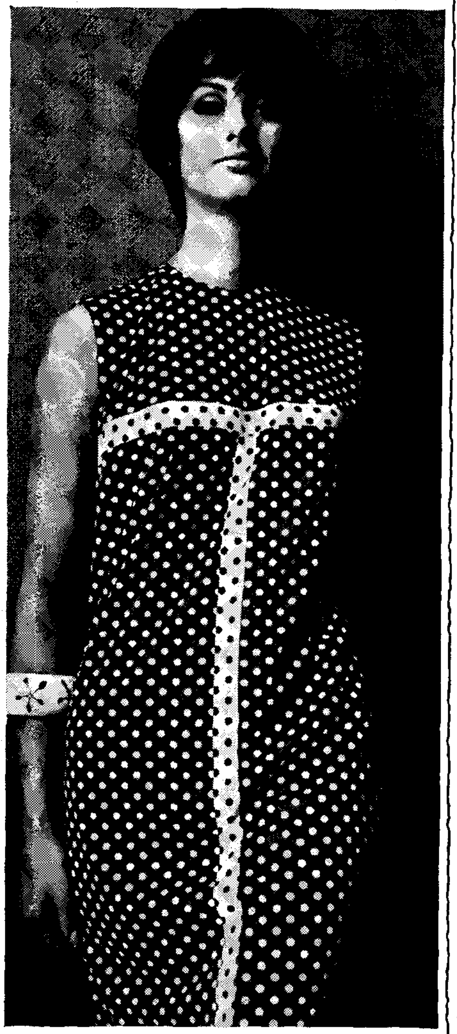

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that these developments and sentiments will lead to compromises that would bring into the government individuals who are willing, or even anxious, to negotiate with the Vietcong and the National Liberation Front on almost any terms. It would be foolish to think that such men don't exist. In fact, in a revealing moment of despair recently, one of the highest-ranking leaders of the present government remarked to a friend that he didn't know who among the twenty-six members of the present Cabinet "might be Communists." This is not to say that negotiations including the Liberation Front will not at some point become unavoidable. But to approach that point through the sort of weakening process that has been taking place would open the way to defeat at the negotiating table before the negotiations began.

In the last analysis, though successful military operations are continuing, the initiative on the political front seems to rest with the Communists and their witting or unwitting Buddhist allies, headed by Tri Quang. A Vietnamese political veteran has said, "Either the Communists will maintain the present pace of insurrectional activity or—what seems more likely—they will figure they have gone as far as they can for the moment. They will then simply regard what has happened in the past month as a successful rehearsal for next time. That could be a month or two months from now, or maybe more, but, in view of their ability to attack and retreat and then attack again, the moment will surely come. The prospect is not one that we Vietnamese who have been fighting Communism for a long time—or you Americans, either—can look forward to cheerfully."

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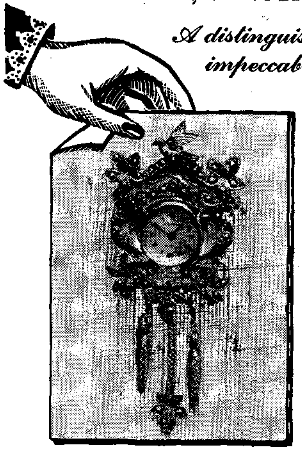

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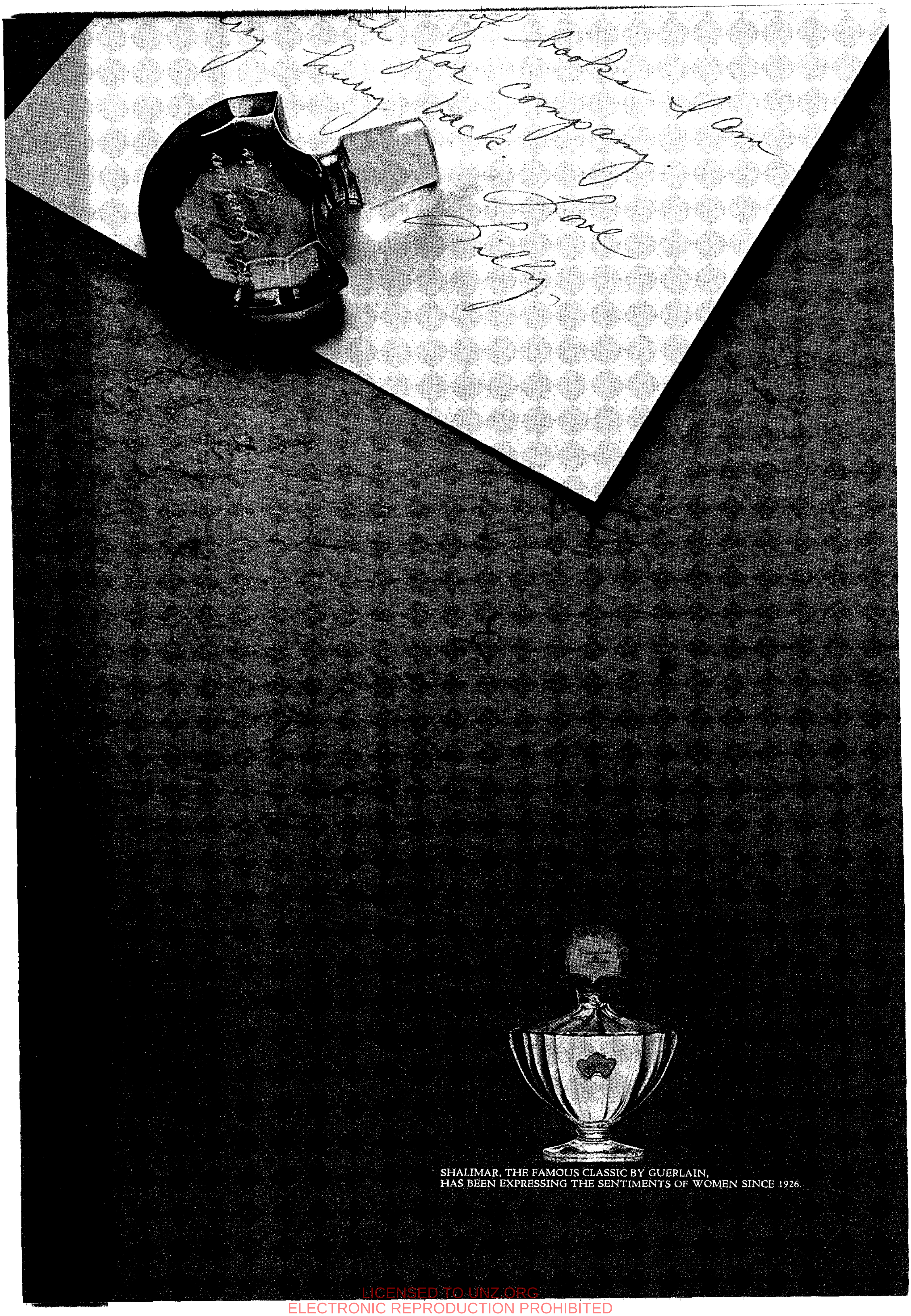
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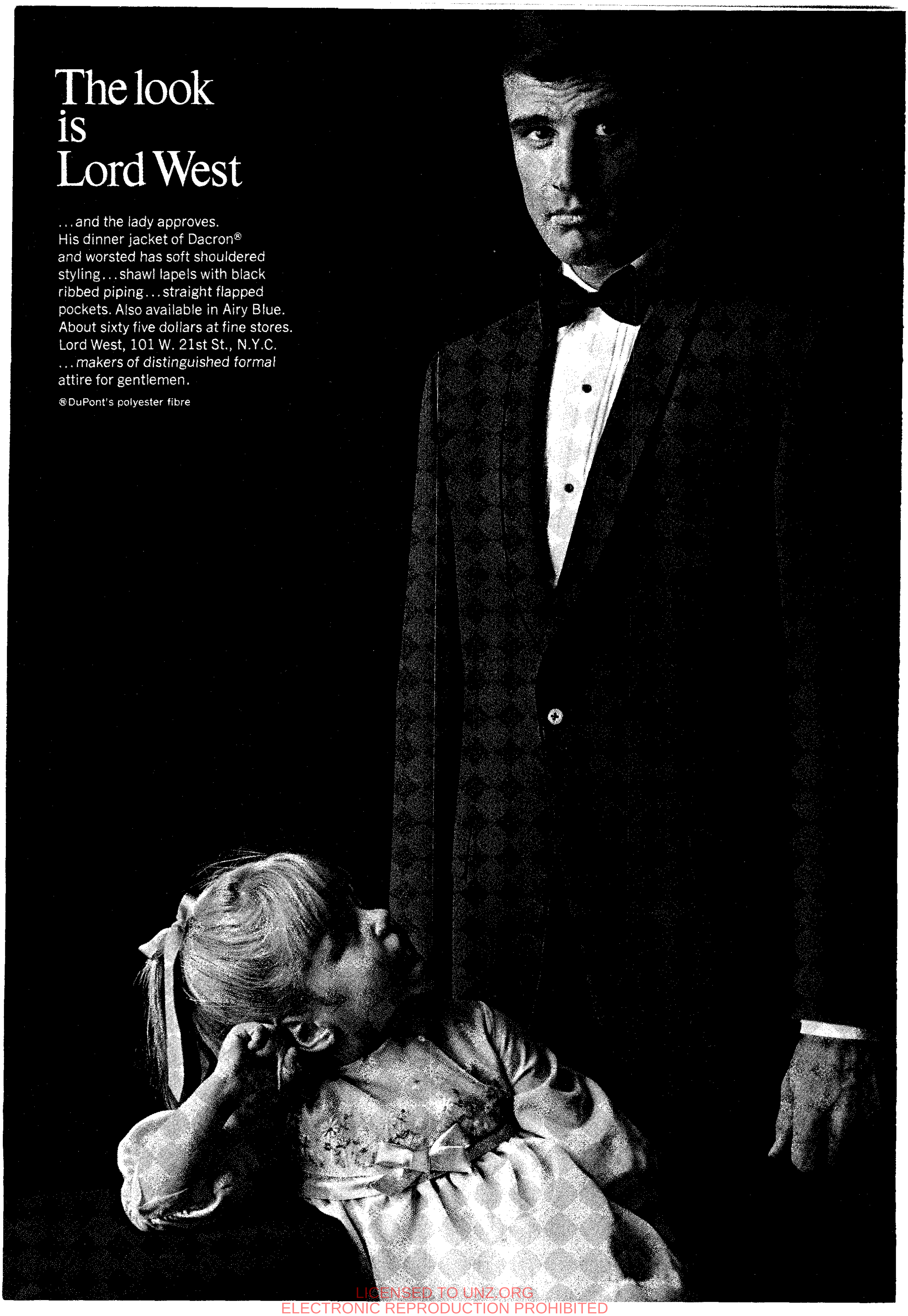

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The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

IN his recent persuasive tribute to Edward Howe Forbush's "Birds of Massachusetts and Other New England States," Mr. E. B. White quotes, to remarkable purpose, a number of "Mr. Forbush's large company of informers, or tipsters: people who at one time or another wrote him or phoned him to tell of an encounter with a bird—a strange doing, an odd fact, a bizarre occurrence." Some of them were professional ornithologists, but others, Mr. W. writes, were "hundreds of amateurs and strangers, who by reporting some oddity of bird behavior or recording an unlikely arrival have achieved immortality." Of this bunch he says, "Their lives, from the evidence, appear to be wonderfully haphazard and fortuitous. One of them will be 'sharpening a sickle' when he looks up to see a girl attacked by an eagle; one of them will 'happen to be' in a little outbuilding at precisely the right moment to witness the courtship of whippoorwills; one of them will chance to step from a clump of small pines facing an alder run, and there, right before his eyes, will be the nest of a least flycatcher."

The lucky sickle sharpener, it turns out, was Mr. M. Semper, of Mapes P.O., British Columbia; the least-flycatcher catcher was Mr. A. A. Cross, habitat not given (the behavioral oddity here was apparently that the bird "had used inner bark from stems of last year's goldenrod"); the whippoorwill Peeping Tom, whose report is far and away the longest nugget relayed by Mr. White, is characterized only as Major Charles Bendire—no P.O., no province. Well, Semper and Cross are as strange to me as they doubtless were to Forbush, but I have been delving deep into natural history this past year, and the Major's name has rung a bell. I think he deserves further identification. Let me air a bit of chance erudition.

Charles Bendire, born Karl Emil Bender in the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, Germany, came to America from Paris (where he had been kicked out of a theological seminary) in 1853, when he was seventeen. He joined the Army, anglicized his name, served in the Civil War as a hospital steward in the Medical Corps, and then, during the eighteen-seventies,

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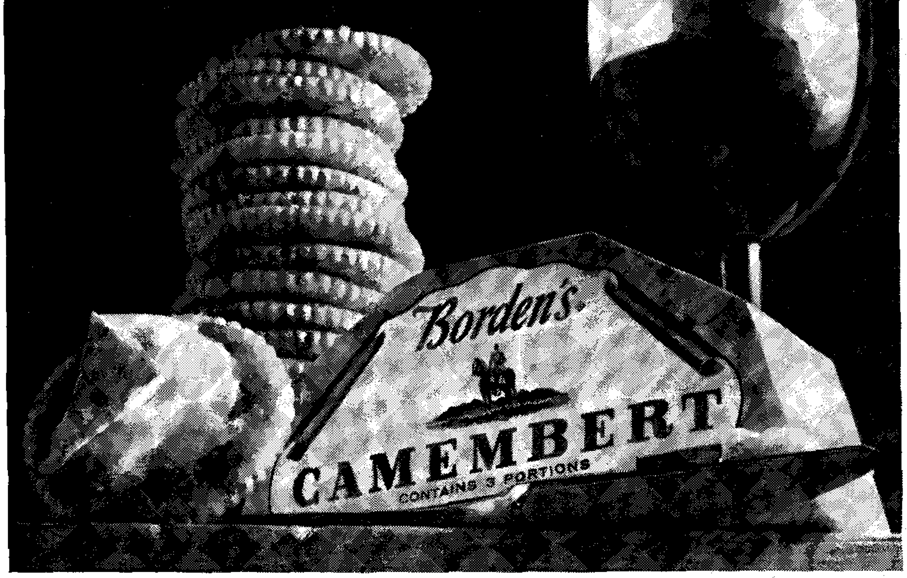

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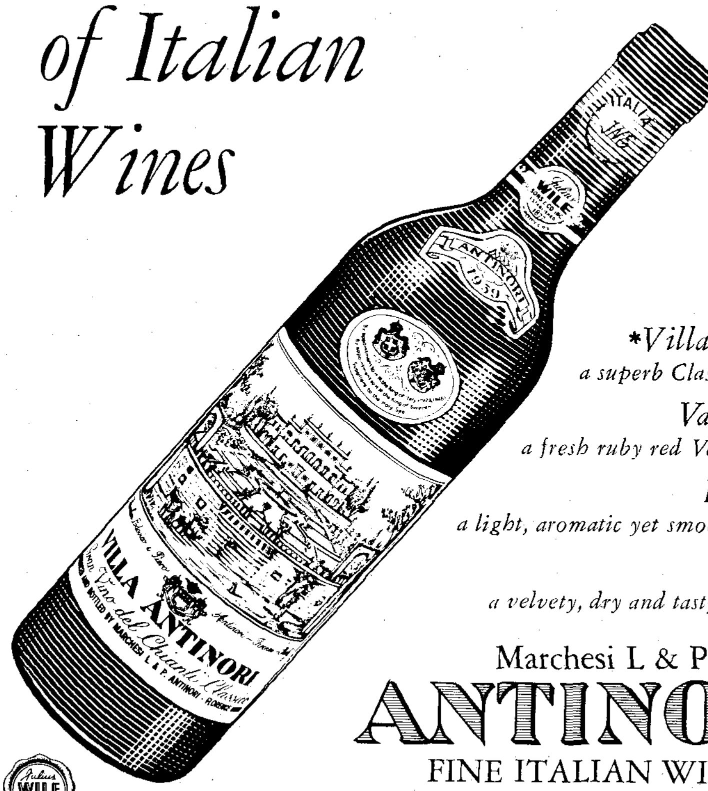

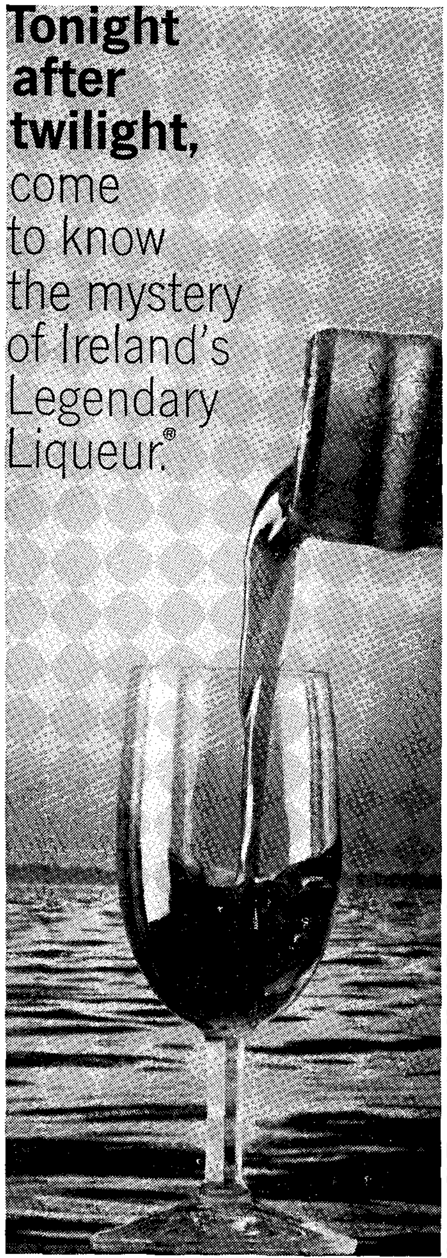
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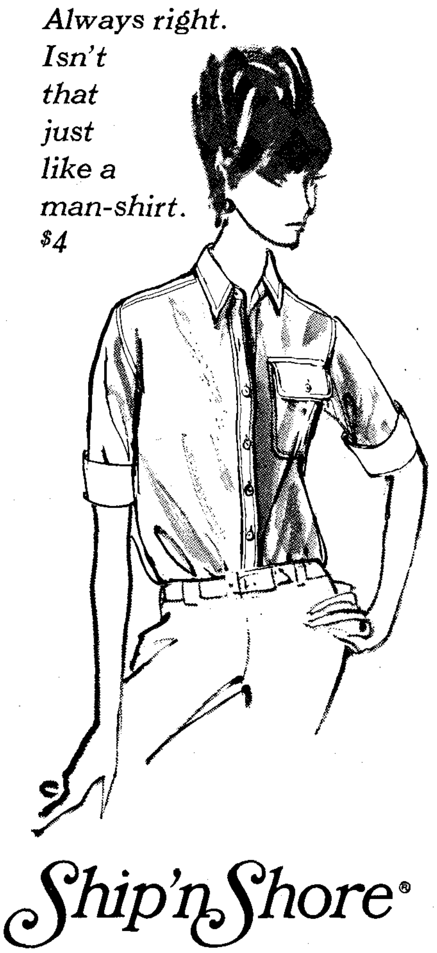
was stationed as a lieutenant in the cavalry at various posts in the West. There he began to collect birds and to correspond about them with Professor Spencer F. Baird, then in charge of the National Museum of the Smithsonian Institution and later Secretary of the Smithsonian. Baird was a great fellow for answering letters about birds and for soliciting skins, eggs, and nests from their authors. He was rewarded in Bendire's case when, in 1872, the lieutenant sent him some nests, eggs, and "birds dried in the flesh" from Camp Lowell, Arizona. The next year, Bendire sent him a box of nests and eggs; in 1875, now a captain at Camp Harney, Oregon, he dispatched some eggs of the double-crested cormorant (*Graculus dilophus*) and skins of a gray-crowned finch (*Leucosticte littoralis*) and a Bohemian waxwing (*Ampelis garrulus*). In 1876, he sent the Smithsonian another waxwing (preserved in alcohol), twenty-two *Leucosticte* skins, and a number of skins of grouse, sparrows, and rodents. Two years later, still in Oregon, he came through with a nest and eggs of *Passerella townsendii var. Schistacea*, a fox sparrow, and a Clarke's crow. He then moved to Fort Walla Walla, Washington Territory, whence, in 1880, further broadening his zoological range, he contributed "specimens of birds' skins, nests, and eggs; grasshoppers and fishes." (I quote from Secretary Baird's Annual Report.) The year 1883 was a good one for him and the Smithsonian. In Washington, on leave from Fort Klamath, Oregon, he marched to Baird's office with two hundred and twenty-three Oregonian skins and eighteen nests; the Institution appointed him honorary curator of its Section of Oology, which he proceeded to reorganize, rearrange, and—in 1884—fortify with a collection of eight thousand eggs he had assembled. "The finest extant, so far as Western America is concerned, and well supplied with the species of the Eastern States, as well as those of Europe," Professor Baird wrote of this, and added:

> The National Museum and Smithsonian Institution are not only greatly indebted to Captain Bendire for the donation of one of the most important contributions it has ever received but also for the scientific service rendered and for the accurate identification, labelling, and arrangement, in an extremely attractive and novel manner, of the entire series. *The collection is now considered to be in* excellent order.

Bendire retired from the Army in 1886, and for the remaining eleven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years of his life devoted himself full-time to Smithsonian oology and to ornithological writing. His last year in uniform was spent at Fort Custer, Montana; from this post, according to Dr. G. Brown Goode, Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian, he sent thirty-one bird skins, "a revolver found on the site of the Custer Massacre in 1876, and some interesting concretions." In 1892, the year before he spotted the romancing whippoorwills (and two years after he had been brevetted major for gallantry in action against Indians at Canyon Creek, Montana, in 1877), he published his "Life Histories of North American Birds with Special Reference to Their Breeding Habits and Eggs"—an account of a hundred and forty-six varieties of gallinaceous birds, pigeons or doves, and birds of prey. He followed this up in 1895 with a second volume, containing a hundred and ninety-seven descriptions of birds, including one of *Antrostomus vociferus*, a whippoorwill, which produced the passage quoted by White from Forbush. He wrote that he "happened to be in a little outbuilding," all right, but I cannot believe that his presence there was as haphazard and fortuitous as he indicates. A man who has had four birds named after him—*Otus asio bendirei*, a little screech owl; *Toxostoma bendirei*, a thrasher; *Loxia curvirostra bendirei*, a crossbill; and *Falco columbarius bendirei*, a pigeon hawk—*knows* when and where the ornithological joint is likely to be hopping.

Sincerely yours,
GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

OUR FORGETFUL FEATURE-STORY WRITERS

[*Anne Anable in the Journal-American*]

In Paris, when she [Mia Fonssagrives] has a few moments of spare time she goes off to the Cinematique, which features masses of old movies, and sits right through from three to midnight. She has passed out of her discotheque phase, she feels, saying she only goes to Castell's once a week where she used to go nightly.

She can't sit for hours at a time in a plane because of a skiing accident that left her with a bad back so she often stands and sketches.

•

The city of Gardner withdrew its threat yesterday to cut off the supply of water to the Olathe Naval Air Station.

"We're not going to do anything until we get something done somewhere," said Mayor Howard L. Lawrence.—*Kansas City (Mo.) Times.*

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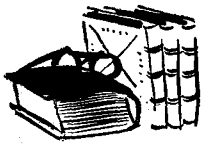
BOOKS

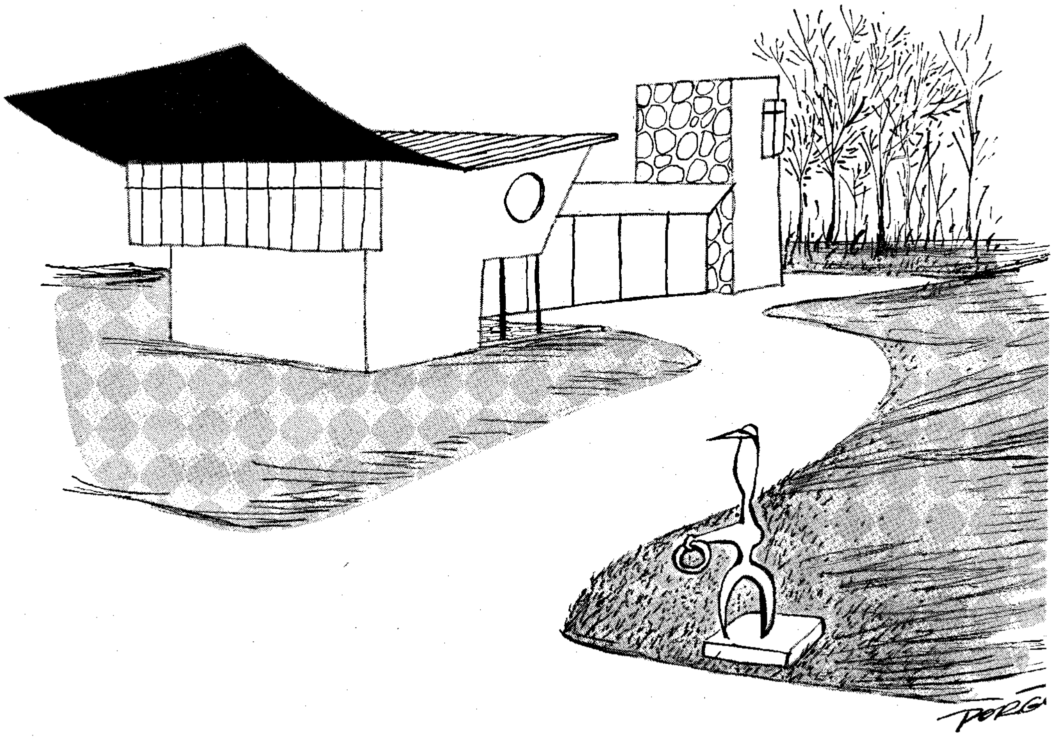
Einstein and Bohr: A Debate

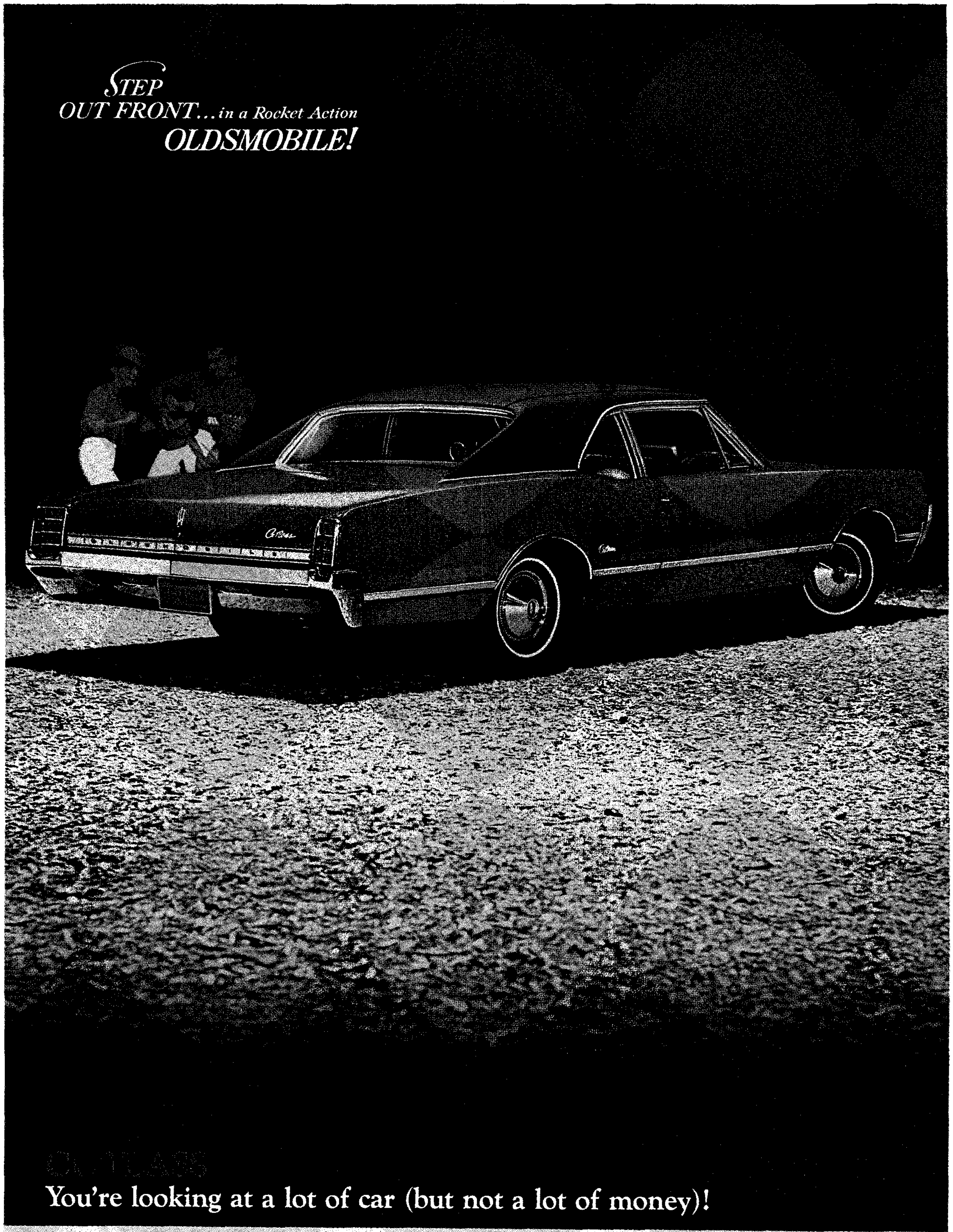


A SCIENTIST writing for the general reader has at least one obvious advantage over the non-scientist; he is writing about something that he presumably knows from within. In fact, for him the process of popularizing a scientific idea does not differ greatly from the process of explaining his ideas to a colleague or a student. The fundamental difference lies in what he can assume that his listener already understands; the bridge between the boundary of the layman's knowledge and the scientific idea is much longer, and crossing it requires a great deal of patience on both sides. On the other hand, a scientist writing about science and scientists, especially if they are his colleagues and contemporaries, is in a certain respect at a disadvantage. Scientific work, as is true of any other creative discipline, usually reflects the personality of the scientist. While it is definitely possible to understand and appreciate a scientific development without knowing anything about the men who created it and the atmosphere in which they worked, just as it is possible to enjoy a Mozart symphony without knowing anything about Mozart, such an understanding may lack perspective. A scientist writing about the work of his colleagues and his predecessors feels a restraint—that he is invading his friends' privacy when it comes to correlating ideas and personalities. For this reason, I suspect, there are almost no books by physicists about modern physics that attempt to link the ideas expressed to the people who invented them and to the atmosphere in which they were invented. The major exception I know is Philipp Frank's wonderful "Einstein: His Life and Times." Professor Frank knew Einstein, both as colleague and as friend, from the beginning of his scientific career. He understands Einstein's physics about as well as it can be understood and he shared much of Einstein's European background; Professor Frank was Einstein's successor at the University of Prague. His book presents a magnificent picture of Einstein, his ideas, and his life. However, Frank has told me that the very fact that he knew Einstein so well and was in frequent contact with him while the book was in progress obligated him to make his portrait incomplete. It was not that he knew any scandalous secrets about Einstein; it was simply that he knew that Einstein would criticize whatever portrait he created. Since Einstein's death, Frank has often thought of redoing parts of his book, but he feels that his memory (he is over eighty) is no longer as reliable as it was (when I first met him, he had essentially total recall) and he hesitates to begin such an ambitious project. It is with a feeling of tragedy that one watches such a chance slip away. Future generations may well call our era the Age of Einstein, just as we now call the seventeenth century the Age of Newton, and they will regret the lack of a full contemporary portrait of Einstein as we regret the lack of a full contemporary portrait of Newton.

It is with the same feeling that physicists watch the inventors of the quantum theory slip away without leaving behind, in tangible form, the splendid collection of stories and insights into the creative process in science that went along with the birth of the theory. Oppenheimer has written, "For those who participated, it was a time of creation; there was terror as well as exaltation in their new insight. It will probably not be recorded very completely as history. As history, its re-creation would call for an art as high as the story of Oedipus or the story of Cromwell, yet in a realm of action so remote from our common experience that it is unlikely to be known to any poet or any historian." The American Physical Society and the American Philosophical Society have been attempting to persuade the inventors of the quantum theory to record, for future historians, their impressions of how it came about. But men like Wolfgang Pauli died before the project got under way, and, saddest of all, Niels Bohr, the figure around whom the quantum theorists revolved as they crystallized and formulated their ideas, died just after he had begun to record his recollections.

As Oppenheimer suggested, it is unlikely that any single individual will be able to tie together all the strings of the story and give not only a complete account of the physics involved but a real sense of the color and poetry of its creators. Many books will no doubt be written on the subject, and from them one will be able to piece together the history; a certain number of books and articles have already been published. But the first book I have read that appears to me to offer some understanding of the physics and, above all, of the physicists concerned is, perhaps not surprisingly, by a non-scientist, Barbara Lovett Cline—a book called "The

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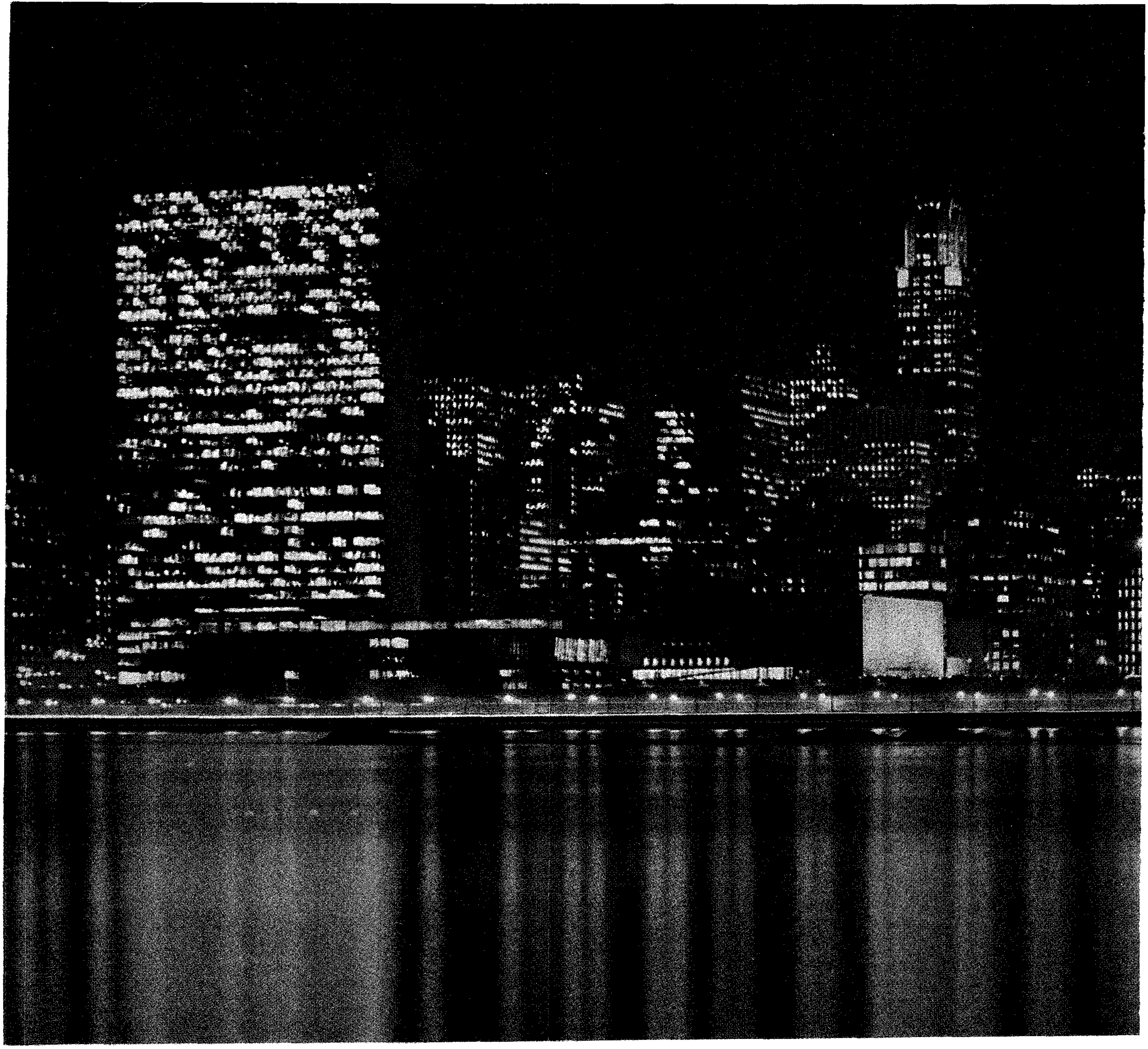

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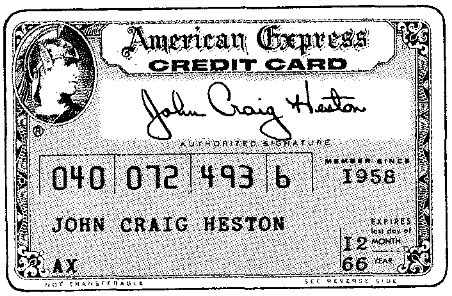

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Questioners: Physicists and the Quan:um Theory" (Crowell). Mrs. Cline, ı professional science writer and editor, spent five years preparing her book, and ıer list of acknowledgments makes it clear that she has discussed her subject with innumerable physicists, including Oppenheimer and Bohr's son Aage, who succeeded his father as director of he Institute for Theoretical Physics, in Copenhagen. I do not think Mrs. Cline will claim that she has produced a omplete description of the quantum heory—that is not possible in a nonechnical book—but her description is dequate and basically sound. Morever—and in this respect her book is uite unique—she has succeeded in ringing the physicists alive without any f the meaningless and irrelevant aduation that occurs when one tries to haracterize personalities as rich and omplex as those of Einstein and Bohr y stating they were men of genius nd letting it go at that. They *were* ıen of genius, but they were full of fe as well, full of sorrows and joy, ll of human qualities that were exressed in their work.

THE quantum was the invention of the German physicist Max Planck. t the beginning of this century, physists studying the spectrum of the radiaon emitted from a heated oven develed a simple empirical physical law that ich a spectrum obeyed, but no one d been able to *deduce* this law from rst principles—first principles then ing Newtonian mechanics, electroagnetic theory, and thermodynamics. 1900, Planck managed to deduce e law, but only by making what apared to be the completely arbitrary sumption that the radiation in the en consisted of indivisible packets of ergy—quanta of energy. In other ords, he held that the radiation from e oven had a kind of atomic (i.e., invisible) structure, although the classil theory on which the science of e phenomenon had up to then been sed assumed that these units of radian were infinitely divisible. (A rough alogy would be a fluid conceived of a continuous substance instead of— accordance with molecular theory— ing composed of tiny molecules cked so close together as to appear separated.) According to Planck's pothesis, the energy in a quantum proportional to its frequency; for ample, violet light, which has a highfrequency than red light, is comsed of quanta of greater energy. He uld not demonstrate the validity of s assumption, and regarded his use

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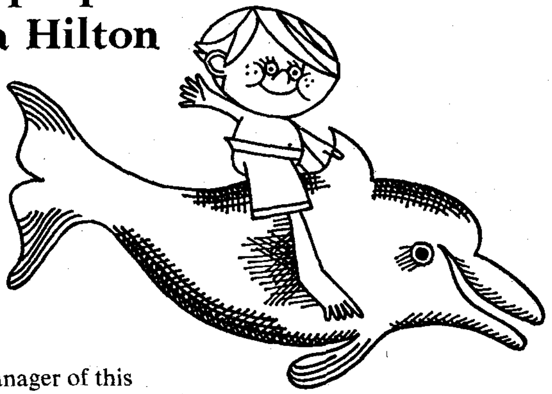

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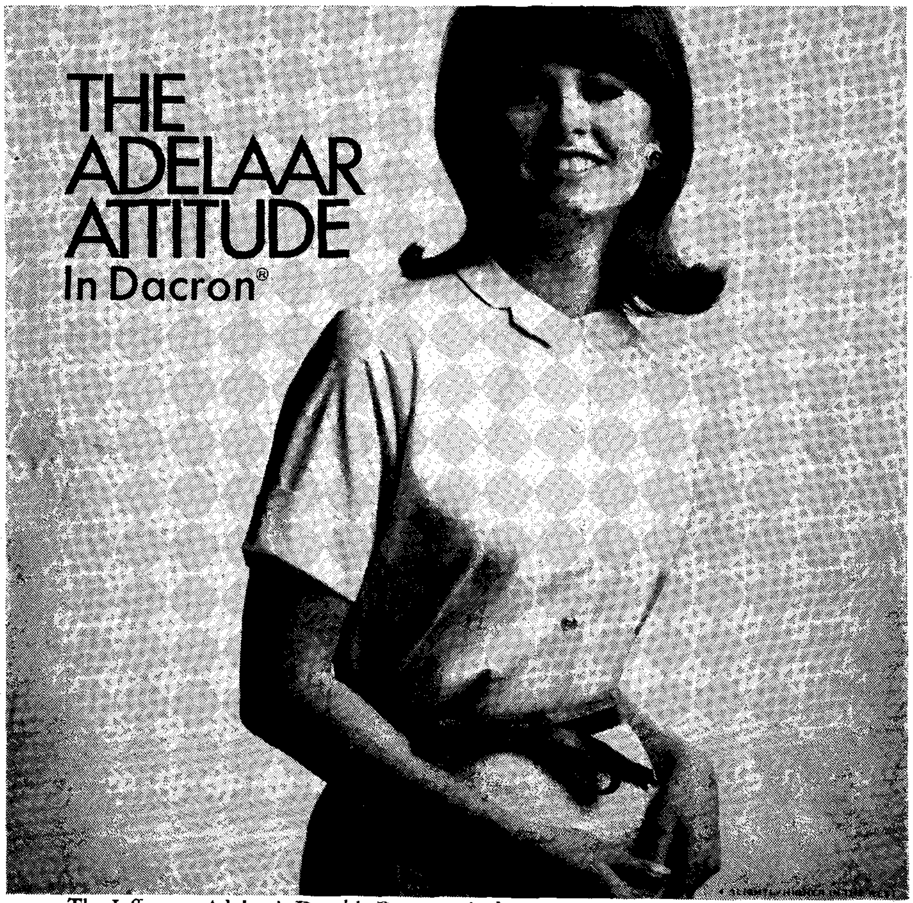

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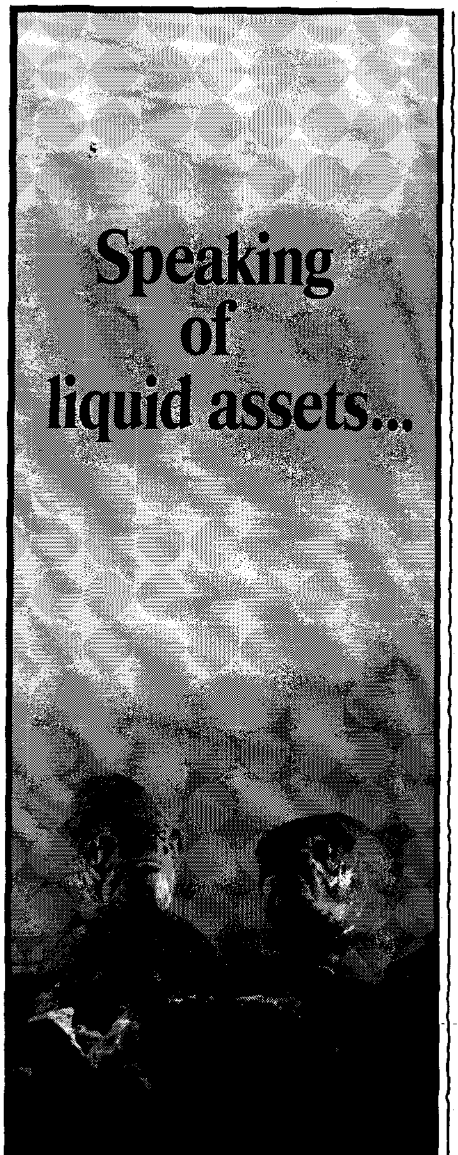

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of it as simply a trick that enabled him to get the right answer. Indeed, he spent some fruitless years trying to derive a formula for the spectrum by using classical physics. (Einstein later proved that such a derivation was impossible.)

Mrs. Cline gives a fascinating description of Planck, some of it based on a series of brilliant articles by Martin Klein, a physicist at Case Institute of Technology. The great historic physics papers are a little like the great historic works of literature—they are more often quoted than read. Klein actually set out to read carefully the early papers of Planck and Einstein, which are in German and employ rather archaic and sometimes clumsy mathematical notation. This absorbing study enables one to realize, in the light of our present knowledge, just how much the great pioneers in physics foresaw and how much they didn't. Mrs. Cline notes that when Planck began his career in physics, in 1875, he was told by the head of the physics department of the University of Munich, where his father taught law, that "physics is a branch of knowledge that is just about complete. The important discoveries, all of them, have been made. It is hardly worth entering physics anymore." This is a lament that one sometimes hears today from the elder statesmen of science, and when one hears it it is worth keeping in mind that within thirty years of this prediction Planck and Einstein had discovered, between them, the relativity theory (Einstein, 1905) and the quantum (Planck in 1900 and Einstein about 1905).

Planck's introduction of the concept of the quantum eventually led to the fall of the whole edifice of classical physics and brought about one of the great revolutions in the history of science, yet he was by temperament one of the least revolutionary figures imaginable, and, indeed, he could never completely accept the most revolutionary implications of his own discovery. Planck came from an academic Prussian family. His life was governed by strict rules and traditions. Mrs. Cline writes:

> A young physicist who was staying in Max Planck's home during a visit to Berlin gradually became aware of a certain regularity in the Planck household. The visitor's curiosity was aroused; he made an observation: stationing himself by the door of his room he waited to see what would happen as the clock in the hall struck the hour. Sure enough, while the clock still was sounding, Planck emerged from his room, proceeded down the stairs, and then out the front door. Further observation confirmed the regularity of his

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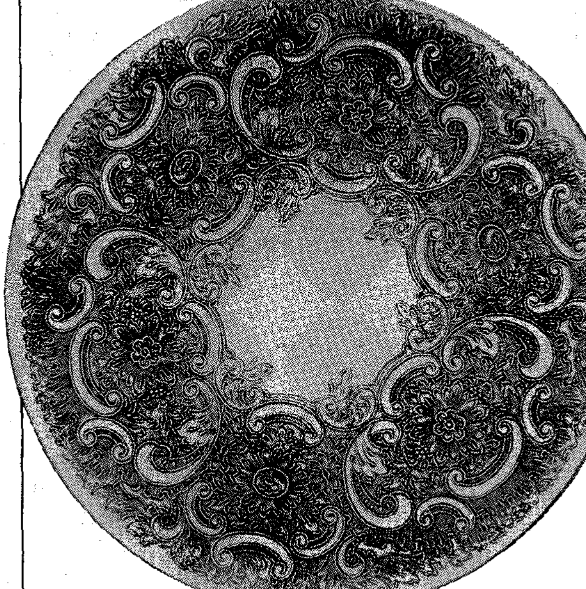
comings and goings; as the big hall clock struck a certain hour, invariably there Max Planck would be, on his way down the stairs.

Systematically, part of Planck's day was allotted for a walk, just as thirty minutes regularly were devoted to playing the piano. And when this highly organized scientist worked in the study among his treasured collection of scientific volumes, he worked standing up. His desk was a high one like those used in Dickens' time by clerks, who sat on high stools. But Planck did not use a stool.

Unlike Planck, Einstein, the second important figure in the history of the quantum, had the anarchistic temperament of a genuine revolutionary. He was twenty-one in 1900, the year Planck invented the quantum. By any standards, he was a total academic failure. A few years before, he had succeeded in dropping out of the *Gymnasium* in Munich where he had been left by his father when a business failure forced him to move to Italy. Einstein hated the regimentation of the German educational system, and he got a doctor to say that he was suffering from "nervous exhaustion," which would respond to a six-month stay in Italy. But before he could present his doctor's note to the authorities he was asked to leave school because his negative attitude had made the other students disrespectful of their teachers. Einstein's father could support him for no more than a few months in Italy, but then, with the aid of a relative, he was sent to Zurich, only to fail the entrance examination in mathematics for the Polytechnic Institute. He went to a Swiss *Gymnasium* to get a diploma, and a year later he finally entered the Institute. There he fared almost as poorly. He simply could not learn what he was supposed to. In his sixties, he wrote a brief biography, which appears as the introductory essay in a marvellous collection entitled "Albert Einstein: Philosopher-Scientist," edited by P. A. Schilpp. About his school days, during which, instead of studying the required courses, he was already formulating the ideas that eventually resulted in the relativity theory, he wrote:

> I soon learned to scent out that which was able to lead to fundamentals and to turn aside from everything else, from the multitude of things which clutter up the mind and divert it from the essential. The hitch in this was, of course, the fact that one had to cram all this stuff into one's mind for the examinations, whether one liked it or not. This coercion had such a deterring effect [upon] me that, after I had passed the final examination, I found the consideration of any scientific problems distasteful to me for an entire year. In justice I must add, moreover, that in Switzerland we had to suffer far less



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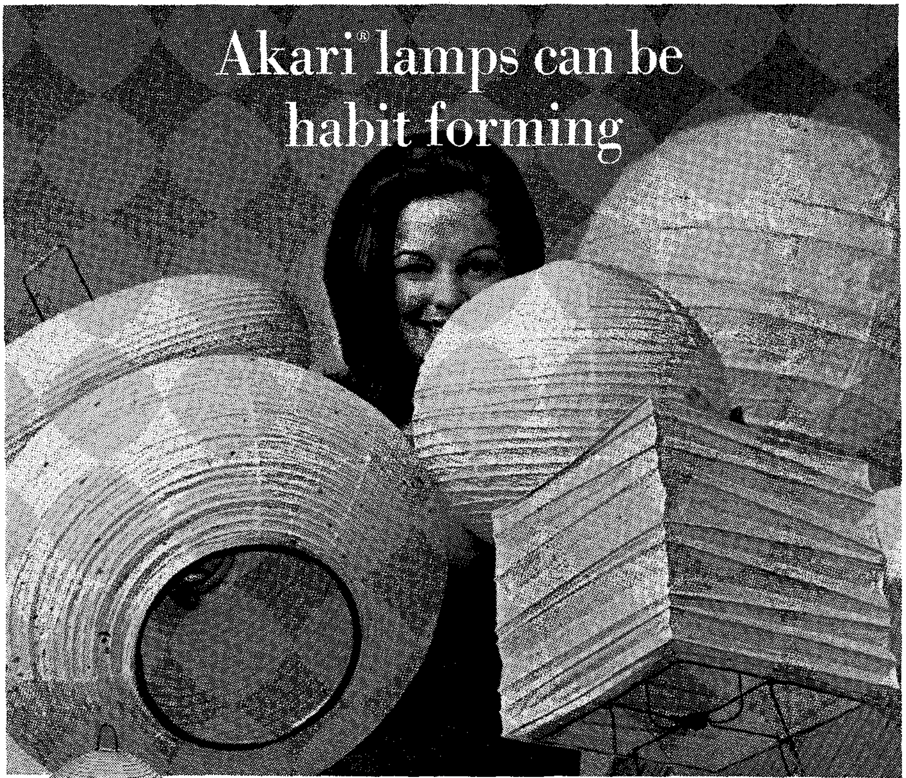

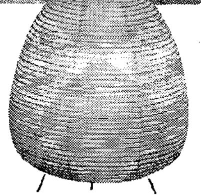

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under such coercion, which smothers every truly scientific impulse, than is the case in many another locality. There were altogether only two examinations; aside from these, one could just about do as one pleased. This was especially the case if one had a friend, as I did, who attended the lectures regularly and who worked over their content conscientiously. This gave one freedom in the choice of pursuits until a few months before the examination, a freedom which I enjoyed to a great extent and have gladly given into the bargain the bad conscience connected with it as by far the lesser evil. It is, in fact, nothing short of a miracle that the modern methods of instruction have not yet entirely strangled the holy curiosity of inquiry; for this delicate little plant, aside from stimulation, stands mainly in need of freedom; without this it goes to wreck and ruin without fail.

Mrs. Cline notes that Einstein graduated from the Polytechnic Institute and became a tutor, but he soon lost his job because he wanted his charges to leave the *Gymnasium*, where he thought their curiosity was being smothered; their father, a *Gymnasium* teacher, wanted no such thing. What occurred next can be described only as a scientific miracle. Einstein, through an acquaintance, got a job in the patent office in Bern examining patent applications and inventions (throughout his life, he retained a fondness for inventions, especially if there was some quackery in them or if they illustrated a nice point in physics), and while he was working on this job (one can only wonder how many hours a day) he wrote and published three physics papers that transformed twentieth-century science and, ultimately, our way of life. The first paper contains an explanation of Brownian motion—the motion of tiny, almost invisible particles suspended in a liquid, a motion named for the biologist Robert Brown, its discoverer. Einstein pointed out that if one assumed that the liquid was a mass of invisible molecules that were bombarding the suspended objects, the motion of these objects was explained. In his brief biography, he notes that he had not heard of Brown's work, but he realized that the motions of molecules would produce such an effect, and the experiments he proposed to establish this point had, unknown to him, already been carried out by Brown. This may seem a minor point, but at the time there was great doubt, among even the leading scientists, that atoms actually existed, and Einstein's paper, taken in connection with Brown's experiment, was one of the first convincing arguments that they did. The second paper presents the "special theory" of relativity—as opposed to the "general theory,"

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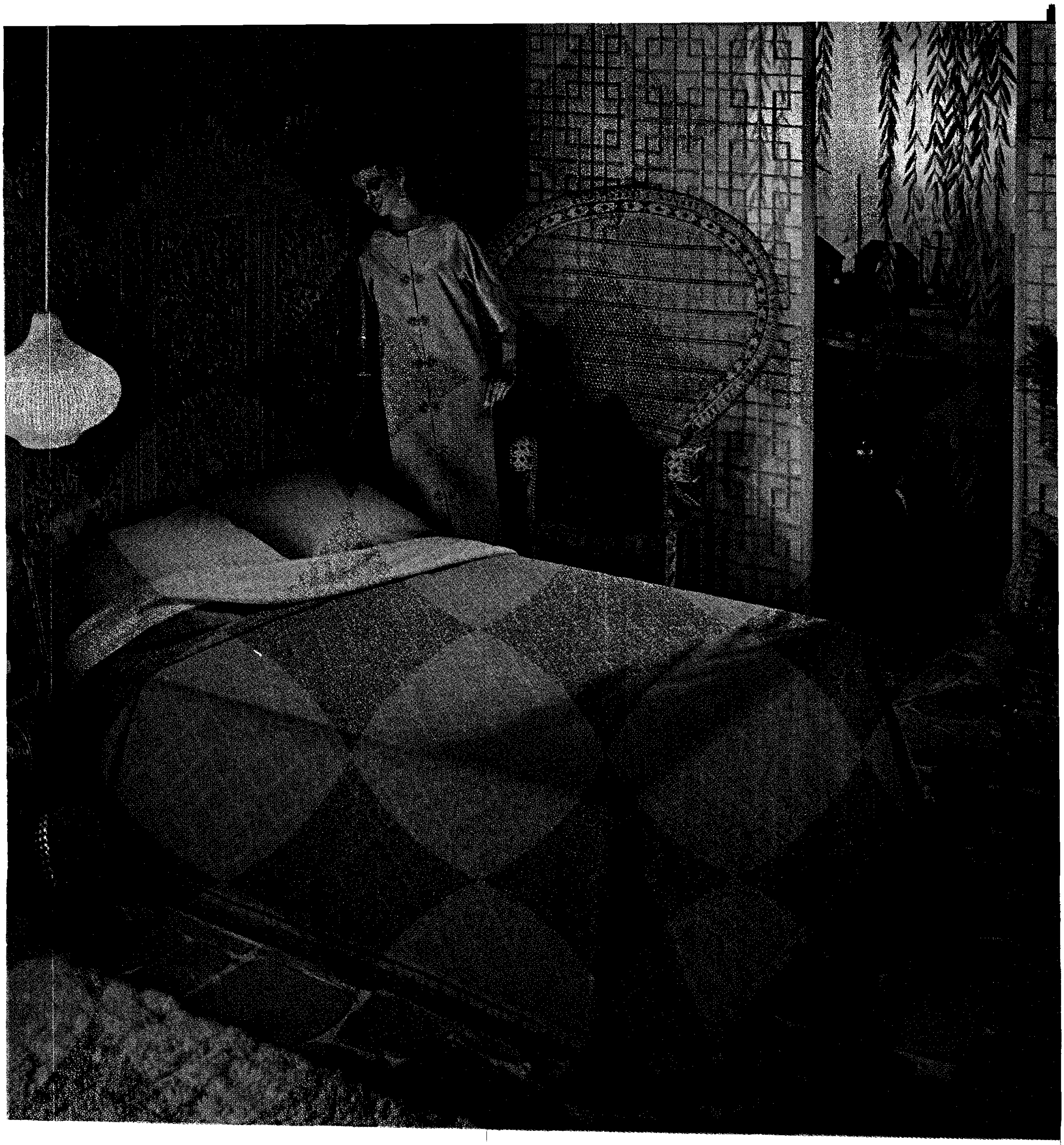

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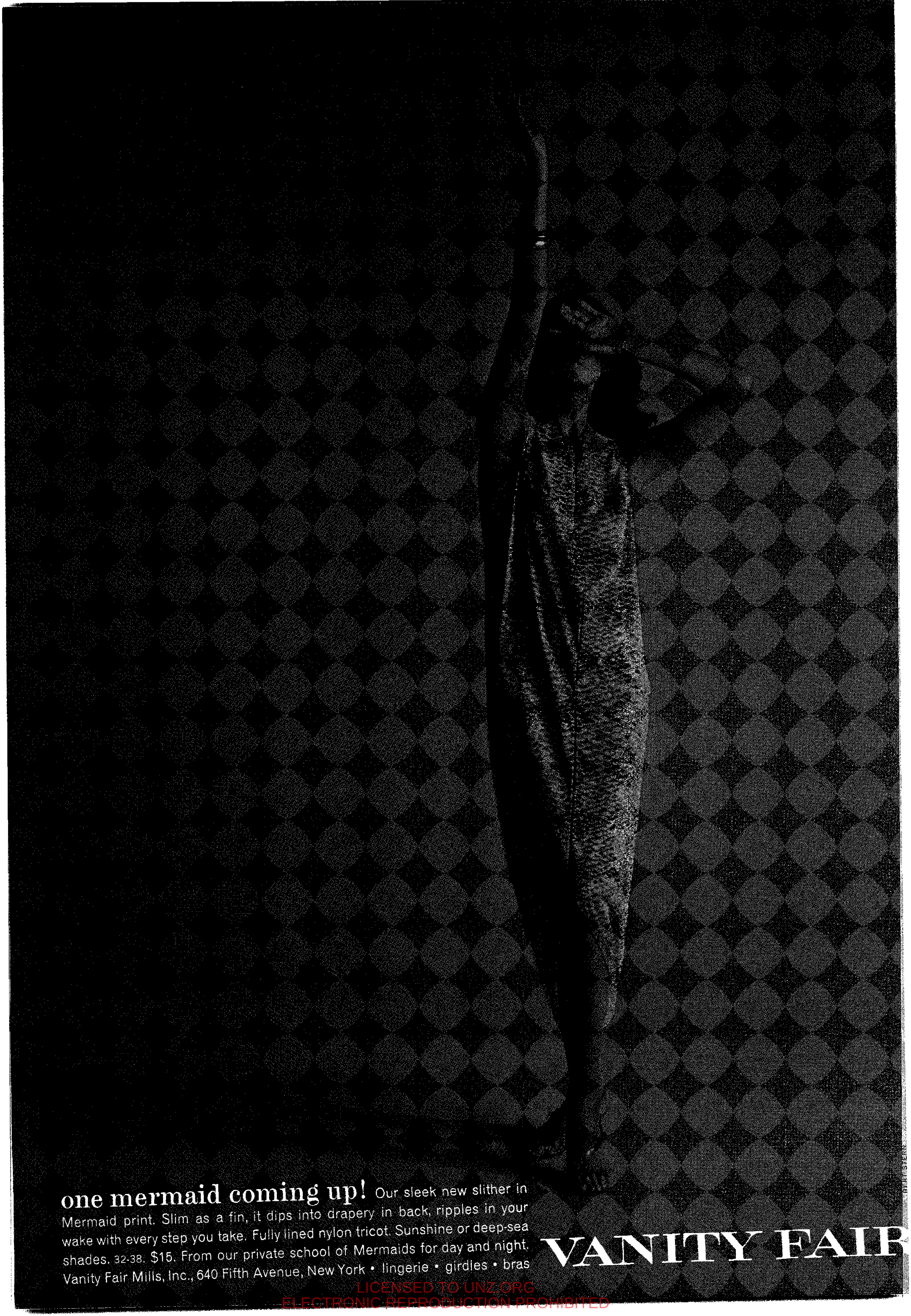

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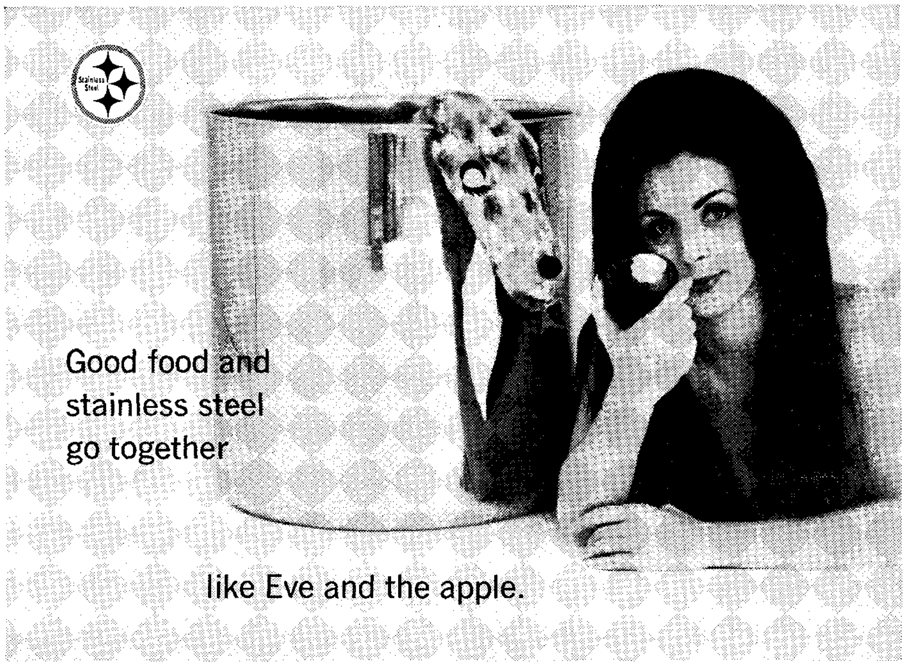
which deals with gravitation and which was also invented, some ten years later, by Einstein. (Just after his first paper on special relativity, he published a very brief note in which he used the theory to derive the formula $E = mc^2$.) He often remarked in later years that the special theory of relativity, on which he had been working more or less since the age of sixteen, would have eventually been invented anyway by someone or other, for many of the ideas it embodies were in the scientific atmosphere of that period. What is most remarkable about this paper is its complete lucidity. The arguments, based on a profound but fundamentally simple analysis of the meaning of space and time measurements, sweep one along, and reading it is one of the greatest experiences anyone with scientific training can have. The third paper has to do with quanta, and it was for this paper that Einstein received the Nobel Prize in 1921.

From the beginning, Einstein realized that Planck's invention of the quantum was not simply a mathematical device but a far-reaching statement (if it was true) about the nature of light. Until the beginning of the nineteenth century, there had been a controversy as to whether light consisted of particles or of waves. Newton had developed a particle theory of light, but it was discredited when experiments showed that light rays could interfere with each other—a phenomenon that could be explained only if the rays had wave properties. (The interference of waves is a familiar phenomenon. If one drops two stones close together in a pond, the two systems of waves that are created will, when they meet, interfere with one another and create a completely different wave formation. On the other hand, if two hard particles collide, they simply bounce off each other, retaining their identity as particles.) But Einstein realized that Planck's hypothesis meant that in certain circumstances light must behave as if it were made up of particles instead of waves, and he pointed out that this phenomenon had already been observed. (The early experiments were quite crude, and part of Einstein's genius was his ability to intuit the real significance of imperfect and apparently conflicting experimental results.) He was speaking of what is known as the photoelectric effect—the shining of light, or X-rays, an energetic form of light (that is, electromagnetic radiation), on a metal plate, which results in the emission of a stream of electrons from the plate. It was, he said, as if the



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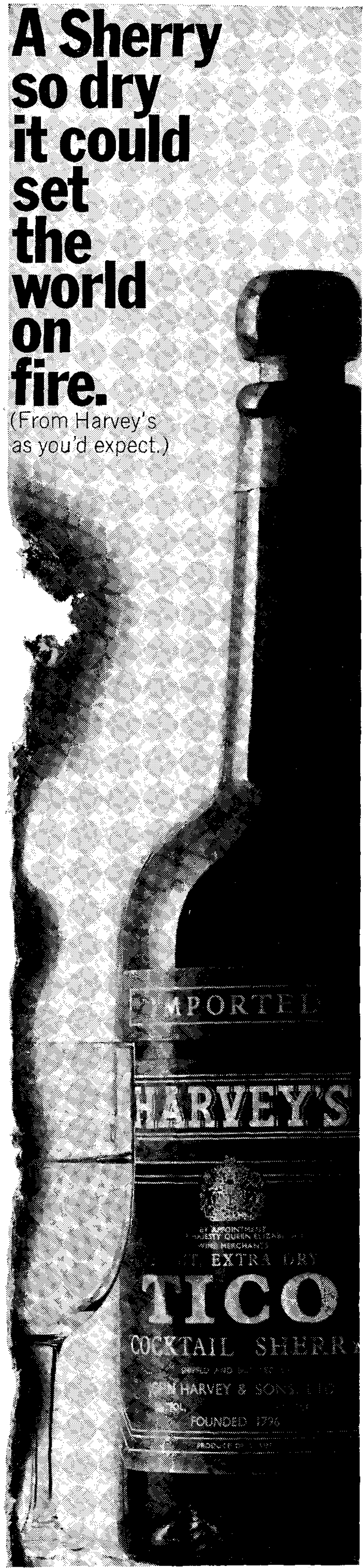
quanta of light were bombarding the plate, *like billiard balls, and releasing* the electrons from it by simply knocking them out of the metal. (According to the Planck assumption, the more violet the light was, the more energetic the light quanta would be, *and thus the more energetic the electrons would be when they were knocked* out of the metal; in fact, merely by changing the frequency of the light, one could control the energy of the outgoing electrons.) The theory turned out to be absolutely correct, but it presented physicists with a paradox—the paradox that light sometimes exhibited itself as a wave phenomenon and sometimes as a particle phenomenon. This paradox has become the cornerstone of the quantum theory. In the nineteen-twenties it was proved, as had been suggested by the French theoretical physicist Louis Victor de Broglie (the suggestion, for which he received the Nobel Prize, was the basis of his Ph.D. thesis), that matter, too, has wave properties. The electron microscope is based on the fact that electrons have wave properties, like light and X-rays, and the great value of the electron microscope is that the wavelength of electrons is much shorter than characteristic X-ray wavelengths, so that one can explore smaller structures with electron microscopes than one can with X-ray microscopes. The particle-wave duality, in fact, runs through all of nature, and classical physics offers no explanation of it.

Einstein's explanation of the photoelectric effect was not universally accepted. Physicists are frequently reluctant to accept radically new ideas; when, in 1913, Einstein, at Planck's invitation, became a professor in Berlin, where Planck was the leading scientific figure, Planck wrote that "he may sometimes have missed the target . . . as, for example, in his hypothesis of light quanta" but that this "cannot really be held against him." However, Mrs. Cline points out, Planck was one of the first physicists to recognize the importance of Einstein's theory of relativity, about which he wrote, in 1910, that if it "should prove to be correct, as I expect it will, he will be considered the Copernicus of the twentieth century." The relativity theory could be fitted comfortably into the mold of classical physics, while the quantum could not.

The story of the quantum now shifts scene—to England, and Manchester, and the laboratory of Ernest Rutherford, a New Zealander. Mrs. Cline's chapters on Rutherford are among the best in her book. He was a gruff, bril-



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liant man of limitless energy. Out of his laboratory came the discovery that the atom had a massive nucleus, which we now know is made up of neutrons and protons. Rutherford pictured the atom with the outer electrons moving like planets around the massive nuclear interior. It was a fine concept and it accommodated itself with many of the known facts, but it, too, soon led to conflict with classical physics. Electrons carry an electric charge, and according to classical physics they should have radiated away energy, in the form of light or X-rays, as they moved about the nucleus, and should have collapsed into the nucleus as they lost this energy. Therefore, the Rutherford atom was extremely unstable, whereas the actual atom is extremely stable. Indeed, it is the stable building block out of which all matter is constructed.

What accounts for the stability of the atom? It was to this problem that Niels Bohr, a shy, unknown Danish student who had come to Rutherford on a fellowship (Rutherford wrote, to a friend, "Bohr, a Dane, has pulled out of Cambridge and turned up here to get some experience in radioactive work"), turned his genius. Bohr is the heroic figure of the quantum theory and the hero of Mrs. Cline's book. Her description of his life and his work does justice to the grandeur of both. She notes:

> Niels Bohr did not look intelligent. Also, unlike Einstein, who possessed a flair for using words and expressed his thoughts easily, clearly, and vividly, Bohr spoke tentatively and it was hard at times to make out his meaning. This was only partly due to the fact that his voice was soft and that he had a slight speech impediment. There was also the fact that he did not necessarily try to express his thoughts in the clearest possible way. For Bohr words were tools: in doing physics he used words almost as much as he used mathematical symbols. Often when he alked he was not reporting a conclusion but working toward it as he spoke. Once one got to know Bohr and understand his way of using words, conversation with him could be exciting, especially if one questioned his ideas. In argument he was at his best.

From the beginning, Bohr felt that he solution to the problem of reconciling the theories of the stable atom and he Rutherford one lay with the quanum. He began thinking about this in Manchester, but in 1912 his fellowhip money ran out and he returned to Denmark to teach. In the spring of 913, he was discussing his problem with a colleague, who suggested that e might find a clue in the physics terature dealing with the light spectra mitted when atoms in, say, a gas are xcited after an electric spark has been

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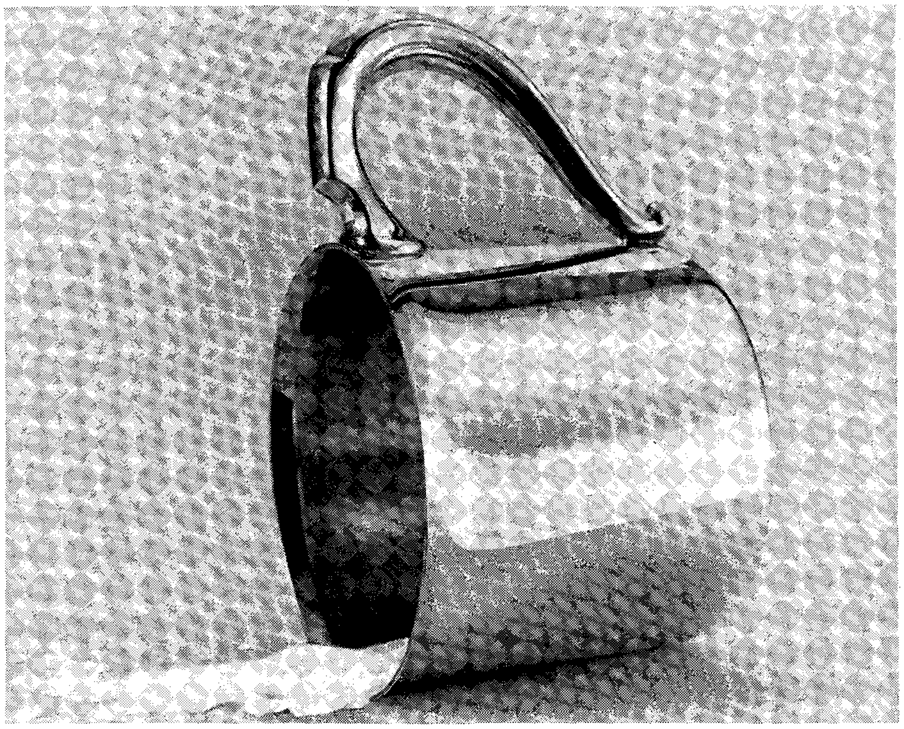

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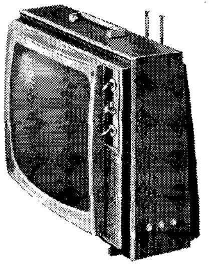

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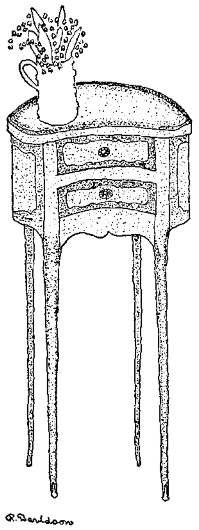
passed through the gas. It was known that each gas emits a characteristic spectrum of light, in the form of lines of different colors—lines that, when one looks at them, appear to be distributed in orderly patterns—and that no two gases emit exactly the same spectrum. (In contrast, the seemingly white light of an incandescent lamp is, when analyzed in a prism, seen to be composed of a continuum of light of every color.) The study of these spectral lines had been under way for many years. In 1885, a Swiss schoolteacher, Johann Jakob Balmer, worked out an extremely simple mathematical formula for describing some of the patterns of frequencies of the lines of the spectrum of hydrogen gas, which is the simplest atomic system (since it consists of one proton and one electron), and these lines are now known as the Balmer Series. Bohr had not been aware of the existence of Balmer's formula, for spectroscopy was a rather isolated branch of physics, and no one had realized its relevance to the problem of atomic structure, but now the Balmer Series provided the clue for him. The fact that atoms emitted light at only certain frequencies contradicted classical physics, which held that when an electron emitted light, as it spiralled into the nucleus, it emitted light of every frequency. According to classical physics, atoms should emit—like the incandescent lamp—a chaos of light of all colors.

Bohr used this knowledge, roughly, as follows: An electron loses energy when it emits light. This is true in both classical and quantum physics. In losing energy, it drops from the orbit it has been following to one closer to the nucleus, and according to classical physics it could, and would, drop all the way into the nucleus. But in an atomic spectrum only certain frequencies show up, which meant to Bohr that only certain orbits were allowed to the electron. The electron, in Bohr's theory, cannot make arbitrary changes of orbit, as it could according to classical physics; it can jump only from one allowed orbit to another. Bohr argued that there must be a smallest allowed orbit to which the electron ultimately descends after it has finished cascading down from the higher orbits, and once it reaches this lowest orbit it remains there (it cannot move closer to the nucleus) unless it is knocked back up to a higher orbit by a collision with, say, another atom, and (again in contradiction of classical physics) it cannot radiate away energy, once it is there, since there is no lower orbit for it to drop to. The problem of finding the energy of the observed quanta became the same as finding these orbits—now known as Bohr orbits. By a marvellously ingenious argument, Bohr succeeded in determining these orbits and in deriving the Balmer formula from first principles.

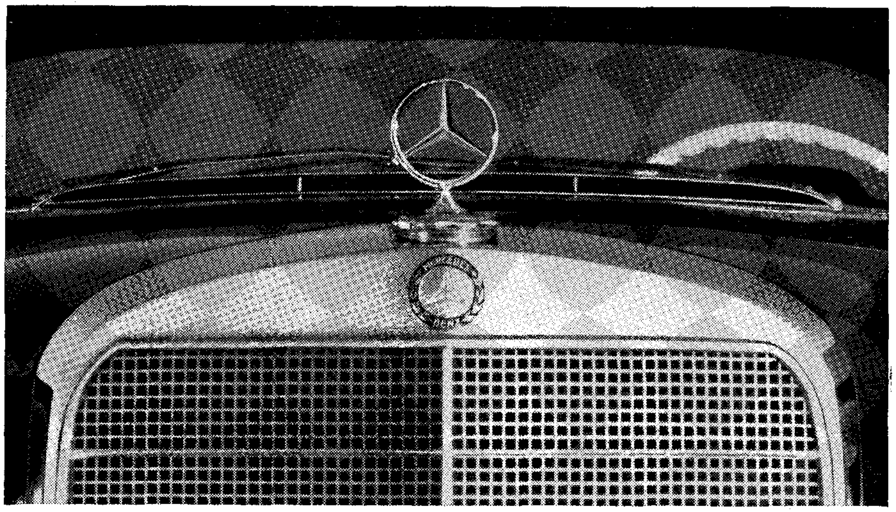
In March, 1913, Bohr sent a manuscript off to Rutherford, who replied that he found it too long. Indeed, Rutherford wrote Bohr, in a letter that Bohr treasured and quoted from for the rest of his life, “There is one criticism of minor character which I would make in the arrangement of the paper. I think in your endeavour to be clear you have a tendency to make your papers much too long, and a tendency to repeat your statements in different parts of the paper. I think that your paper really ought to be cut down, and I think this could be done without sacrificing anything to clearness. I do not know if you appreciate the fact that long papers have a way of frightening readers, who feel that they have not time to dip into them.” This embarrassed Bohr, who had already sent him a version that was even longer, but, after a trip to England, during which he had a chance to discuss his ideas with Rutherford, the paper was finally published. It is now recognized as one of the pivotal papers in modern science. Mrs. Cline notes that, characteristically, Einstein was one of the first physicists to understand its significance: “A colleague [the Hungarian physicist and chemist Georg von Hevesy] who told him of some new evidence in support of Bohr's theory said that as he listened ‘the big eyes of Einstein looked still bigger.’ ‘Then,’ Einstein said, ‘it is one of the greatest discoveries.’ ”



PHYSICS never stands still. The principal features of the Bohr theory were confirmed by many experiments in the nineteen-twenties, but it became increasingly clear that the theory wa not complete. In the first place, in an atomic spectrum some of the line are brighter than others. While Bohr' theory, and subsequent refinements o it, predicted the positions of many of th lines, it could not make real prediction about the relative degrees of brightness. Moreover, the theory did not take proper account of the spectra of atoms like helium, in which two or more electrons move around the nucleus. Bohr's theory worked for hydrogen, which has a single electron, and for ionized helium, in which one of the two outer electrons has been knocked out. But it failed for neutral helium, in which two electrons are present. There was a feeling of frustration among physicists of that time—a feeling that they were on the verge of a fundamental insight into nature but that it was constantly eluding them. Wolfgang Pauli, one of the most brilliant and active physicists working with Bohr, wrote, in 1925, during the height of the confusion, to a colleague, "*Die Physik ist momentan wieder sehr verfahren; für mich ist sie jedenfalls viel zu schwierig und ich wollte ich wäre Filmkomiker oder so etwas und hätte nie etwas von Physik gehört!*" ("Physics is once again very fouled up, and for me it is so difficult that I wish I were a film comedian or something like that and had never heard of physics in the first place!").

In 1920, some Danish businessmen donated money for a building for an Institute for Theoretical Physics in Copenhagen—an Institute to be built for Bohr. (One of the principal investors in the Institute was the Carlsberg brewery. The Carlsberg people had already built a House of Honor, a lavish residence in Copenhagen meant to house the first citizen of Denmark. It was given to Bohr in the early nineteen-thirties.) It was in this Institute that the quantum theory, which replaced Bohr's theory about the orbits of electrons and from which all of atomic and nuclear physics flows, took form. Not all the work, by any means, was done in Copenhagen. But physicists from everywhere in Europe travelled to and from the Institute and Bohr acted as the critical conscience of the theory, sifting the true from the false and the superficial from the deep. In the words of a Copenhagen student song frequently sung at the Institute, "*Nobelmanden Niels Bohr, ved vej blandt alle vildspor*" ("Nobelman Niels Bohr knows the way among all false tracks"). The final synthesis of the different strands of the theory was hammered out, around Bohr, in Copenhagen, and it has become known as the Copenhagen Interpretation.

It is not possible to give a detailed account of the quantum theory in a book review. Mrs. Cline makes a valiant attempt in her book, using as a device an imaginary dialogue between a



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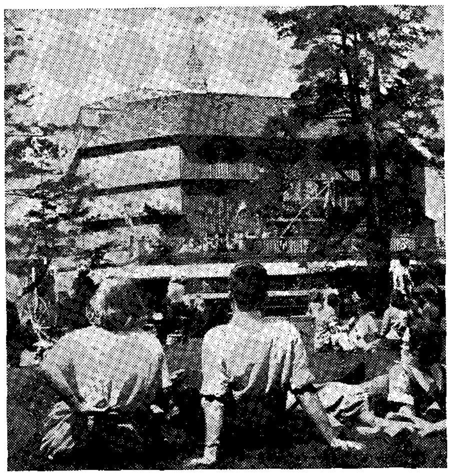

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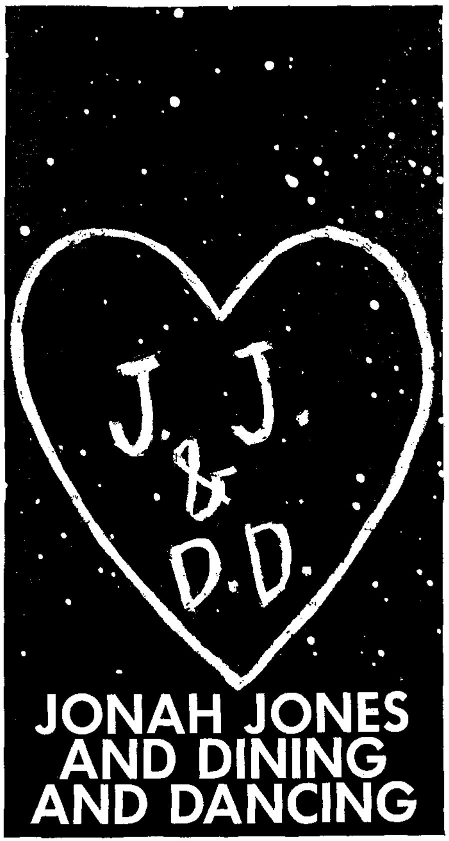
pre-quantum-theory physicist and a quantum theorist. I do not find any definite misconceptions in this chapter, but I am not sure how much a layman will understand of it. Explaining the theory in words is extremely difficult, and even physics students with a considerable background in mathematics find it difficult to master. The basic issue is a deeply philosophical one. We are conditioned, in our understanding of nature, by our everyday experience. This experience is concerned with medium-sized objects, with relatively large masses moving in perceptible orbits at velocities that are very much slower than the speed of light. The objects of atomic physics—the atoms, the electrons, the protons—belong to a completely different realm. The diameter of a typical atom is only 10^{-8} cm, which means that a hundred million such objects would together measure less than an inch across. Atomic masses are incredibly small, whereas any perceptible mass is composed of billions upon billions of atoms. Therefore, the language we use to describe our everyday life cannot be freely extrapolated into the atomic or sub-atomic world. To describe this world, a new language has to be invented. The original Bohr theory, with its picture of electrons moving around the nucleus in perceptible orbits like planets, is an attempt to carry into the atomic domain concepts of common sense and Newtonian physics.

The first real breakthrough that led to the new quantum theory came when physicists asked whether it made sense to talk about the orbits of electrons around a nucleus. The crucial reasoning, reasoning that is typical of the new quantum theory, can be put as follows: How would one determine an electron's orbit? By shining light on the electron. But the light's quanta have energy and momentum, and if one attempts to "see" an atomic electron by shining light on it, the light's quanta transfer so much momentum to the electron that it is knocked clear out of the atom. Therefore, the electron's orbit cannot be determined. If the orbit cannot be determined, then why speak of it at all? "Whereof you cannot speak, thereof you should be silent," in the words of Wittgenstein. The new quantum theory makes use of quantities that are amenable to measurement, and quantities that cannot be measured have no part in the theory. The measurable quantities that the new theory describes are probabilities. The theory predicts the probability that an atomic event will take place, but its occurrence cannot be



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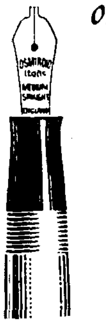

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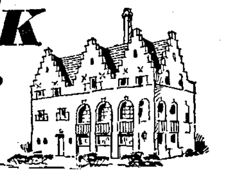

predicted unconditionally. (The use of probabilities in the theory was introduced in the late nineteen-twenties by the German physicist Max Born.) For instance, one can predict the likelihood that an atomic electron will be found in a certain place near its atom, but one cannot assert that it will be found there. (These probabilities behave mathematically like waves, in the sense that the probabilities associated with individual electrons add together and interfere with each other like waves. The Austrian physicist Erwin Schrödinger, in 1926, discovered the equation that these probability waves obey, and his equation is to quantum mechanics what the Maxwell equations are to electromagnetism. The de Broglie waves are simply special solutions of the Schrödinger wave equation.)

Mrs. Cline gives a delightful and illuminating picture of the atmosphere at Bohr's Institute in the nineteen-twenties, at the time when these new ideas were being created. Apart from Bohr, the most remarkable figures at the Institute were Wolfgang Pauli and Werner Heisenberg, both in their twenties. Pauli had been a child prodigy. When he was in his teens, he wrote a definitive treatise on the relativity theory. About that time, he attended a meeting at which Einstein spoke, and after Einstein's lecture Pauli began some remarks with the phrase "*Was Herr Einstein gesagt hat ist nicht so blöd*" ("What Mr. Einstein has said is not so stupid"). He was a superb scientific critic, combining an acidulous wit, a keen perception of relevance, and a complete lack of inhibitions about stating his opinions. Pauli made decisive contributions to the mathematics of the theory and its application to atomic structure. Heisenberg had immense energy (he excelled in mountain climbing) and a superb intuition in physics. It was Heisenberg who took the first steps toward creating the new physics by rejecting the concept of the Bohr orbits and by employing in the theory only quantities that are measurable. His analysis led, under Bohr's critical guidance, to the formulation of the Uncertainty Principle, which is at the heart of the theory. Of the Uncertainty Principle, more below.

The atmosphere at the Institute was both serious and gay. Bohr was full of life. He had a beautiful Danish wife and a large family of boys. (There were five, but the oldest died, still a young man, in a sailing accident.) His wife was always concerned to see that the physicists in Copenhagen had

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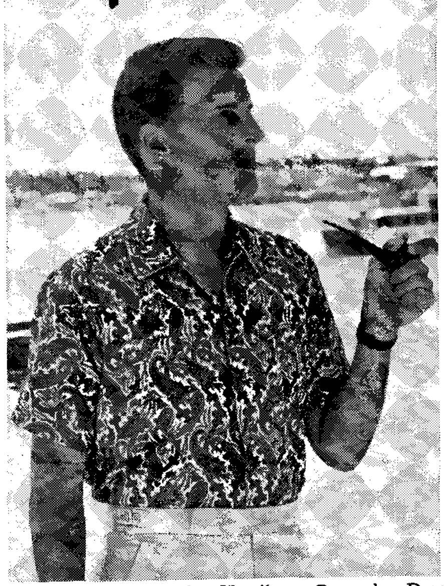

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an adequate social life. They even developed a quantitative system of rating the attractiveness of the local girls. According to Mrs. Cline, there were five principal categories:

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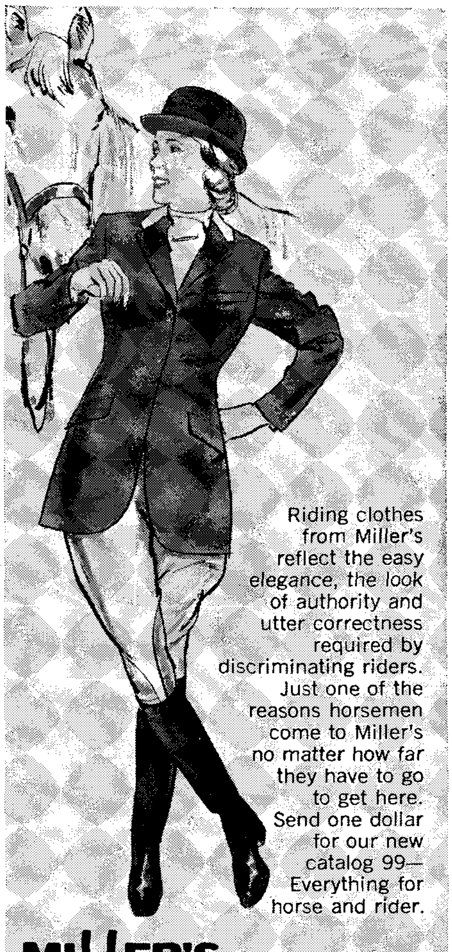
5. You couldn't look if you wanted to.

Over the years, a surprisingly large number of theoretical physicists have married Danish girls.

In 1926, Heisenberg and Bohr began formulating the Copenhagen Interpretation. Mrs. Cline, whose book has some wonderful photographs of Heisenberg and Bohr at work, quotes Heisenberg: "I remember discussions with Bohr which went through many hours till very late at night and ended almost in despair, and when at the end of the discussion I went alone for a walk in the neighboring park I repeated to myself again and again the question: Can nature possibly be as absurd as it seems to us in these atomic experiments?" By 1927, Heisenberg had succeeded in formulating the Uncertainty Principle.

The Uncertainty Principle is a summary of the limitations on the measurements that can be made of atomic systems. In classical physics there are theoretically no such limitations, although in any experiment carried out in a laboratory there are always errors—errors that arise simply because of the practical limitations on the accuracy of measuring quantities such as distances by using rulers and the like. The position and velocity, or momentum, of an object like a billiard ball can be measured as exactly as one pleases, in pre-quantum physics, if one has the patience to refine the experimental techniques. But is an electron like a billiard ball? Does the fact that the electron is so fantastically much smaller and lighter than a billiard ball change in an essential way the limitations on the measurability of its position and momentum? The answer is emphatically yes. Heisenberg's arguments in favor of this answer paralleled the argument involved in determining the Bohr orbits. If one tries to locate an electron with light, one inevitably changes its momentum, and to an extent that cannot be precisely predetermined. The billiard ball, on the other hand, is so heavy that the change in its momentum when one attempts to locate it, while important in principle, is negligible in practice, so the billiard ball's position and momentum can be de-



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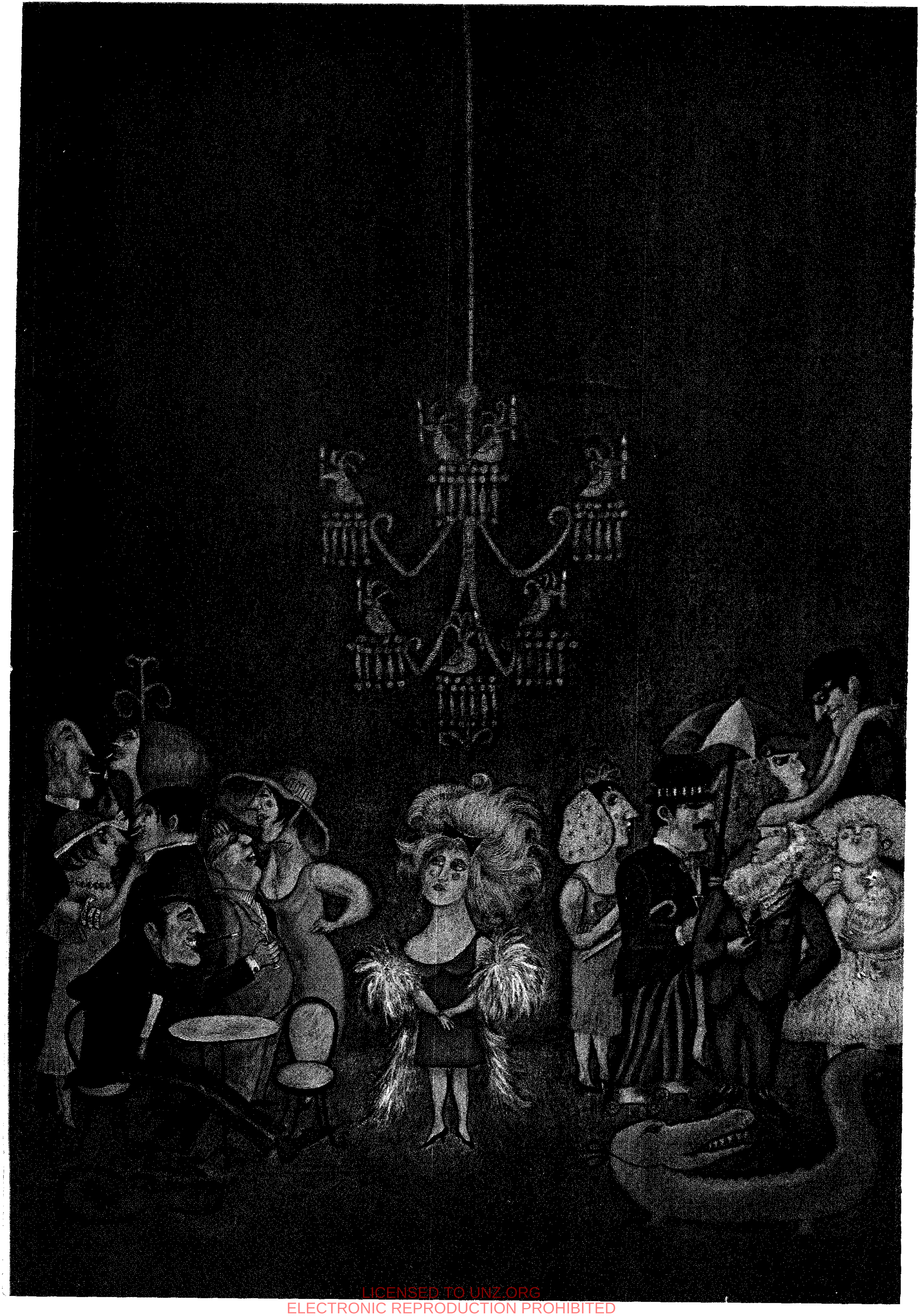

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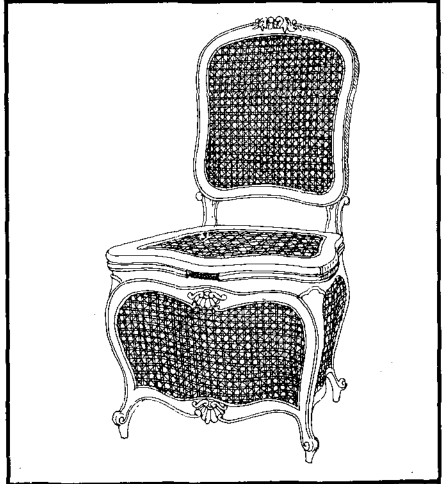

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termined with almost total accuracy. In the spirit of the Copenhagen Interpretation, one must be careful not to attribute a definite momentum to electrons in situations in which the momentum cannot be determined by experiment.

It was at this point that Einstein abandoned the quantum theory. Perhaps it was a question of age and generation. In 1926, Einstein was forty-seven years old. Forty-seven may be the prime of life, but not for physicists. The creators of the quantum theory, with very few exceptions, were men in their early twenties, and the older generation—Einstein, Schrödinger, and de Broglie—never really accepted the new physics. In his scientific autobiography Max Planck wrote, "A new scientific truth does not triumph by convincing its opponents and making them see the light but rather because its opponents eventually die, and a new generation grows up that is familiar with it." It is a harsh judgment, but there is a good deal of truth in it. In any case, Einstein became the Devil's advocate against the theory. He tried for years, unsuccessfully, to find examples that would show that the Uncertainty Principle was wrong. He and Bohr engaged in a series of debates on the theory that lasted until the end of Einstein's life. Mrs. Cline offers a moving account of the encounters, and they are wonderfully summarized by Bohr himself in another article in the Schilpp collection—an article entitled "Discussion with Einstein on Epistemological Problems in Atomic Physics." Einstein would not accept the fact that a fundamental theory of physics could contain probabilities and indeterminacies ("God does not play dice with the world"), while Bohr insisted that in the new atomic domain the old concepts did not apply. The debate reached a high point in 1930, when, at a conference, Einstein produced yet another example of a measurement that he thought appeared to violate the Heisenberg relations. After a sleepless night, Bohr discovered that in his argument Einstein had neglected an essential point that depended on Einstein's general theory of relativity. Although he acknowledged his mistake, Einstein remained unconvinced, and Bohr said that for the rest of his life, in his mind, he was constantly arguing with Einstein. On the night before Bohr died, a photograph, which appears in Mrs. Cline's book, was taken of Bohr's blackboard in his home in Copenhagen. It shows a diagram, which he had just drawn, of Einstein's proposed experi-

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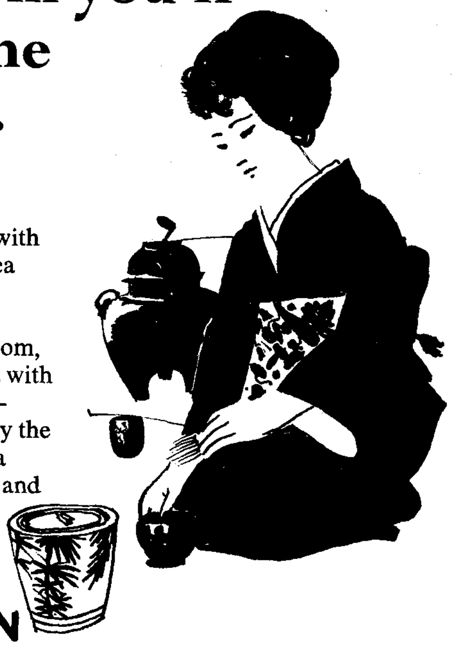
ment to violate the uncertainty relations—the experiment in which he had neglected his own relativity theory.

Mrs. Cline closes her book with a beautiful portrait of Bohr and Einstein at the end of their lives. It is taken largely from a moving tribute to Bohr's memory by a Dutch-born physicist, Abraham Pais, now of Rockefeller University. Pais had come to Copenhagen after spending several years in Holland in hiding from the Nazis. During this time he had continued to work on physics, and after the war he came to Copenhagen as the first postwar visitor to the Institute from abroad. Pais recalls the first time he had a chance to talk to Bohr about his work, at the House of Honor. Pais was asked to explain the problem he had been studying. He says: "While I was telling Bohr about this, he smoked his pipe, looked mainly to the ground and would only rarely look up at the blackboard on which I was enthusiastically writing down various formulae. After I finished, Bohr did not say much, and I left a bit disheartened, with the impression that he could not care less about the whole subject. I did not know Bohr well enough at the time to realize that this was not entirely true. At a later stage I would have known right away that Bohr's curiosity was aroused, as he had neither remarked that this was very, very interesting, nor that we agreed much more than I thought" (two favorite Bohr euphemisms indicating that the work being described was probably wrong).

Pais, a few years later, came to the United States and the Institute for Advanced Study, in Princeton. In 1948, Bohr came back to the Institute, of which he had been a visiting member in 1939. Schilpp asked him to write something for Einstein's seventieth-birthday volume, an article that inevitably turned into an account of his discussions with Einstein. Pais says:

> At this point I wish to relate my own first direct experience of the impact of Einstein on Bohr. It happened a few weeks later that Bohr came to my office at the Institute for Advanced Study, of which I then was a temporary member. He was in a state of angry despair and kept saying, "I am sick of myself" for several times. I was concerned and asked what had happened. He told me he had just been downstairs to see Einstein. As always, they had gotten into an argument about the meaning of quantum mechanics. And, as remained true to the end, Bohr had been unable to convince Einstein of his views. There can be no doubt that Einstein's lack of assent was a very deep frustration to Bohr. It is our good fortune that this led Bohr to keep striving at clarification and better for-



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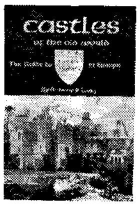

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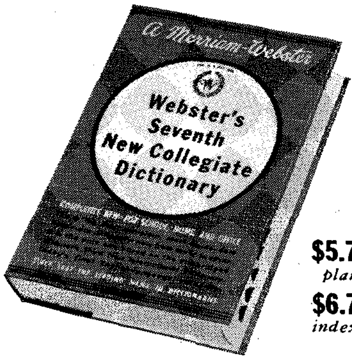

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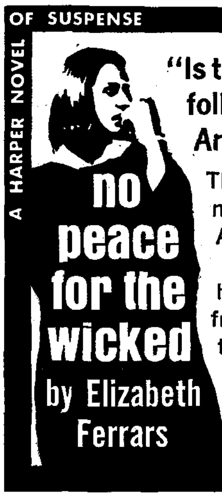

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mulation, and not only that. It was Bohr's own good fortune too.

Pais goes on:

> In the 1948 period I saw a lot of Bohr, as he and his wife lived at 14 Dickinson Street, the same house in which I occupied the top floor. When I came home at night, the following charming little comedy would often be re-enacted. As I opened the door, Bohr would always just be walking in the corridor, his back towards me, on his way to the kitchen. In that way he would let me notice him first. He would then turn around in apparent surprise and ask if I would not care for a glass of sherry. And then we would settle down to talk about political problems. For at that period Bohr had become disillusioned with the official reactions to the atom. It was now his desire to make a direct attempt to get his views considered by those in positions of responsibility, and he was preparing a memorandum to this effect which was discussed over and over during those evenings. It formed the basis for Bohr's open letter to the United Nations in 1950.

Then Pais writes:

> Apart from this, Bohr spent most of his time by putting the finishing touches to his article in the Einstein volume, mentioned earlier. This paper is Bohr's masterpiece. Nowhere in the literature can a better access to his thinking be found, and it is a must for all students of quantum mechanics, now or later. During that period I was witness of an amusing moment which involved both Bohr and Einstein.
>
> One morning Bohr came into my office and started as follows: "*Du er så klog. . . .*" ("You are so wise.") I started to laugh (*no formality or solemnity was called for in the contact with Bohr*) and said, "All right, I understand." Bohr would like me to come down to his office and talk. We went there, and it should be explained that Bohr at that time used Einstein's own office in Fuld Hall. At the same time, Einstein himself used the adjoining small assistant's office; he had a dislike of the big one, which he did not use anyway. (A photograph in the Einstein anniversary volume of the *Reviews of Modern Physics*, 1949, shows Einstein sitting in the assistant's office.) After we had entered, Bohr asked me to sit down ("I always need an origin for the coordinate system") and soon started to pace furiously around the oblong table in the center of the room.

Reading this, I was reminded of the time, at Columbia University, I saw Pauli and Bohr in discussion. Pauli had just finished presenting what purported to be a new fundamental theory of elementary particles, and when he was finished Pauli said that the theory might have appeared somewhat crazy upon first hearing. Bohr replied that, for a fundamental theory, it did not appear crazy enough, meaning that a really novel theory, at first, looks so odd as to appear all but irrational. Bohr simply

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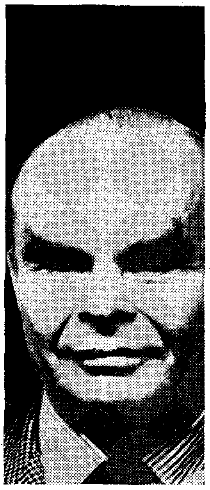

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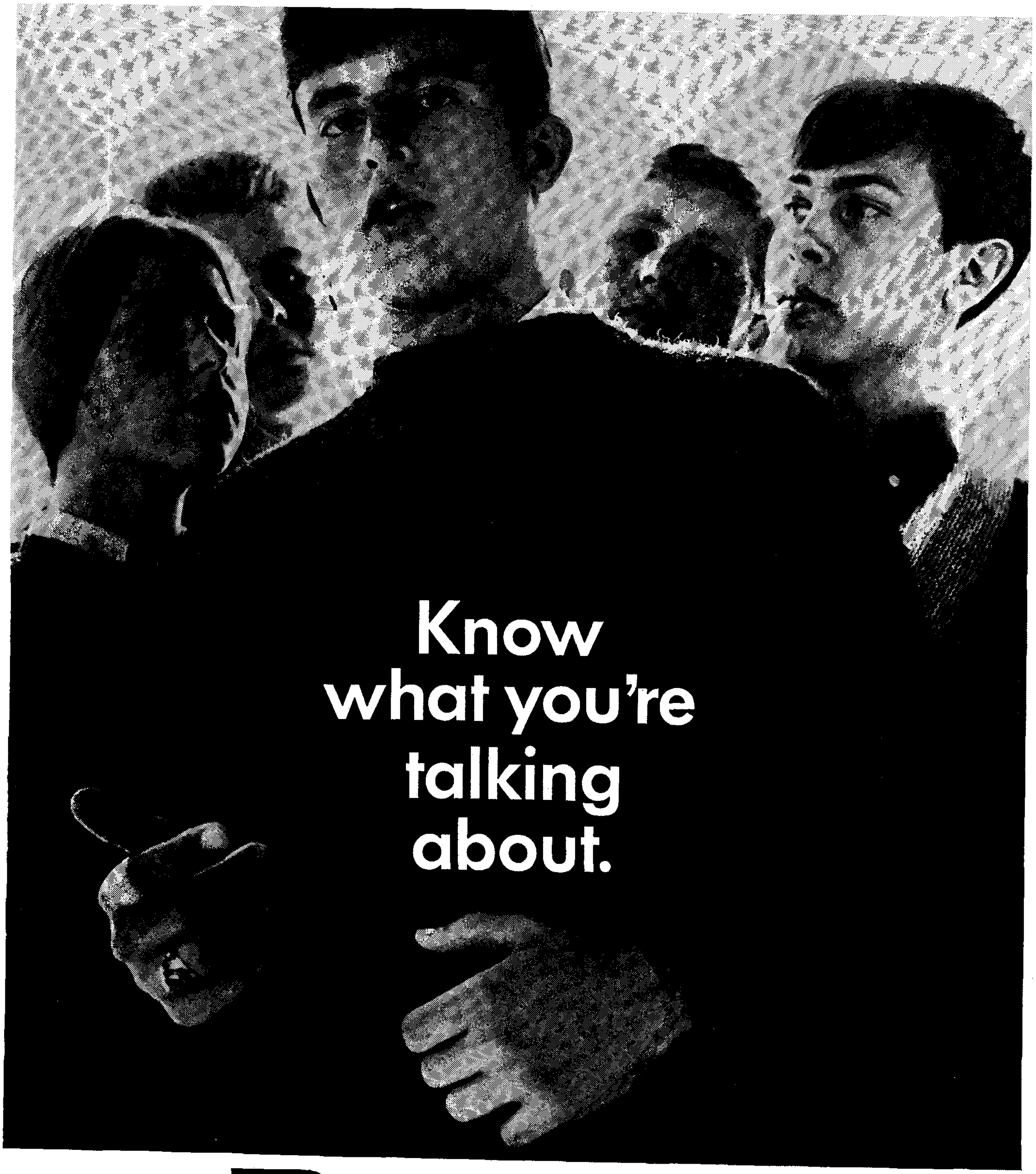
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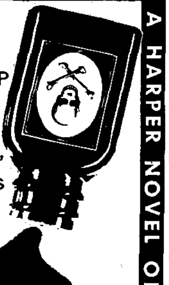
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could not sit still in intense discussion, and soon he and Pauli were walking, one after the other, at a furious pace around the large table in the lecture hall. Each time Pauli arrived at the front of the table he would announce to the audience that the theory was crazy, while, when it was Bohr's turn, he would say, "It is not crazy enough."

Pais continues:

> He then asked me if I could put down a few sentences as they would emerge during his pacing. It should be explained that, at such sessions, Bohr never had a full sentence ready. He would often dwell on one word, coax it, implore it, to find the continuation. This could go on for many minutes. At that moment the word was "Einstein." There Bohr was, almost running around the table and repeating, "Einstein . . . Einstein . . ." It would have been a curious sight for someone not familiar with Bohr. After a little while he walked to the window, gazed out, repeating every now and then, "Einstein . . . Einstein . . ."
>
> At that moment the door opened very softly, and Einstein tiptoed in.
>
> He beckoned me with a finger on his lips to be very quiet, his urchin smile on his face. He was to explain a few minutes later the reason for his behavior. Einstein was not allowed by his doctor to buy any tobacco. However, the doctor had not forbidden him to steal tobacco, and this was precisely what he set out to do now. Always on tiptoe, he made a beeline for Bohr's tobacco pot which stood on the table at which I was sitting. Meanwhile Bohr, unaware, was standing at the window, muttering, "Einstein . . . Einstein . . ." I was at a loss what to do, especially because I had at that moment not the faintest idea what Einstein was up to.
>
> Then Bohr, with a firm "Einstein," turned around. There they were, face to face, as if Bohr had summoned him forth. It is an understatement to say that for a moment Bohr was speechless. I myself, who had seen it coming, had distinctly felt uncanny for a moment, so I could well understand Bohr's own reaction.

So they stood, and Pais adds, "A moment later the spell was broken when Einstein explained his mission." And, Pais concludes, "Soon we were all bursting with laughter."

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MAGUS, by John Fowles (Little, Brown). A dense, enormous maze through which the author hustles the reader in pursuit of reality (represented by the narrator, a young, indecisive English schoolteacher, and Phraxos, the Greek island where he has taken a job) and illusion (represented by a mysterious and wealthy old Greek, named Conchis, who

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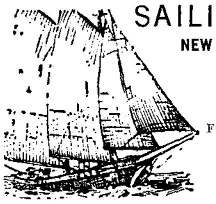
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owns a summer house on Phraxos). Before the teacher realizes what is happening, he has become inextricably involved in a kind of super-theatre-of-the-absurd play written and directed by Conchis, who is the magus, or magician, and acted in by friends and hirelings who spell out, in various parts of the island during the summer, events (mostly violent) that supposedly took place in Conchis' past. The production and the acting are perfect, and the teacher, who is tricked into falling in love with one of the actresses, very nearly loses his ability to decide what is real and what isn't. Mr. Fowles is a magnetic storyteller and a tidy writer, but ultimately all the hocus-pocus (including some fancy philosophizing) takes on a flat, posterlike sheen—a disappointment that doesn't set in, though, until the book is done. The author is something of a magus himself.

A YALE MAN, by Milton White (Doubleday). A sentimental novel, full of non sequiturs and commonplace writing, about the awestruck year that a poor, pint-sized New England boy spends at Yale in 1932, when the campus was peopled with the likes of Lanny Ross, Frank Parker, August Heckscher, and John Hersey. Its ending, which is very sad, is a surprise.

AFTER JULIUS, by Elizabeth Jane Howard (Viking). Miss Howard, a talented and totally humorless writer, has produced a long and engrossing novel about lovers and love affairs. There is nothing in this book to disturb or distress anyone. It is the escape novel brought to a special, very feminine peak of perfection. Sex, suffering, and security are so closely entwined here that the novel seems to take on the shape of a great big heart—a perfect heart, warm and cozy inside, with lots of mirrors, and, outside, presenting an image that is enviable because it is both sophisticated and rosy. The book, in which coincidence sprouts as many arms as Shiva, is kept off the ground solely by the charm and will of its author, a remarkably seductive writer. The scene is London, for the most part, but an awful lot happens in a luxurious country house in Sussex. The time is November, 1960.

GENERAL

THE MISSILE CRISIS, by Elie Abel (Lippincott). On October 16, 1962, the American government was certain that the Russians were

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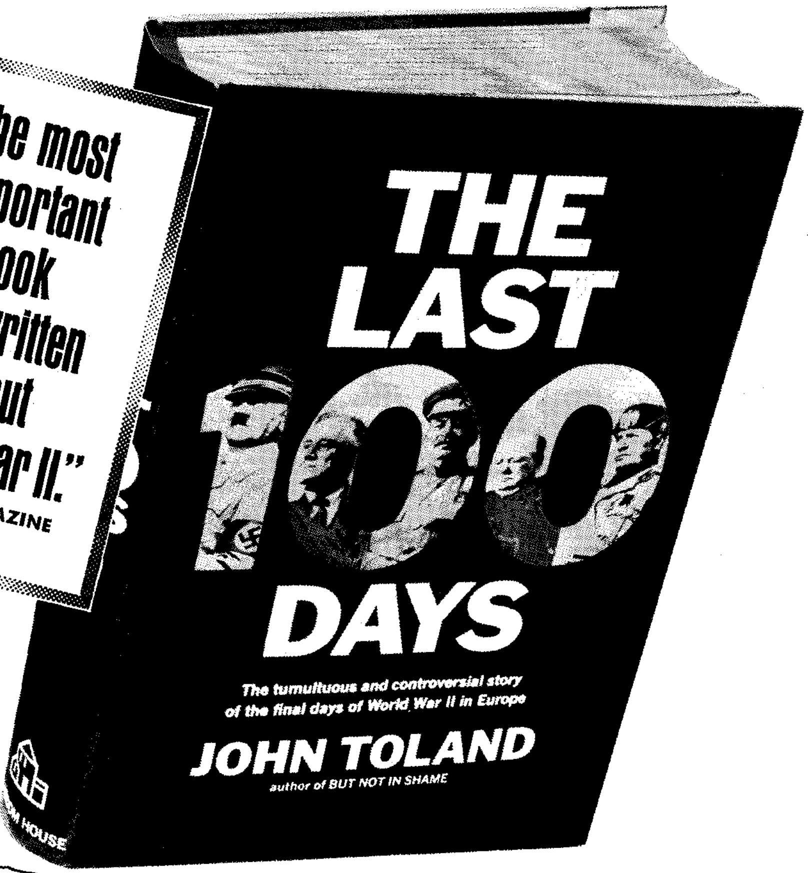
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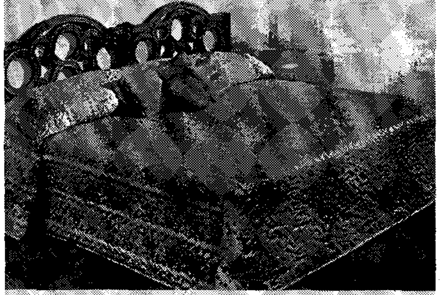

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installing intermediate-range ballistic missiles in Cuba, and that some of them were nearly operational; on October 28th the Soviet Union agreed to dismantle all these installations. What happened between these dates—the missile crisis—is the subject of this excellent book. Mr. Abel, an N.B.C. reporter, tells much that was kept secret at the time, and he puts what was known into an orderly narrative. His description of the American policymakers at work is a fascinating mixture of gossip and history, and most of it is extremely reassuring about the quality of American leadership.

The Rise of Christian Europe, by Hugh Trevor-Roper (Harcourt, Brace & World). The author points out that over the centuries in which the Chinese, Persian, Byzantine, and Islamic empires blossomed and decayed the Christian West repeatedly renewed itself. In this brisk book, he examines the period from the end of antiquity to the start of the Renaissance and describes the process of expansion, stagnation, retreat, and further expansion that culminated in Europe's discovery of the New World. His purpose is to make sense—to elucidate trends rather than merely to put down facts—and as he chats he folds in a lot of scholarly data.

An Explanation of de Gaulle, by Robert Aron, translated from the French by Marianne Sinclair (Harper & Row). Books about de Gaulle are in plentiful supply. The specific asset of M. Aron's short account is its careful (and, so far, unique) examination of the various French constitutional arrangements that worked badly or not at all from 1900 to the present—the domestic political background of de Gaulle's whole life. M. Aron thereby makes clear why France needed de Gaulle and why de Gaulle is the kind of ruler he is—a republican monarch, authoritarian but not despotic.

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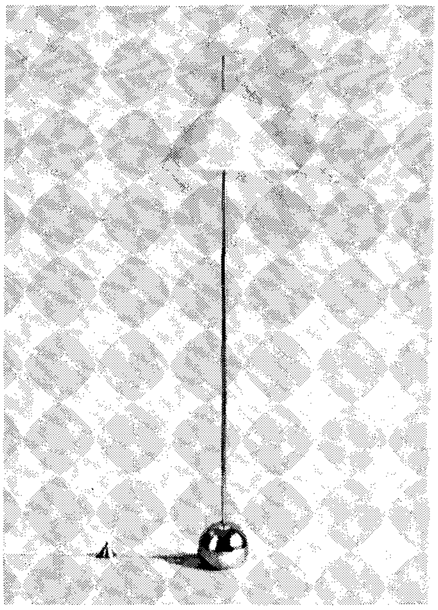

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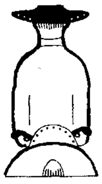

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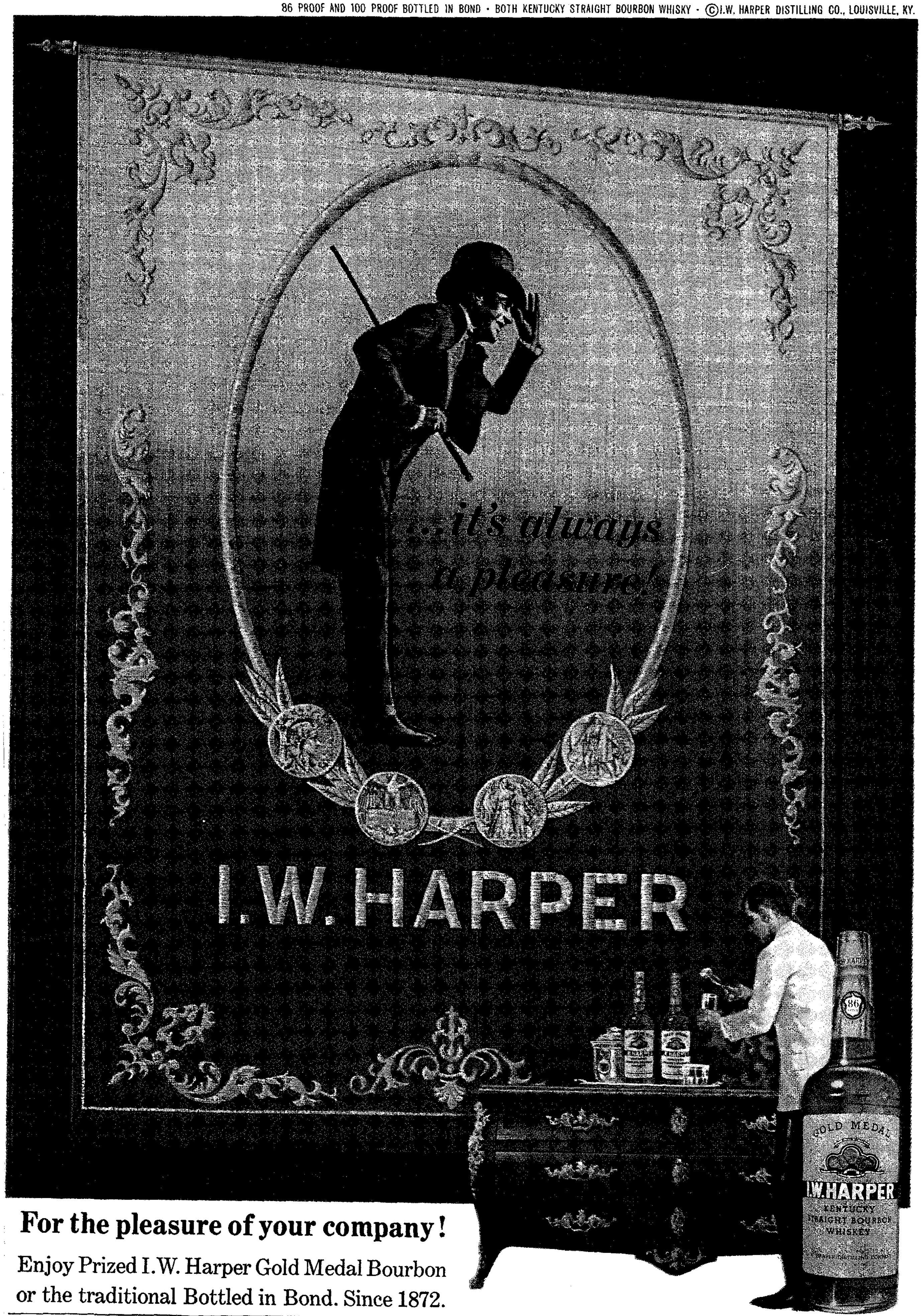
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